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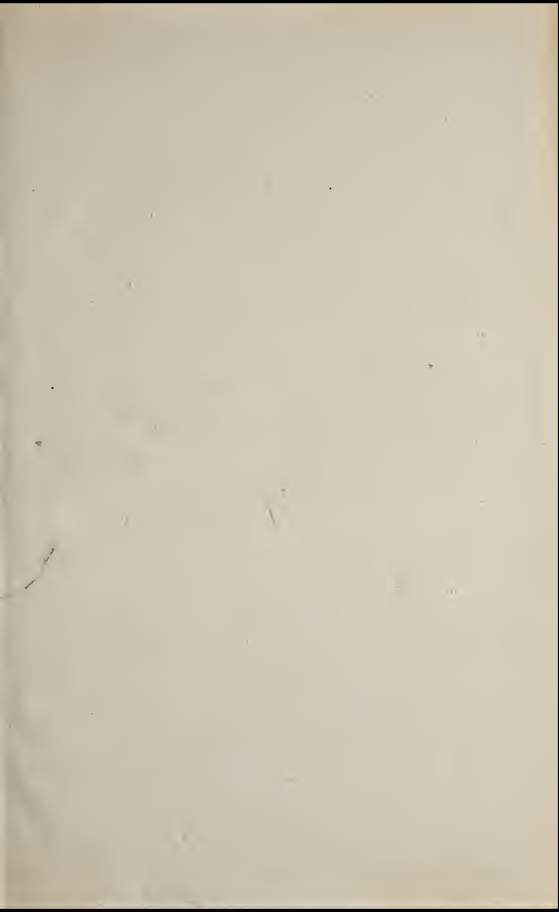
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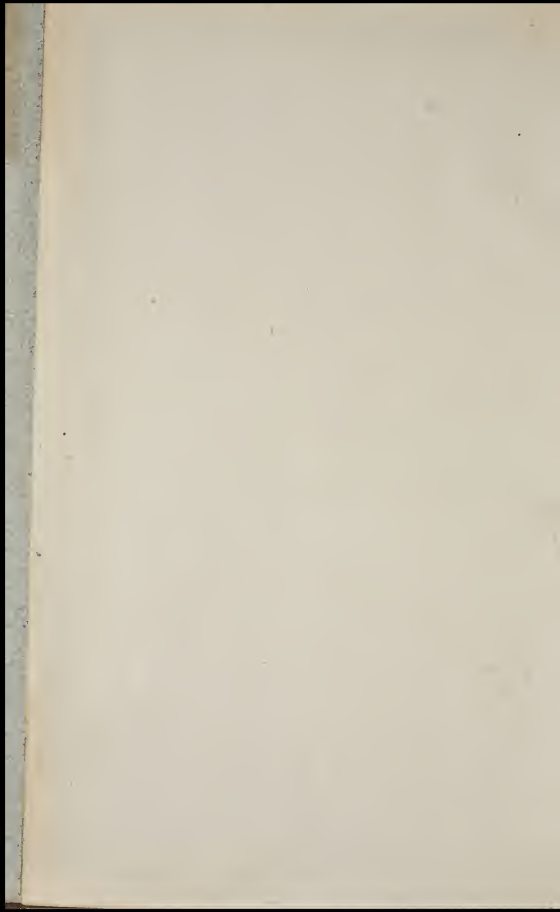
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Please accept this
with compliments of
your truly C. F. Davis

Kootuk Feby 18th 1888







REPORT

OF THE

ORGANIZATION AND FIRST REUNION

OF THE

Tri-State Old Settlers' Association,

—OF—

ILLINOIS, MISSOURI AND IOWA,

Held Thursday, October 2d, A. D. 1884,

—AT—

RAND PARK, KEOKUK, IOWA.

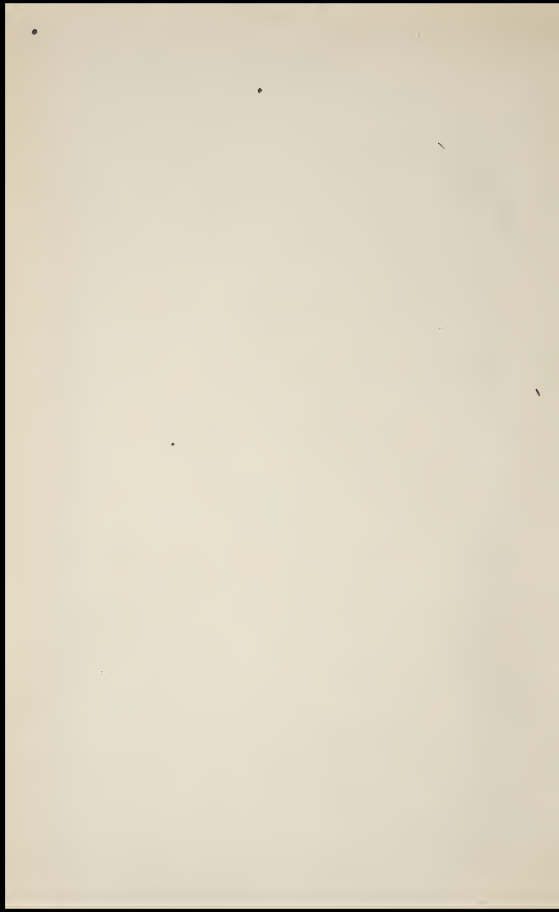
RESOLUTION OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Resolved, That J. H. Cole, Secretary, and Dr. J. M. Shaffer, Historian, be instructed and ordered to publish in pamphlet form the full proceedings of the Association to date, October 3rd, 1884.



INDEX.

	PAGE
History of the Organization, &c., - - - - -	1
Programme, - - - - -	2
Constitution, - - - - -	4
List of Officers and Committees, - - - - -	5
Proceedings, - - - - -	6
Prayer by Rev. L. B. Dennis, - - - - -	6
Music—"America," - - - - -	6
Address by General Belknap, - - - - -	7
Address of Welcome, Hon. Edward Johnstone, - - - - -	9
Response for Missouri by Gen. John W. Noble, - - - - -	11
Music—"Old Settlers' Song," - - - - -	16
Response for Illinois by Hon. Henry Strong, - - - - -	17
Impromptu Speech by Justice Samuel F. Miller, - - - - -	22
Prayer by Rev. Wm. Salter, D. D., - - - - -	24
Impromptu Speech by Hon. A. G. Adams, - - - - -	24
Oration of the Hon. Wm. H. Hatch, - - - - -	26
Music—"The Proud Hawkeye State," - - - - -	32
Address of Capt. Jas. W. Campbell, - - - - -	33
Impromptu Speech of Gen. Geo. W. Jones, - - - - -	39
Impromptu Speech of Capt. Wm. Hillhouse, - - - - -	46
Impromptu Speech of Hon. Edwin Manning, - - - - -	47
Impromptu Speech of Col. G. A. Hawley, - - - - -	50
Report of Executive Committee, - - - - -	52
Music—"Auld Lang Syne," - - - - -	53
Letter of Hon. John M. Hamilton, - - - - -	54
Letter of Hon. Thos. T. Crittenden, - - - - -	54
Letter of Hon. Buren R. Sherman, - - - - -	54
Letter of Hon. Fred. O'Donnell, - - - - -	55
Letter of Hon. J. B. Brown, - - - - -	56
Letter of Wm. B. Street, Esq., - - - - -	57
Letter of Rev. L. B. Dennis, - - - - -	59
Letter of L. B. Fleak, Esq., - - - - -	60
Letter of L. R. Bissell, Esq., - - - - -	61
Letter of Hon. Wm. N. Grover, - - - - -	61
Letter of Alexander Cruikshank, - - - - -	62
Letter of Gen. Geo. W. Jones, - - - - -	62
Letter of Mrs. S. C. Van Dyke, - - - - -	63
Acknowledgments and Regrets, - - - - -	64
Personal and Historical, - - - - -	65
Executive Committee for 1885, - - - - -	68



HISTORICAL.

The Tri-State Old Settlers' Association of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa owes its origin to the earnest desire on the part of many old citizens of Keokuk to meet their friends of early days and renew old friendships and acquaintances, and to form new ones. To this end the organization known as the Citizens' Association, was asked to take the preliminary steps toward establishing, on a permanent footing, an association that would bring together, in annual reunions, the pioneers of the three States.

Accordingly, the Citizens' Association invited the citizens of Keokuk to meet together on the evening of July 3d, 1884, at the U. S. Court room in the Estes House, to determine the question as to whether such reunions should be held, and if so, the time, place, etc.

A large number of citizens responded, and it was resolved unanimously to organize a Tri-State Old Settlers' Association. The following Executive Committee was selected: J. M. Reid, Geo. F. Jenkins, J. O. Voorhies, D. F. Miller, Sr., J. B. Paul, S. E. Carey and J. H. Cole. September 4th, 1884, and Rand Park, were agreed on as the time and place for holding the first reunion.

At a subsequent meeting the Executive Committee reported the Constitution, which was adopted, the programme of exercises, and October 2nd, 1884, as the date for the first reunion, on account of the local fairs being held in surrounding counties in September.

A Committee on Invitation was appointed who sent out about 3,500 special invitations. Responses to many of these were made in person and to some by letters, which may be found in their proper place.

The weather, which had been very rainy and disagreeable, changed on the evening of October 1st, and gave on the 2nd a most delightful day.

The programme, arranged as below, was strictly adhered to, and in addition thereto, a dancing platform, a soldiers' dinner, (hard tack, pork and beans, etc.,) for all old soldiers, a game of base ball, and other features of a social character filled up the day and interested the various classes gathered together.

PROGRAMME.

ASSOCIATION CALLED TO ORDER,

By S. E. Carey, Esq., President, at 10 o'clock A. M.

PRAYER,

By Rev. L. B. Dennis, of Knoxville, Ill.

MUSIC—"AMERICA,"

By Vocalists under the leadership of H. C. Landes, Esq.

ADDRESS,

General Wm. W. Belknap, Washington, D. C., President of the Day.

MUSIC—BY KEOKUK MILITARY BAND,

"Ye Olden Times."

ADDRESS OF WELCOME,

By Hon. Edward Johnstone, Keokuk, Iowa.

RESPONSE FOR MISSOURI,

By General Jno. W. Noble, of St. Louis, Mo.

MUSIC—"OLD SETTLERS' SONG."

RESPONSE FOR ILLINOIS,

By Hon. Henry Strong, of Chicago, Ill.

IMPROMPTU SPEECH,

Justice Sam'l F. Miller, Washington, D. C.

APPOINTMENT OF COMMITTEE

To recommend Officers for ensuing year.

RECESS FOR DINNER.

MUSIC—BY KEOKUK MILITARY BAND, AT 2 O'CLOCK P. M.,

"Academy Waltzes."

PRAYER,

By Rev. Wm. Salter, of Burlington, Iowa.

IMPROMPTU SPEECH,

By Hon. A. G. Adams, of Burlington, Iowa.

ORATION,

By Hon. Wm. H. Hatch, of Hannibal, Mo.

MUSIC—"OLD HAWKEYE STATE."

ADDRESSES,

By Capt. J. W. Campbell, of Fort Madison, Iowa.

By Gen. Geo. W. Jones, of Dubuque, Iowa.

By Capt. Wm. Hillhouse, of Burlington, Iowa.

MUSIC—BY KEOKUK MILITARY BAND,

Clarinet Solo, "Nightingale Polka."

SHORT SPEECHES

FROM

Hon. Edwin Manning, of Keosauqua, Iowa.

Col. Geo. A. Hawley, of Hamilton, Illinois.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE AND ELECTION

Of Executive Committee for Ensuing Year.

SONG—"AULD LANG SYNE."

CONSTITUTION.

WHEREAS, Sociable and friendly relations are desirable amongst all men, but more especially with those who as neighbors and friends have shared the adversities and hardships of a pioneer's life; therefore, in order to promote and maintain amongst the people of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa the most intimate and friendly relations, and for the purpose of keeping alive and perpetuating the record of the old settlers and pioneers of these States, and to cultivate the heretofore existing social relations, we do adopt the following Constitution:

Article 1. The name and title of this organization shall be the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association.

Art. 2. All persons who were residents in either Iowa, Illinois or Missouri prior to 1860, or who shall have resided in any of these States for twenty-five years, or who having been born in either of them and remained until their majority, or who may be elected at any meeting an "honorary member," shall be eligible to membership and become members on signing this Constitution.

Art. 3. The affairs and business of the Association after its first meeting shall be managed by an Executive Committee of nine members, to be chosen at said first meeting, and annually thereafter at the yearly reunions; said committee to hold their office until their successors are elected and organized as hereafter provided. Three members of said committee shall be selected from each of the States represented in the Association. From their number the Executive Committee shall select a President, and one Vice-President from each of the three States, and from the members of the Association, select a Treasurer, a Secretary, and such other officers and committees as may be necessary to promote the objects of this Association. The officers named above shall be deemed the officers of the Association, and perform the usual duties of such officers until their successors are elected.

Art. 4. The place for holding the reunions shall be at Keokuk, Iowa, at such dates as may be fixed by the Executive Committee. Until its first reunion, its affairs and business shall be managed by an Executive Committee of seven, consisting of J. M. Reid, J. O. Voorhies, J. B. Paul, D. F. Miller, Sr., Geo. F. Jenkins, S. E. Carey and J. H. Cole.

Art. 5. This Constitution may be amended, altered or changed in any way at any annual meeting.

Adopted at Keokuk, Iowa, July 31st, 1884.

Attest:

SAM'L E. CAREY, President.

J. H. COLE, Secretary.

COMPLETE LIST OF OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES

FROM INCEPTION OF THE ASSOCIATION TO OCTOBER 2nd, 1884.

D. F. Miller, Sr., Chairman of the first meeting, held July 3, 1884.

D. C. Daugherty, Secretary of same.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Samuel E. Carey, President,	J. H. Cole, Secretary.
J. O. Voorhies, Treasurer,	D. F. Miller, Sr.,
J. M. Reid,	Geo. F. Jenkins, J. B. Paul.

COMMITTEE ON CONSTITUTION.

S. E. Carey, J. O. Voorhies, J. H. Cole.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

J. M. Reid, J. B. Paul, Dr. Geo. F. Jenkins.

COMMITTEE ON INVITATIONS.

C. F. Davis, W. A. Brownell, J. M. Reid, Jno. Walker, R. E. Hill.

COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

Conrad Eimbeck, H. C. Landes, Dr. J. C. Hughes, Dr. A. Weismann.

COMMITTEE ON GROUNDS.

Hugh Copeland, H. C. Anschutz, Fred. Hilpert.

COMMITTEE ON ROOMS, BAGGAGE, ETC.

Richard Root, Patrick Gibbons.

COMMITTEE ON TRANSPORTATION.

W. A. Brownell,	F. T. Hughes,	H. H. Trimble.
J. F. Daugherty,	J. K. Mason,	J. C. Coombs.

COMMITTEE ON PROGRAMME.

C. F. Davis, J. H. Cole, Dr. J. M. Shaffer.

COMMITTEE ON RECEPTION.

Jno. N. Irwin,	J. M. Reid,	C. P. Birge,	D. Mooar.
S. M. Clark,	Dr. W. A. George,	Geo. D. Rand,	R. B. B. Wood.

COMMITTEE ON SEATS, PARK, ETC.

Geo. D. Rand,	J. B. Paul,	Jno. T. Griffey,
John Culbertson,	Horace H. Ayres,	Conrad Eimbeck.

COMMITTEE TO PROVIDE ACCOMMODATIONS FOR ORATORS, ETC.

J. H. Cole, W. A. Brownell.

DECORATING COMMITTEE.

J. M. Huiskamp, H. T. Graham.

PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.

J. H. Cole, Dr. J. M. Shaffer.

PROCEEDINGS.

Samuel E. Carey, Esq., President of the Executive Committee, in calling the Association to order, spoke as follows :

"It is always proper, and the right thing to do at the inauguration of any undertaking, and especially so on an occasion of this kind, where we for the first time meet together to organize an association of the early settlers of the three States which are so closely united at this point, to call upon God to bless our effort. We to-day are happy to have with us one of the first, if not the very first settled preacher of the Gospel in all this region—Rev. L. B. Dennis, of Knoxville, Illinois, who will now lead us prayer.

PRAYER BY REV. L. B. DENNIS.

Our Father in heaven, in Thy providence and mercy and kindness Thou hast permitted us to meet to-day as we have never met before. A number of us, men of former years and former surroundings, are permitted to come to this gathering, where the old settlers of Illinois, Iowa and Missouri, are called together to spend one day in social greeting. May the blessings of God rest upon the officers of the day, upon the executive and all its arrangements, and especially upon the speakers, and upon every interest that involves the welfare of the occasion. We thank Thee, our Father, that the dark clouds, the threatening storm, have all passed away. This morning the beautiful sun and smiling nature tell us of Thy goodness. We ask Thy blessing, not only upon us here, and upon the States we represent, but upon the United States, and upon our rulers, and upon all in high places. May the God of all good rule in all the matters of earth and matters of interest and matters of welfare of our nation. And when we are done with the affairs of life and labor here, may we all die aright; and then may we have more than an annual greeting in the land of rest and home of the happy. We ask it through our Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love,
I love thy rocks and rills,

Thy woods and templed hills ;
 My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze
 And ring from all the trees,
 Sweet freedom's song.
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to Thee—
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing,
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light ;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

General Belknap, President of the Day, being introduced, made the following address :

LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND OLD SETTLERS:—I cannot claim the honor of being a very old settler. although I landed at Keokuk thirty-three years ago. But the wonderful changes which have occurred in that time in the improvement in travel, in the modes of labor, in the speed of mails, in the spread of education, and in society itself, mark the passage of a century, instead of the lapse of a third of that time. And although these various changes have occurred, we do not, without reflection, realize them.

I remember making the trip in 1851 from Washington to St. Louis. From New York to Buffalo the way was by several disconnected and slow-going roads, where changes were repeatedly made by the traveler from train to train ; thence by steamer to Detroit, for there was no Lake Shore road, thence by rail to New Buffalo on Lake Michigan, whence we went across the lake to Chicago in a storm far more severe than any I ever saw on the ocean. Chicago then had about thirty-five thousand people, but its destiny was in the future, and its present prospect of being, as I believe it will be, the largest city on the continent, was not dreamed of. To St. Louis there were three ways of travel—by canal-boat, stage, or on foot. We chose the former and reaching La Salle after a night and day's experience on the canal ; we went down the Illinois on the steamer "Prairie Bird," reaching St. Louis in five and one-half days from New York—a trip heralded in the papers then as being remarkable for speed, although they hoped that it might be made in four days. Mark the contrast. Since then I have frequently left Washington in the morning and reached Keokuk the next evening. Were the connections arranged, the trip could easily be made in thirty hours or less, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi here.

And since those days, the State of Iowa, whose foundations were laid by the old settlers on the true rock of liberty, in toil, peril, hardships, privation and labor, has grown into a grand commonwealth, the strength of whose future empire no prophet can predict. From your borders men have gone forth, who have, in numbers, filled prominent positions in the nation, and the career of the State has but begun.

In recalling the past, many strange memories are revived. One of my earliest and most pleasant recollections of Keokuk has ever been that of hearing the music there of a lovely singer many years ago, and my thoughts were recalled to it not very long ago in Washington. Adalina Patti was announced to sing there at the National Theater. There was great anxiety to hear her, and the seats brought fabulous prices; those who were unable to procure them at the office, paid high premiums for them. President Arthur was expected. Great interest was manifested, and the gardens, green houses and conservatories of the Capital furnished their choicest flowers in honor of the beautiful singer. Thirty years ago Adalina Patti—then an artless little girl known as “Little Patti”—sang in what was then a small church, and what is now a stable on Third street, near High, in Keokuk. Ole Bull, the great violinist, was with her, and I believe that her first vocal efforts were made here and in other towns in the northwest. Ole Bull is dead, and while his extraordinary instrument still impressed his audience, few of those who heard him and his young companion, remember that the little girl whom they then heard is the same one who is now, without question, the most charming singer in the world. That she who now selects her own days, names her own prices, entrances her audiences, and is said to collect personally from her manager before leaving the theater each night, her three thousand five hundred or four thousand dollars, is the same “Little Patti” whom we paid fifty cents to hear in a remote western town, and who almost began her career in Keokuk. But this is only one incident among many pleasant ones which come to us from the past.

Old settlers of the northwest! You will never cease to be remembered as the pioneers of a country whose prosperity is largely due to your early labors in the dark days of the land's beginning. Facing danger, accepting hardship and welcoming labor, you have lived long enough to see the glad fruition of your work, and to find yourselves surrounded by peace, happiness and prosperity, and by multitudes of younger men who rise up and call you old men and matrons blessed! When twenty-three years ago a great war insulted the flag and threatened the nation, you willingly gave your sons to the country, and sent into the service those who had sprung from you, and who were tied to your hearts by bonds of kindred and of paternal love. And the desolation caused by the loss of one and another, who never came back to that fireside again, still casts

its cloud over many a home when the triumphs won by the Union arms are recalled. As your years pass and your days decline, as your ranks grow thinner and your places are filled by those of us who are younger, we are "old settlers," but we never can be pioneers. That honor is reserved for you alone. What you did will never be forgotten, what you achieved will always live, and your best eulogy will be the story of your lives, which we, and those who come after us, and those who come after them, will tell to other generations.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY HON. EDWARD JOHNSTONE.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am advised by the managers of this reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association, that several distinguished gentlemen are present to address this meeting. In the meantime they have instructed me to extend, in a very few words, a cordial welcome to this assemblage. It would require the voice of a trumpet to reach the ears of a crowd gathered together in this beautiful park. I wish that I possessed it, so that I could convey to every individual the heartfelt greetings of the people I have the honor to represent.

My friends, I congratulate you that we meet in an auspicious season, that genial breezes, cloudless skies, and an October sun add to the comfort and delight of our meeting. I congratulate you on the abundant "kindly fruits" that our bounteous Mother Earth has poured out from her bosom, on the universal good health of the land, and that peace, plenty and prosperity dwell in our midst. I congratulate you more especially, that to-day, and here, we have a time of rest and quiet social intercourse, when on every side the country is "tempest tossed" by a political conflict.

Men and women of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, it is good for us all to be here; to throw aside, for one day at least, all public and private care; to meet and exchange the friendly greetings, and cultivate that spirit of amity and social regard which should ever characterize good neighbors and good citizens.

My friends, have you ever considered how great are the States we represent—Illinois, Missouri and Iowa? An empire in themselves—nay each of them fitted to be an empire! Did you ever reflect on the vast territorial extent of these States; their present population and immense resources; all of which sink into insignificance when compared with the days to come, those "far off summers that we shall not see?"

Situated, virtually, in the heart of the United States, midway in the great valley of the Mississippi, they are strong enough by their moral influence alone to insure for all time, the perpetuity of the Union. Think of these three States standing together for whatever purpose! What could resist their power? A cordial union of these over-shadowing

communities would give to them, in all things and always, over every antagonist, "sovereign sway and masterdom."

The Mississippi river, which flows in beauty and majesty unparalleled along our borders, is another bond of union between us. What are all the rivers of the world when compared with our great river? Its immense valley is the granary of nations, and the men of the future who will occupy it—whose multitudinous foot-tread the dullest in imagination can now hear—could, if need be, conquer the world. Men and brethren of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, what valley is like to our great valley; what river is like to our great river, well and fitly named the Father of Waters?

My friends, the wonderful material wealth of this valley will only confer great blessings if diffused among the people. If held in the hands of the few it will prove an oppression and a curse. Although not strictly germane to the subject of my address, yet I know you will pardon me for digressing to say that, unlike the methods of our old-settler forefathers, the hasty and eager desire to grow rich suddenly without effort or honest labor, perchance by overreaching deception and fraud, is the giant evil of the day; and the fruitful source of the numberless bankruptcies, felonies, breaches of trust, suicides and murders, which have laid the foundation of the wide-spread distrust that, pervading the land, is the chiefest factor in the present depression of business.

The Apostle Paul never uttered a wiser or truer saying than that the love of money—contra-distinguished from its use—the insatiable greed for money—"was the root of all evil." How many men of otherwise faultless lives, lose property and reputation in their haste to grow rich by pursuing the sinuous practices of Wall street, or stepping into the fatal pitfalls of the Chicago Board of Trade?

The undue importance ascribed to mere wealth is conspicuously exhibited by the fact that many really eminent statesmen, in their public utterances in regard to the progress of the country, confine themselves wholly to its increase in worldly riches. The importance of the true riches of a country—religion, education, morality, probity, and industry—seems to be subordinated to its mere material prosperity.

Men of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, we must educate ourselves and our children to have faith in something else in the world than money. We must teach the lesson that no man is a good citizen who has not some honest employment of head or hand. We must have some purpose, some business in life, and not be mere drones living off the labors of better men. We must cultivate industry, honesty, sobriety, hospitality, and all the amenities and courtesies of social life. We must remember that:

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey
When wealth accumulates and men decay."

And above all, let us ever keep it in mind that it is not riches that gives a man "peace at the last."

My friends, standing here to-day at the gate of Iowa, in the presence of this great concourse of sturdy men, beautiful women, and flower garden of children, I cannot help recalling the time, nearly half a century ago, when I first saw the magnificent landscapes bordering the rapids of the Mississippi. Dense forests covered the hillsides; a few cabins peered out from the undergrowth along the river; an occasional Indian might be seen; some wandering steamboats passed up and down the stream, scarcely disturbing the wild fowl that floated on its bosom.

It is marvelous how many and important events in the history of a new country, are crowded into the space of a single lifetime. I look down the vista of departed years, and see in my "mind's eye" the wondrous changes moving along like a grand panorama. I see in the motley crowd some figures more prominent than others. I see Keokuk and Black Hawk, Joe. Smith the Prophet, Cabot the Icarian—all of whom I knew, and some of them quite well—passing along until they fade far away into the dim distance like the unsubstantial fabric of a dream.

My friends, again I tender you a hearty welcome. May this day be but the beginning of days which each revolving year will celebrate, and thus keep ever green the memory of the Old Settlers of the Upper Mississippi Valley "to the last syllable of recorded time." Let these days be the means of bringing into nearer contact and companionship the people of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, and knitting firmer and closer the bonds of their commercial and social relations. In conclusion, I add in the words of the master poet:

"Once more I shower a welcome on ye,—welcome all."

RESPONSE FOR MISSOURI BY GENERAL JNO. W. NOBLE.

MR. PRESIDENT, OLD SETTLERS AND FRIENDS:—Your hearty welcome just delivered in such eloquent terms by our old friend the Hon. Edward Johnstone, is very precious to the old settlers who have come here to-day from old Missouri to join in your reunion.

The city in which we meet is the center of a mighty and growing civilization embracing three great States. A pivotal point around which revolves the interests, and I may add, the affections of great commonwealths.

To some of us, sir, an individual interest attaches to the occasion. This kind old city of Keokuk is the pioneer cabin in which our strength was nurtured, and where we learned the strict lessons of industry and honor, and ever as our thoughts turn to her, we praise her for whatever of good we may have helped confer on our fellowmen. God bless the people of Iowa, and the old Gate City.

But, sir, we are not assembled for expression of merely personal feeling. Three mighty States sit to-day in conclave to honor the old settlers of this land.

Indeed, this is a noble purpose. What great sacrifices and services are now to be remembered and recalled, the priceless benefits of which we enjoy. We think not only of the living, of those of our own times, but reaching to the far distant past, we remember the discoverers of and pioneers of this far western land. We recall DeSoto, with his pageantry and search for gold, discovering in 1542 in the far south the great river on whose bank we assemble. We reverently refer to Joliet and Marquette, who in 1667, reached the river at the north. We think with pride of Laclede, who in 1764 founded St. Louis, the now great metropolis of the Mississippi valley. We mention old Daniel Boone, who died within the borders of Missouri; and we might still summon in long array the many men of courage and enterprise, self-sacrifice and devotion to the cause of progress, who in these western States have struggled and suffered for us all. Great respect is due all such forerunners of the human race, laboring either in the civilization that assaults the physical roughness and resistance of the original wilds, or the more terrible fierceness of fraud and passion that lurks among all ranks of men. Respect, did I say? Let me rather exclaim admiration and devotion is due their memory. Tribute has been paid to such men by all nations. Let others refer to classic times and tell how the progenitors of nations of long ago were deemed to have sprung from the earth. I recall rather from our western annals the funeral of Marquette. DeSoto in splendor had sought the new Eldorado for gold, had perished and been buried beneath the Mississippi at night, that no man might find him more. Marquette had sought to civilize and redeem his fellow men—even the rude barbarians; and dying on the banks of Lake Michigan, had there been buried. But soon the reverential savages sought his grave; with pious hands brought forth his bones; cleansed them in the waters of the lake he loved; placed them in a birch bark box woven by Indian maidens' hands, and in a long procession of thirty canoes filled with mourning chieftains, bore them with funeral dirge and stroke of steady rhythmic oar to the chapel of the Christian to rest forevermore. Let us not forget the services of all such men of early or recent date.

"Ye natives, 'twas thus your adventurous sires,
Forsaking their fatherland, altars and fires,
The homes of their childhood, the graves of their kin,
Gave all that they valued, for all they might win."

"They climbed every barrier; no peril could daunt;
Through storm and through pestilence, battle and want,
And marching still on, with the path of the sun,
Regained a lost home in a Paradise won."

"Their star was the day-star, and westward it led,
 'Till round them in beauty the bright Eden spread,
 And the garden of gardens, that blooms round us here,
 Were found and were won by the brave pioneer."

Mr. President, if such is the gratitude we owe to the old settlers, it becomes me, as the representative of the great State of Missouri, to report progress to your association, and to exhibit on what benefits is based Missouri's admiration for those who have gone before or still live as honored pineers. It would please me greatly to enter the arena in friendly competition with you, my old-time and tried friends of Iowa and Illinois, and match names for statesmanship and enterprise we could produce from Missouri, but the time and occasion do not serve. The names of Barton, Benton, Bates, Geyer, Gamble, Laclede, Chouteau, Sarpy, Campbell and a host of others rush to memory. But a few short statistics will tell why Missouri pays tribute here to-day to her and your old settlers.

It is because of their heroic efforts and unlimited self sacrifice, she can present her glorious record of the past as entitling her to your welcome, and her bright hopes as worthy of your sisterly appreciation in friendly rivalry.

Her rank in population among the States of this great Union has been as follows:

1830 she was 31st with 140,455 inhabitants.
 1840 she was 16th with 383,702 inhabitants.
 1850 she was 13th with 682,044 inhabitants.
 1860 she was 8th with 1,182,012 inhabitants.
 1870 she was 5th with 1,192,295 inhabitants.
 1880 she was 5th with 2,168,380 inhabitants.

And she had at the last mentioned date within her borders the city of St. Louis, the sixth in rank, as to population and wealth, among the great municipalities of the country.

The banners of the city are flying to-day, my friends. She is adorned with all the vesture of a proud and beautiful metropolis. By the banks of this broad and majestic river, she looks to the south and she looks to the north, and she welcomes all in freedom, equality and peace. Missouri, says, too, she owes to the old pioneers that her per centage of increase of population was—

From 1860 to 1870, 45.6.

From 1870 to 1880, 22.9.

And in the same time Illinois was:

From 1860 to 1870, 48.3.

From 1870 to 1880, 21.

And Iowa:

From 1860 to 1870, 76.

From 1870 to 1880, 36.

On the last decade Missouri stands as against Illinois 25.9 to 21.1, with the greater population in Illinois; as against her sister Iowa 25.9 to 36, with the lesser population in Iowa.

Missouri's average size of farm is 129 acres, Iowa's 134 acres, and Illinois' 124; and of these homes of independence and industry, Illinois has 255,741, Iowa 185,351, and Missouri 215,575.

Missouri says that by the last census of the United States, she stands seventh in rank for the value of her manufactured products.

Missouri reports that she has compared with adjacent States, either formerly slave-holding or non-slave-holding, of illiteracy in her over two millions of population she has to acknowledge 13.4 (thirteen and four-tenths) per cent. Yet Kentucky has 29.9 per cent. and Arkansas has to confess to 38 per cent., and she cannot understand why everybody is proud to hail from old Kentucky, and it is popular to cry out against "poor old Missouri." I can come even here to glorious old Iowa, with all her energy and progress, and bear high the banner of Missouri without fear even of you, my old friends and comrades of Iowa and Illinois.

Of public schools Missouri has 10,329, Iowa 12,635, Illinois 15,203; but with these Illinois has high school education connected with 113, Iowa 141, while Missouri has it with 239.

Missouri is not here a jealous rival, but she wants you to understand that your welcome is gratefully acknowledged by her, but only as an equal, and all the aspiring sister of this glorious triad of States.

Settlers we are. Old settlers we claim to be. But some settle and grow old, and some settle a good deal in a very short time. Missouri has had some settlers who are not very old.

Ye glorious and triumphant States of Iowa and Illinois, how prosperous has been your career! Fresh as the prairies you found your homes; no blight was on your land; no cloud was on your sky.

Your advance in population and marvelous prosperity among the freedom-loving nations of the world was easy.

But alas, not so for old Missouri. She alone, from all this mighty northwest, was excepted and not made free soil.

Oh, what a burden was on her in this moving world! What an eclipse was on her star in the galaxy of States!

Settlers, what is it to settle? Is it merely to clear the forest, or will we gladly admit to our band those who clear out barbarity and all the horrid enemies of freedom?

Missouri not only bore slavery like a nightmare, while the grand States of Iowa and Illinois were free, with all the blessings that freedom

gives, but she bore war on her own soil, with 190,000 of her own men fighting for freedom.

Your war was abroad. It was within her borders; in her very bosom, You helped her, and God bless you for it. Your troops opened the battle of Pea Ridge and closed the last fighting on her soil at Osage and Independence.

Providence be thanked for her redemption. Old settlers of her borders, brave pioneers of the past, rejoice in Iowa! Be very proud of Illinois, but rejoice also for your other child, Missouri. She is coming on, young in her new birth, and radiant with her brilliant future. Do you mention the James boys? I reply we have to settle law and order in Missouri; and as you, when assailing the wilderness with your axes, have had to leave a stump or a snag here and there, and a hollow to fill, so we have our James to root out and our glorious fields of social harvest yet to gather. The axes are swinging and sounding. Comrades and fellow settlers—soldiers who settled this Union on freedom's side—we are with you and greet you. The events of our past history are marvelous, but the greatest are yet to come. Who can foretell the future of the old settler's glory?

In the past the hawk—bird of nature—soared over wilds where no civilized being trod. There were the mighty rivers, now named the Missouri, the Mississippi and the Ohio, and the lakes. But all was silence; the wild herds and barbarous men all these hills, plains and valleys held. But now ascend, oh, spirit of this land—mercurial commerce—winged of foot and far speeding in thy eagerness. In broad expanse are seen the factories and ports of commerce, increasing trade and many new designs to compass man's end. The steamboat plys the waters, the telegraph becomes the nerve of civilization, the telephone speaks through space and man's voice becomes like that of disembodied spirits, art and science add on every hand to the growth of human knowledge.

But this is where but now the eagle in his solitary circle swept and knew no danger.

But spirit of my native land, sweet liberty ascend and tell us what is to be.

Her voice has been heard and repeated by our most gifted and patriotic countryman, Washington Irving.

"Vast regions of inexhaustible fertility, deeply embosomed in our immense continent, and watered by the mighty lakes and rivers, I picture them to myself, as they soon will be, peopled by millions of industrious, telligent, enterprising, well-instructed and self-governed freemen blessed by a generally diffused competence, brightened with innumerable towns and cities, the marks of a boundless, internal commerce, and the seats of an enlightened civilization. I regard them as the grand and safe

depositories of the strength and perpetuity of our union. There lie the keys of an empire; there dwells the heart of our giant republic that must regulate its pulsations and send the current through every limb. There must our liberties take their deepest root and their purest nourishment; there, in a word, must we look for the growth of a real, free-born, home-bred national character, of which our posterity may be proud."

Hail, comrades, let us go forward!

MUSIC—"OLD SETTLER'S SONG."

Right here where Indian fires were lighted,

Long, long ago—

Where dusky forms by rum incited,

Danced wildly to and fro—

We Old Settlers come to greet you,

Proffer heart and hand—

Breathe, too, a fervent prayer to meet you

Yonder in the spirit land.

Gone tawny chief, whose wary-cry sounded,

All but his name—

That, far and near, has been resounded,

Linked with our rising fame—

KEOKUK, with pride we gather

On thy golden strand—

While from the skies a loving father

Blesses our sunset land.

O! brother there are dear old faces

Hid 'neath the mold—

Forms missing from their wanted places,

Hands we have clasped, still and cold

While the scores of years behind us

Tell we're hastening on—

And that when friends return to find us,

Softly may fall, "They are gone."

Here brothers, where our noble river

Chants through its waves—

May we remain till called to sever,

Make and guard our graves—

And with welcoming shouts we'll greet you

When you reach heaven's strand—

Fling wide the golden gate and meet you

Brothers, in the Edenland.

RESPONSE FOR ILLINOIS BY HON. HENRY STRONG.

MR. PRESIDENT AND OLD SETTLERS OF MISSOURI, ILLINOIS AND IOWA: As I look upon this assembly and see these fathers and mothers, who were little children when I first knew them, I feel like an old settler.

It is with unfeigned pleasure that I join you in this reunion of old settlers, to respond for the great commonwealth, by whose side for forty years, hand in hand, with equal step, Iowa has walked in the grand march of modern progress. In the State organization, Illinois ante-dates you nearly thirty years. But remember, our justly proud young neighbor, that those thirty years belong to the "Cycle of Cathay," that they were before the era of the cultivator and the reaper, and the railroad—they would not count five years now—so, you see, we are almost twins, our seniority being just enough to entitle us to your becoming deference. Therefore, just because we put on long dresses first, and sat up Saturday nights with our beau, I pray you, gentle sister, don't imagine you see any wrinkles across the river. We, too, inhaling the breezes of the prairies, and the spirit of liberty, have found what DeLeon sought in this western world, have been baptized in the fountain of eternal youth.

It is hard for me to bear in mind that I am representing Illinois, and not Iowa, on this occasion. And in this presence I might be indulged a word of reminiscence, while I recognize in this assembly so many familiar faces, and when so many mingled memories to me are centered here. I cannot make it seem that a generation has come and gone since I first looked upon this place. Instinctively my mind calls the roll of the friends of other days; of the men whose high character and enterprise so largely contributed to the rapid advancement and prosperity of this noble State, and who stamping their own impress upon her material and social progress, have given to Iowa an enviable place in the sisterhood of States.

It is just one hundred years since Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, Thomas Hardy and Arthur Lee, authorized thereto by the State of Virginia, formally ceded to the United States the County of Illinois, which then comprised what was known as the northwestern territory, and embraced all the country north of the Ohio river up to the boundary of British America, and all east of the Mississippi river (including Indiana) not claimed by any other of the original thirteen States. A good sized county, I hear you say. Three years later the organic law of the territory was enacted by Congress, the celebrated ordinance of 1787, by which this magnificent domain, richer in all material than even the fabled wealth that turned Columbus' prows across the untried sea, was forever consecrated to freedom.

No poetic legend lingers about the birth of Illinois. As in the case of Iowa and many of the Western States, an Indian chief stood sponsor at

her birth, and hence her name Illinois, "the men." Her history is your history, the common history of the pioneers of the west, and may be summed up in a few words—privation, suffering and danger, borne with patience, fortitude and courage.

I have sometimes wondered if to the prophetic mind of Marquette the vision of the future was opened, as he and Joliet in their birch canoes floated down this royal river, and here in the State of Iowa, among the Illinois Indians planted their first mission in the valley of the Mississippi; or whether the less religious and more daring mind of LaSalle ever dreamed of the empire that would grow up around his Kaskaskia and Peoria and Chartres. They carried no arms to subdue hostile tribes; they conquered with the calumet and the cross—Old Fort Chartres, a classic name in the annals of this valley, that seems to connect the antithesis of history, and recalls the golden age of both England and France; of Louis the Great and the Duke of Orleans; of the Mississippi bubble and John Law, who spending millions upon that fort, the citadel of his future commercial capital, made Frenchmen believe that every dollar of the irredeemable paper of his Grand Mississippi Company was worth forty dollars in gold or silver; who was the great original of the "Ohio idee" and from whom our friend General Weaver must have learned his economy of finance.

It recalls the age of Queene Anne and the galaxy of genius that made her reign illustrious; the age of Bolingbroke and Wapole, of Swift and Pope, of Marlborough, and the Prince Eugene. What memories and what contrast, too! There Louis' court; here Marquette's wigwam; there the splendid legions of the most splendid empire upon the earth; here the pipe of peace, and the crucifix of the humble followers of Loyola. That glorious empire went down in revolution and blood, while the hut of the pioneer has become the freeman's castle, the royal home of the rulers of the great republic.

I see before me here to-day in this reunion of old settlers, the survivors of the men, who leaving their childhood's homes, founded in the Valley of the Mississippi an empire of freedom, of intelligence, of security, of comfort, of abundance, and of every earthly blessing; who had the ambition to better their fortunes, and the courage and fortitude to brave dangers and endure privation, the faith to trust a destiny their own bold enterprise should carve out. They recognized the great truth in political economy, that the wealth of the soil is the best foundation of national greatness and individual prosperity.

They knew that three hundred thousand square miles of land, rich as the Valley of the Po, must become the seat of empire and furnish the best guarantee, in the future, for all those institutions of religion, charity and learning that enrich the life of the citizen.

They saw further than the statesman of their day. For even James Monroe, after crossing the Alleghanies himself, and obtaining the best information he could, reported that this country was a treeless waste which probably for a century to come would not be entitled to a member of Congress

Within half a century the President of the United States was elected from the Valley of the Mississippi, and long since the prophecy of the pioneer has become the fact of history.

Were London surrounded, as Chicago and St. Louis are, by a quarter of a million square miles of soil of exhaustless fertility, the future of England would be more secure than it is. Were the sterile plains of Germany equal in power of production to the alluvium of Illinois and Missouri, Bismarck would not now be exhibiting the remarkable spectacle of the great imperial chancellor imposing a duty upon food, to protect her exhausted farms from the competition of Iowa wheat.

Were the hillsides of Normandy covered with the black loam of Kansas and Nebraska, France would not now be crying out against the invasion of American breadstuffs.

A few years ago when it cost five or six cents a ton per mile during the greater part of the year to transport wheat and corn and pork and beef from your farms to the seaboard, the self-contained statesmen of Europe hardly knew of your existence. They put their noble fingers all over the map when looking for Chicago or St. Louis. They have found them now. When the products of your farms are carried to the seaboard by rail, for less than one cent a ton per mile, and whole fleets enter the harbors of Europe, laden with everything that supports mankind, the political economists of the monarchies suddenly awake to the fact of your being, and have to admit that you are large factors in the happiness of their citizens.

Wonderful to relate, they are even taking down their long-shelved industrial creeds, and threatening to revise the supposed postulates of their political economy, by levying a duty upon the food they cannot themselves supply. The American steer is goring the life out of the French ministry, and the sleep of the great Bismarck is disturbed by the grunt of the American hog. Yet, within the lifetime of men before me, all of the States represented here to-day were a wilderness—a beautiful, glorious wilderness, it is true. A very wilderness of beauty they must have been, of prairie and river, and wood and lake, peopled only by the Indian and the buffalo.

It was only in 1763 that France ceded Illinois to England, and twenty years later that we conquered it from Great Britain. It was not organized as a separate territory till 1809, and did not become a State till 1818. That is only a little over sixty years, and within the memory

of some of you here. Now, not in the spirit of boasting (which would be utterly unbecoming in a citizen of Chicago, as you know), but as most impressively exhibiting the rapid growth of the country, I may be allowed to mention a few facts. Born, as you have seen, near a half century after the Declaration of Independence, yet Illinois has a larger area in cultivation than all the farms of England and Wales combined, and in improved agricultural extent, leads all her sister States, as well as in the value of her products of field and farm. Again, in railroads, that most valuable achievement of modern invention, and about the most reliable index of material prosperity, she stands at the head. And here let me say, that having long since severed all connection with railroads and become a farmer in four states, I have been led to look into the question of transportation from the Mississippi valley to the sea board, and reached these conclusions:

First. That the farmers in the States represented here to-day and those adjacent pay less per ton per mile for moving their beef and pork and grain to market than any other farmers in the world. I can well remember when wheat at the sea board was worth one dollar and twenty-five cents a bushel, and only three cents at the Illinois farm, and when it cost 300 bushels of good winter wheat to buy a Sunday coat.

Second. It is because railroad transportation is cheaper here than any where else in the world that this great valley, though over a thousand miles from the sea board and over four thousand miles from Liverpool, is able to control the markets of the world and has made such wonderfully rapid growth.

Again, in the amount of internal revenue paid for the support of the general government, Illinois stands first. Her woods are limited, but not her fuel, for she possesses a much larger amount of coal lands than either England or Pennsylvania (which we are holding for a better price). But further, in manufactured products, only three States excel her. And what is more to be proud of, as an evidence of commercial intelligence and thrift, is the fact that only in two other states are there so many letters distributed and so much postage paid. Still better, my fellow suckers, is the fact, which I mention with special pride, that only in two other States are there so many schools and so many children in school. But best of all and affording the highest evidence of our intellectual advancement, I think that we, the immediate successors of the Sioux and the Pottawatamies, have a right to boast of the fact that, except New York, which contains the business metropolis of the United States, Illinois stands first in the number of newspapers published and read by her citizens.

Now, I want to whisper to you, (so nobody from St. Louis shall hear it) another fact, that over there across the river, in that infant commonwealth, and on the very ground that was an Indian trading post when

some of you were grown, is a city which as a distributing center of agricultural product, excels all the cities of the world, ancient or modern, the aggregate of whose yearly business is over seven hundred million dollars. A city that fixes the price of wheat and corn, beef and pork and lard for the whole world, yesterday a hamlet; to-day a commercial capital covering more than fifty square miles, containing, including its suburbs, seven hundred thousand inhabitants; a city whose yearly lumber trade alone would freight a train of cars eighteen hundred miles in length. And the hogs yearly killed there, in single file, would reach a quarter way around the globe; in whose port over twelve thousand vessels yearly enter; a city which in a word is the largest grain market in the world, the largest beef and pork market in the world, the largest lumber market in the world, and I may add, whose commercial achievements are only equalled by the modesty of her citizens.

In all this wonderful progress Iowa and Missouri have been the rivals of Illinois. In rapidity of development Iowa has even surpassed Illinois. Had Missouri all the time been a free State, and an inviting field for New England enterprise and energy, her progress already so remarkable, would have been no less wonderful than that of her sister States, possessing as she does resources beyond computation. When we contemplate this astonishing progress, how our incredulous minds turn back to verify for themselves this almost fabulous chapter in American history, and to try to discover the succession of events that have produced these phenomenal results. They are your work, my fellow-citizens of the Valley of the Mississippi.

I see before me here to-day, the survivors of the men to whose innate love of liberty, the commonwealth of Illinois is indebted that the foot of the slave never trod on her soil, and in her early history, resisting the encroachments of the slave power, and repudiating any compromise of the freedom guaranteed by the ordinance of 1787, she always remained a free State, and in the end gave to the Union the President who freed all the States; and the general, who in defense of freedom, commanded and conquered armies greater than Marlborough or Napoleon ever saw. I may not stop to call the roll of the illustrious dead whose name illumine the history of these States.

Many, ah, how many are not here to-day, some whom we know so well, to mingle their congratulations with ours as we contemplate the glorious accomplishment of their toil and sacrifices; they sleep well. If, indeed, it be permitted to mortals in the dim hereafter to visit the scene of their labors here below, then are they with us here to-day, and you spirit band of the pioneers of the Mississippi valley, you we welcome to this reunion.

Hail, ye noble shades! the forms that once ye wore, how hallow every part of his broad land. Our grateful memories shall be your endear-

ing monument, and your influence shall ever dwell among us, to inspire us and those who shall come after us, to imitate your examples and transmit to our children's children the glorious heritage you have bequeathed to us.

You who survive, heroes of peace ! the infant shall lisp the Illiad of your deeds ; and youth and manhood, as the years go by, shall tell the simple story of your brave, earnest, fruitful lives. To you I bring the silent blessings, the prayer-benediction of a million hearts. I speak their glad, their sad acclaim, who bid you hail and farewell.

IMPROMPTU SPEECH BY JUSTICE SAMUEL F. MILLER.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It is something of a surprise to me that I should be called upon to address you to-day. I hardly know in what character I am called upon to address you on this occasion. I am not, in one sense of the word, an old settler. I am not, as you can see by my ruddy cheeks, an old man. Here are my friends, Mr. Merriam and Mr. Bridgman. I do not believe they would subject themselves to cross questions on that subject concerning their own age. Whatever may be the motive that has induced the presiding officer of this meeting to present me to you in the kind terms in which he has done, and whatever may be expected of me, I can say one thing, and that is, if an earnest, hearty, co-operative feeling for that which this meeting is called to represent, can qualify a man to speak to it, I have that qualification. Although not an early settler here or in this part of the country whatever I may have achieved in this country as judge and jurist, is due to this people—to the early and unflinching support of my neighbors and friends in the city of Keokuk. There are many reposing in the opposite part of the city, and my memory calls them forth as the friends that held my arms and hands in the days that are past. Eloquent young men have addressed you with regard to Illinois and Iowa as two of the tri-partite old-settler States engaged in this demonstration. I claim to be identified with Iowa and expect to die a citizen of Iowa, and if I speak of Iowa as she stands in my estimation, and in the estimation of our sister States, I do not know that I shall infringe upon any anybody's patience. Her fifty thousand square miles of soil is capable of more cultivation than any other fifty thousand square miles in any sub-division of the globe. Her soil is productive beyond precedent, and is cultivated by a people of energy, industry, and moral health. She has no great cities like Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati or Milwaukee, and I doubt not that she is all the better for it. Her towns, which we call cities by courtesy and by statute, are merely the commercial and trading necessities of the community. I will endeavor to present to you what has often presented itself to my mind's eye. This wonderful State of Iowa, with her fine fields of agriculture, her healthy atmosphere, sub-divided by little rivers which carry off

the miasmas of the country—a country which might have been the Garden of Eden if its beauty and charm be evidence of the fact—this wonderful State of Iowa never had the foot of a slave tread its soil. Noble freemen have broken up that soil and established its institutions of religion and education—an educational system unsurpassed by any in the world. The people were brought from the moral fields of New England, interspersed with the vigor, of the people of Missouri and Kentucky. Iowa sent more soldiers to the war for its population, than any State in the Union. It is this people that I am proud of, and it is a happiness to me to express it to-day. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your attention.

Messrs. C. F. Davis, James Lapsey and Thomas C. Sharpe, were appointed a committee by the President to recommend an Executive Committee and officers for the ensuing year.

Recess for dinner.

AFTERNOON.

Music by Keokuk Military Band—"Academy Waltzes."

PRAYER BY REV. WM. SALTER, D. D.

Our Father which art in heaven,—we hallow Thy name; from Thee we have proceeded; Thou art the maker of heaven and earth; Thou hast given us our dwelling place in a goodly land. We thank Thee for Thy favor to those who in other days, laid the foundation of our civilization. Commend thy blessings upon the old settlers of these three States that are here to-day to recognize Thy great goodness to them. Fill them more and more with the wealth and reward of industry, intelligence virtue and moral order, and with the great salvation and the beauty of holiness. Let thy blessing rest upon Thy whole beloved country; bind us together with the sure cement of Divine love. May we live on earth as becomes the children of God; and may Thy blessings rest upon all mankind, through Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

IMPROMPTU SPEECH BY HON. A. G. ADAMS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Your chairman in introducing me has intimated a most pleasant entertainment in alluding to my having seen the Hodges hung. Unfortunately for the history of that early affair, I cannot relate it. I was there and went to see the execution, but when I saw the glittering blade of the new hatchet brought for the occasion, I turned my hack, and you cannot prove by me that the Hodges were hung at all. [Laughter.] Having been notified that I should be expected to address you, I wrote out a few thoughts yesterday, which I will now read, and if I had something to put before me, you could not see them. [Laughter.]

I have attended State and county old settlers' meetings, and in some instances I have been allowed the privilege of inflicting upon the old settlers a few desultory remarks, but this is the first time I ever tackled a triple-headed old settlers' celebration. [Laughter.] Knowing the insatiable appetite that old settlers have for fun and frolic, I wonder that even generous and hospitable Keokuk has had the temerity to bring together and take care of so many who are only in the pursuit of enjoyment. But Keokuk has demonstrated her ability to manage big things with the same facility that other places run town meetings; she enforces prohibition with the same ease to-day that she controlled the rapids, roustabouts and whisky saloons on the levee forty-five years ago. [Applause and laughter.] What a change in forty-five years! She has furnished more great men for government positions within the last fifteen years than

any other city of her size in the United States, and happily none that the country need be ashamed of. Her reputation for being liberal, kind and free-hearted is well known, the only objection to her is that she will take everything that is in sight. [Laughter.] And I see that she has taken some of the old settlers to-day. How pleasant it is that every locality has its old settlers, that belong to it exclusively; that fact keeps them at home. You can't use an Iowa old settler in that capacity to any advantage in any other State; the nearest to a cosmopolitan old settlers' organization is inaugurated here to-day, but this is limited only to three States.

These celebrations are full of pleasure to us old settlers. We feel our value and importance. Speeches are made, filled with our praise; tell of our sacrifices; of the many trials we have passed through; of our lack of comforts, and all other styles of martyrdom, for the sole purpose of settling and developing this fair land for coming generations. This is all a mistake. We came here for selfish purposes. I came because my parents brought me. [Laughter.] Others came because their credit was impaired in the community of which they lived. [Laughter.] Others to get cheap land; others because they had married a girl in opposition to her parents' wishes. [Laughter.] Others because they wanted more elbow room. Others because the grand jury wanted to see them on particular business. [Laughter.] We all came to better our condition, but if the young settlers want to flatter us, pile it up mountains high. We can stand it. To-day we are the observed of all observers. If we came in 1839 or 1840, we strut around and put on airs when we meet those who were so unfortunate as to delay their coming a few years later, and the few years later assume superiority over the younger pilgrims; but we are all like Capt. Scott's coon—we come down when an 1833 or 1834 heaves in sight. They are the grand sachems of the old settlers.

The old-timers enjoyed themselves as much as we do now. They bought dressed quails at twenty-five cents per dozen, good flour at two dollars per barrel, and venison at one dollar per saddle. Pork packers would give them all the tenderloins and spareribs they wanted; whisky fifteen cents per gallon—a much-needed article to mix with quinine and for “log-raisins” and harvest fields—in fact lots of other fun, gratis. Now it requires a plethoric pocket-book to obtain these luxuries. Then dances were as good with one fiddle as now with a full orchestra. [Laughter.] Then they walked to the little social gatherings and enjoyed carrying the girls over the mud-holes as much as you do five-dollar carriage transportation now. [Laughter.] Then they had delightful Indian summers, which the Indians took away with them. The only cards they used were for playing euchre. They did not require visiting cards with cabalistic letters, and knew no more about them than Senator McCreary,

of Kentucky, who, after being called upon by a foppish young constituent, who had just returned from Paris, and afterward met in the street, said: "I received your card the other day. I recognized your father's name, which is the same as yours, and that you are his son, but what does that E. P. mean on the corner of the card you left?" "Why, Senator," replied the young Parisian dude, "it is customary in Paris to write the initials of certain words in leaving cards. For instance, if I had been going away I should have written P. P. C., the initials of *pour prendre conge*, 'to take leave.' As it was, leaving it myself, I wrote E. P., the initials of *en personne*, 'in person.' " "Oh," said the Senator, "I understand." A week or two afterward the two met again. The young man said: "Senator, I received your card, but I could not comprehend what the letters S. B. A. N. meant in the corner. Pray interpret them." "With pleasure," said McCreary, his eyes twinkling with humor; "S. B. A. N. are the initials of 'sent by a nigger.'" [Laughter and applause.] In old settlers' days that would be a joke on the young man, now the joke would be on the Senator.

My time being limited to five minutes, I should like to get even with my friend C. F. Davis, who said on the occasion of the sem-centennial celebration in Burlington, that I resembled Black Hawk, except in one particular—that Black Hawk had a scalp lock and that I had a good place for one. [Laughter.] Don't you think that unkind? But I will say for him that of all the Indians I know in Keokuk that he is the biggest. [Applause.]

ORATION OF THE HON. WILLIAM HATCH.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I consider it an honor to be called upon to address the representatives of three great States, assembled under the call of this organization. I believe in these reunions. I am always glad to attend them; and you, Mr. President have struck the key note that ought to go home with every one of us to-day—that whilst many of these reunions may occur, whilst old settler reunions in these three, and in all of the States, may happen from year to year, the time is rapidly approaching when the *first settler, the pioneer*, will be gone from among us forever.

Much of the labor that might have devolved upon me during this address I have been relieved of by the admirable speeches made in the forenoon by the representatives of the three States. To one of the honored citizens of that great State of Missouri, a former citizen of Iowa, whom you all delight to honor, General John W. Noble, I desire to tender my thanks in the presence of his old neighbors and friends for words of eloquence, candor, truth and courage. To the distinguished representative, Judge Strong, who has spoken in behalf of Illinois, am I also indebted, and desire to extend to him my warmest congratulations; but

before I forget it, in the name of the old settlers of the three great agricultural States, whose capacities have been so eloquently discussed to-day—in the name of Iowa, of Illinois and of Missouri, I call upon him to make good the statement that he made to-day, that the great commercial city of Chicago “fixes the price of your commodities;” that Chicago “fixes the value of wheat, pork and corn;” and let me beg him when he goes back to his city to keep the price of corn up to ninety cents, the price it reached day before yesterday. I have learned something to-day that has done my heart good, for I am a farmer. I am interested in the price of agricultural products, and whilst wheat is down to seventy cents, I thank God corn is up to ninety cents.

My friends, your committee, in the organization of this reunion, has called together the representatives of an empire. It requires stretch of the imagination to take in the few figures I will give you of the three great States whose enterprise and prosperity, and wonderful wealth, have become so well known in this country as well as Europe. Iowa was organized as a territory July 4th, 1838, admitted as a State March 3rd, 1845, readmitted with enlarged boundaries December 28th, 1846, comprising under the last readmission her present territory of 55,475 square miles. Her population in 1860 was 674,913; in 1870, 1,194,020; in 1880, 1,624,615. By the last census her manufactories had grown to 6,921 establishments with a capital of \$33,987,886.00. The products amounted in value to \$71,045,926.00. Of her agricultural products, I would simply tire you to repeat them. As Justice Miller say “they are almost beyond computation.” The fertility of your soil, the wealth of your products, are known throughout the land, and not only in this country, but throughout the entire civilized world. I will not repeat all the statistics given you to-day, but let me call your attention to the number of her public schools. Under the last census there were 12,635 elementary and high schools, 11,148 school buildings and the total value of her school property \$9,460,775 00. Her assessed valuation in real estate was \$297,254,342.00; personal property, \$101,416,909.00; total, \$398,971,251.00. The growth of this wonderful young State is almost equal to the story of Aladin’s Lamp.

Missouri was organized as a territory in 1812; admitted as a State August 10th, 1821, with an area of 68,735 square miles. Her population in 1860 was 1,182,012; in 1870, 1,721,295; in 1880, 2,168,380. The number of her manufacturing establishments is 8,592, employing a capital of \$72,507,844.00. The value of her products was \$165,386,205.00. The number of her schools was 10,329; school buildings, 8,252; and the total value of her school property, \$7,810,924.00. The value of her real estate is \$381,985,112.00; personal property, \$150,810,689; making a total of \$532,795,801.00.

Illinois was organized as a territory March 1st, 1809, admitted as a State December 3rd, 1818, with a territory comprising 56,000 square miles, and a population in 1860 of 1,711,951; in 1870, 2,539,891; in 1880, 3,077,871. The number of her manufacturing establishments was 14,549, employing a capital of \$140,652,066; the value of their products \$414,864,673. The number of her public schools 15,203; school buildings, 11,880 total value of school property, \$15,876,572.00. Her assessed valuation of real estate was \$575,441,053; personal property, \$211,175,341.00; total, \$786,616,394.00.

Now my friends, I have given you these figures for a purpose. I want to group some of them together. These three States comprise an area of 180,210 square miles. I want some of the young men to take these figures home with them. 180,210 square miles of territory is two and one-half times as large as the six New England States, which only comprise 66,465 square miles; nearly twice as large as the three great States, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey; almost equal in extent to the great German Empire with 208,624 square miles; one and one-half times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, with 121,571 square miles; more than half as large as the thirteen original states which only contain 325,065 square miles. Now my friends, this is an empire—an empire so vast that it requires a stretch of imagination to take it all in one day. These few figures I have given you show the growth of these three grand States lying in the basis of the Mississippi valley within the last thirty years. Look, if you please, to the future. What will they be thirty years to come. I predict to-day that in less than thirty years the seat of empire, commercial and political, in the United States, will have been transferred from the three great eastern States, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, to the three great States of the Mississippi valley that we people celebrate to-day. I can add nothing to what has been said of the great progress and wealth of these States, but my friends, is this all that is involved in this celebrations. Are we here to-day, Mr. President, simply to tell these people of the facts and figures of our material wealth that is taught every day in our school houses? or are we here to give to the young some lessons that they may take home with them, and that in years to come will produce fruit as rich as that which comes from the inexhaustible soil of these great States? I believe in honoring these occasions. It gives me pleasure to meet the old men and women of the land. I love them. I was taught when a child that the only commandment of the ten, that came down amid the lightnings and thunders of heaven, that had a specific promise attached to it was the one "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord, thy God, giveth thee." We have been taught to love and reverence the pioneers and old settlers of the land, but we have another duty to perform, and that is, whilst we are paying homage to them, to teach those who are to follow us

in this path of progress and civilization, that wealth of the soil is not all we are proud of. My friends, go back to the days of your ancestors and mine, the men who settled upon the inhospitable shores of New England. Was it the wealth of that soil that attracted the people? No. It was the love of liberty and a determination to found a government that should last as long as time endures. Why, my friends, I have often thought that if in the providence of God, the first settlers of this country could have landed on Illinois, Missouri or Iowa, New England would be a wilderness to-day. There was nothing in her soil to attract immigration. It was simply a home of a race of men who wished to found in this country a government that should perpetuate civil and religious liberty.

I believe, under our system of government, in great political parties. I believe that the perpetuity of our institutions to a great extent depends upon the organization and maintenance of the great political parties in this country. I would not undertake to proselyte all those who differ from me. My friends, I hope never to see the day in this country when the people shall be banded in one political organization. I do not believe that the church of God itself could stand for half a century if it were banded together in one organization. The highest evidences, to my mind, of the divinity of the Bible, is the fact that all men, of all grades of intellectual power, can find in that Bible the evidences of their salvation, their hope and their eternal life; and I do not want to see the day when this country will not have more than one great political party, organized upon great principles of government; and zealously contending for position and control of the government; the party out of power acting as a check upon the one in power. But there are a few great cardinal principles of government that underlie all parties. I propose for a few moments to go back to the days, the primitive days of the pioneers when the immortal writer of that Declaration of Independence stated what he believed to be a model of government. I have never found an audience yet in any portion of the United States that would not listen with interest to the reading of the few words that I will read to you now. Then, as now, the wealth of the country was being extolled; the fertility of our soil; our advancing manufacturers; all this was an object of pride to the people.

"Kindly separated by nature, and a wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one-quarter of the globe, too high-minded to endure the degradations of the others, possessing a chosen country with room enough for our descendants to the hundredth thousandth generation, entertaining a due sense of our equal rights, to the use of our own facilities, to the acquisitions of our industry, to honor and confidence from our fellow-citizens, resulting, not from birth, but from our actions, and their sense of them; enlightened by a benign religion, professed, indeed, and practiced in various forms, yet all of them including honesty, truth,

temperance, gratitude and the love of man; acknowledging and adorning an overruling Providence, which, by all its dispensations, proves that it delights in the happiness of man here and his greater happiness hereafter; with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and prosperous people? Still, one thing more fellow-citizens, a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, which shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government, and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities."

"About to enter, fellow-citizens, on the exercise of duties which comprehend everything dear and valuable to you, it is proper that you should understand what I deem essential principles of our government, and consequently those which ought to shape its administration. I will compress them within the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principles, but not all its limitations. Equal and exact justice to all men of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations—entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; a jealous care of the right of election by the people; a mild and safe correction of abuses which are lopped off by the sword of revolution, when peaceable remedies are unprovided; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority—the vital principle of republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism; a well disciplined militia our best reliance in peace, and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened; an honest payment of our debts, and sacred preservation of the public faith; encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its handmaid; the diffusion of information and the arraignment of all abuses at the bar of public reason; freedom of religion; freedom of the press; freedom of person under the protection of the *habeas corpus*; and trials by juries impartially selected—these principles from the bright constitution which has gone before us and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reform. The wisdom of our sages and the blood of our heroes have been devoted to their attainment. They should be the creed of our political faith—the text of civil instruction—the touch-stone to try the service of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of error or alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps and regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty and safety!"

The preservation, my fellow citizens, of such a government, is the highest duty of American citizenship. You, the sovereigns of the land, have conferred upon you that constitutional right which no power can take from you—the right of the ballot; and it is for you to say whether this, the greatest blessing of this constitutional government, shall in the purity it was handed to you be transmitted to your posterity. You can transmit your estate, all your material wealth, by will or by the statute law of the State in which you reside, but you can transmit the priceless legacy of a pure and beneficent republican government only by inculcating into the minds and hearts of your children an intelligent appreciation of this form of government, and an ardent, patriotic determination to preserve it in its purity and strength at any cost and at all hazards.

I am not, in many senses, an old settler in Missouri, and if I were to go back to my native county in Kentucky, I do not know that I would be ranked as a very old settler there; but I have lived long enough to have some reminiscences of the past, and there is one that occurs to me to-day that I want to put on record. I was a law student in the office of 'Squire Turner, of Richmond, Kentucky, one of the great lawyers of Kentucky; a good man, and as you (addressing Judge Miller) and I know, one of the best friends a struggling young man ever had in the world. I entered his office in 1851, and after receiving from him a well-worn copy of Blackstone, which I thumbed over a good many weeks, and after reading it through carried it to him with a good deal of pride, I asked him what I should read next. "Blackstone," said he; and he made me read it through a second time; and during that period he told me of a young man that he had persuaded to leave the profession of medicine and study law. He said, "I loaned him this old copy of Blackstone and begged him to read it." That was Dr. Samuel F. Miller. [Applause.] I have never forgotten the prophecy of that old man when he told me during the days of my tutelage that of all the young men that he had ever come in contact with, either in his office or at the bar, that Samuel F. Miller was the best natural lawyer that he had ever seen; and said he, "I will pass away and be forgotten, but you will live to see the day when he will adorn the bar and the bench as but few men have done." In verification of this prophecy, I am glad to-day of the opportunity to read an extract from one of the late decisions, which in my opinion, will live as long as the ablest of the decrees and opinions of the Supreme Court of the United States. Said Mr. Justice Miller in one of his recent decisions upholding the rights of the people against the encroachments of the legislative power:

"It must be conceded that there are rights in every free government beyond the control of the State. A government which recognizes no such rights, which held the lives, the liberty, and the property of its citi-

zens subject at all times to the absolute disposition and unbounded control of even the most democratic depository of power, is after all but a despotism. It is true it is a despotism of the many, of the majority, if you choose to call it so, but it is none the less a despotism.

"The theory of our government, State and National, is opposed to the deposit of unlimited power anywhere. The executive, the legislative, and the judicial branches of these governments are all of limited and defined powers.

"There are limitations of such powers which grow out of the essential nature of all free governments, without which implied reservations of individual rights, without which the social compact could not exist, which are respected by all governments entitled to the name."

And now, my friends, I can only add in conclusion, that in honoring the pioneers, in honoring the early settlers of these great States, in looking with just pride at their magnificent territory and its wonderful capacities, I beg and pray you not to forget the lessons that your fathers taught you and that have come down to you through three generations, to cherish a love and admiration—aye, devotion—to your form of government and determine that no party spirit or party zeal shall ever induce you as American citizens to swerve from that higher and grander duty which you owe to your posterity, namely, to transmit to them that priceless legacy, a free and great republican government.

I thank you, Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, my fellow-citizens, for your gracious attention.

MUSIC—THE PROUD HAWKEYE STATE.

[Written for the Committee by Richard B. B. Wood.]

We will sing a song of greeting
While a happy day is fleeting,
At this grand Old Settlers' meeting,
And we'll make the air resound.

CHORUS.

We are all Old Settlers,
We are all Old Settlers,
We are all Old Settlers,
Of the proud Hawkeye State.

We have brothers here to meet us,
We have sisters here to greet us,
And there's nothing to defeat us,
In the joy that we feel.
We are all Old Settlers, &c.

They were long and tedious hours,
When we sought these western bowers,

Grown with rude uncultured flowers
 In that long time ago.
 We are all Old Settlers &c.

Now this happy land is beaming,
 Bright as angels that are dreaming,
 With the harvest that is teeming,
 On our own Hawkeye soil.
 We are all Old Settlers &c.

Old Missouri stands before us,
 Illinois swells the chorus,
 While the sky is beaming o'er us,
 And our fair western homes.
 We are all Old Settlers, &c.

Then three cheers, and all together,
 For the Tri-State now and ever—
 Our old hearts there's none can sever,
 'Neath the bright shining sun.
 We are all Old Settlers, &c.

ADDRESS OF CAPT. JAS. W. CAMPBELL.

MR. PRESIDENT AND OLD SETTLERS OF ILLINOIS, MISSOURI AND IOWA:—Blackstone, the great English legal authority, has immortalized the words, *lex scripta lex non scripta* (the written and the unwritten law) and could the unwritten pages of history be opened up to-day, the world would be startled at the showing.

And my friends, we have met here to-day to celebrate our first Tri-State reunion, and as I have been a citizen of all three states in the days of yore, I am proud of the privilege accorded me on this important occasion, as it will be an era long to be remembered by our descendants.

Pioneers of Missouri, I desire to address you first, as Lewis county is my birthplace, and my father came to Missouri in 1820, in the employ of Maj. Kenney, who located a short distance up the Wycondah, for the purpose of erecting a mill. My father's first acquaintance on stepping on shore at the mouth of the Wycondah was two cub bears, as he was going to Bullock's, two miles above, for milk.

In 1823 he united in marriage with Miss Sarah White, my mother, and settled on the North Fabius, on land now owned by John Taylor. It was here in the wilderness, in our log cabin home, that I first beheld the light of day. I have no recollection of it now, for when my parents departed from it, I was still in the vigor of my infancy, and was what our nearest neighbor called a "pe-tete," a pappoose.

But in after years, from hearsay, I learned to lisp the names of Lucian and Chauncy Durkie, Dr. Frazier, Moses D. Bates, Trotter,

Bosier, and Findley, who resided near us, and if any of their descendants are here to-day among us, in celebrating our first Tri-State Old Settlers' reunion, I will be glad to shake them by the hand before we part, as my father's acquaintance in the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

My father sold his farm to Dr. Frazier and embarked in two Indian canoes, lashed together, and floated down the Fabius to its mouth, and on his journey up the Mississippi river passed the following settlements: John Woods', now Quincy; Jacob Weavers, at Weavers' Prairie, adjoining La Grange, Missouri, on the south; Bullock's, two miles or more above the mouth of the Wycondah; Captain Prichard's, now the lower part of Canton, Missouri; Myers', at Cottonwood prairie, now Tulley; Hugh White's, at Rocky Point, on opposite side in Illinois; and at what is now Warsaw he passed the remains of a stockade called Fort Johnson, situated on top of the highest part of the bluff in Illinois, and opposite and below the mouth of the Des Moines. In 1821, by direction of Major Maston, my father tore down the first and only house at the mouth of the Des Moines and floated the puncheon floor across the river to be used in the fort on the bluff.

At Puck-e-she-tuck, now Keokuk, he passed Dr. Muirs' cabin. The Clyde hotel now occupies the ground on which it stood. One and a half miles above he passed Andrew Stautamout's, at Spring Chain, situated but a few rods from where Rand Park now is, on the bluff above this beautiful city. Joseph Charpoukey was settled on the Illinois side of the river between the first and second chain of rocks. John Waggoner was an English point, two and a half miles farther up, now called Diamond Valley. This name was given to the branch that enters the river above the Waggoner residence, by Charles Catlin, the naturalist, in 1835, while being engaged in collecting geodes for his museum in New York City. The original name, English Point, comes from the fact that a battle was fought in that locality between the French and English, possibly prior to 1803. Isaac N. Waggoner found in the river in front of his house, in 1827, a sword which was supposed to have been lost at the time of the engagement.

The next settlement was on the west side of the river, by LeMolise, a French trader, now known as Sandusky. A short distance above, on an eminence, stood Maurice Blondeau's residence, near the present concrete building erected several years ago by Judge Ballinger.

On the fifth day of our voyage we arrived at Old Quash-quame's old deserted village. In October, 1825, my father at once occupied a log cabin on a claim he had purchased of Hugh Wilson, embracing the upper part of the present site of Nauvoo, Illinois. This land is now owned in part by P. Kimball. Thus you learn, pioneers of Hancock that I lived with you when your present county was called Adams district.

It was first with you that impressions of animated nature were painted on the panorama of my mind. I see now the picture of the past, the interior of a log house chinked with chips and daubed with mud, with a clapboard door, and when it was opened, shaved heads with painted faces, red and green blankets, beads and brass rings, appeared before me. Even good old Nau-o-qua, my mother's Indian maid, rises up before me with mop-stick in hand, aiding my mother in the discharge of her household cares.

As I had at this time arrived at an age when I became a personal observer, and have heretofore only depicted to you the recollections of my father, I deem it advisable, before I describe what I have seen, that I add to this narrative, to make it more perfect, the tales of my grandfather, Capt. James White, who purchased from Julian, an Indian trader, in 1819, his claim and trading house, situated at the head of the lower rapids, on the east side of the Mississippi river, and extending one and a half miles above and below the trading house, and one and a half miles back to the top of the bluff, all in Madison county, Illinois, embracing all of that beautiful promontory once covered with the houses of 12,000 Latter Day Saints. Julian represented his title to be a Spanish grant, and conveyed it as such to Captain James White, who felt secure in holding his purchase and agreed with Julian that he could remain until the country began to be settled, but during this interval the trading house burned and Julian departed. Captain White erected a double log cabin a few feet above the trading house in 1823, and began at once preparing the way to occupy his new home, but before doing so it became necessary to get Quash-quame to vacate his village, which occupied the promontory with near a thousand lodges. This he accomplished by giving old Quash-quame a little sku-ti-apo and two thousand bushels of corn, which his sons, Alexander and Hugh White, with Newton Price and Clinton Waggoner, boated up in Mackinaw boats from his farm on the North Fabius, Missouri, Quash-quame's band crossed over the river to Wapello's village, (now Montrose), and in the spring of 1824 Alexander and Hugh White, with two sisters, occupied the double log cabin erected the year previous, and in 1826 the ballance of the White family followed. My grandfather at this time began to entertain doubts as to the validity of his Spanish title, and to make sure of holding it, he got up what "land sharks" call a corner, by sub-dividing his grant and locating his sons as follows: Alexander on the north next to my father; Hugh on the south and William on the east, occupying the center himself, thereby covering the whole promontory. Being well supported on all sides by his own family, he was ready for any emergency, and if Spanish grants failed, pre-emption would not; and by pre-emption our family cornered the present site of Nauvoo.

The old stone house at the ferry landing (now owned by Dundee) superseded the log house. The mason work was begun by John Waggoner in 1827 and finished the next year; and whilst he was engaged in laying the stone, when half way up the second story, the boys one day while he was at dinner, stole his pint flask of whisky, and laying it in the wall placed a stone over it and pointed it up. Uncle Johnny after dinner continued his work but missed his bottle, and never knew until the house was finished what had become of it. It is there now and will remain while the house stands.

This stone house was the first one erected in Hancock county, and the first courts in the county were held in it, and it was also used as a fort at the commencement of the Blackhawk war. The denizens of upper Yellow Banks (now New Boston, Ill.) together with Spellman of Pontoosac, and Edward White of Appanoose, sought refuge in it. It was well protected, as Captain White raised several hundred men and drilled them daily, to be in readiness for the attack, but Blackhawk never came. He either considered discretion the better part of valor, or his friendship for Wit-we-au (Captain White) kept him aloof. They had met years before this as foes at the sink holes near Quiver river, Lincoln county, Missouri, at which place, after Calloway was killed, Captain White took command and drove Blackhawk across the river near Cap au Gris, killing a lumber of his braves while they were crossing.

While court was held at the stone house several of the county officers boarded at our house. Wesley Williams was clerk of the court and Edison Whitney sheriff, and their little daughters, Eunice and Chloe, were the first girls I played with.

Our first school district extended six miles up and down the river. Wesley Williams, George Y. Cutler and my father were the first trustees. Our log school house stood back on the bluff near a spring, less than one hundred yards from where the Mormon temple was built. It was called Gouge's school house, as he owned the lane adjacent. Our first teachers were Chauncy and John Robinson, and in 1829 came John M. Forest, whose certificate of competency, issued by the trustees, is now held by your Old Settlers' Association as a souvenir of the past. Your first preacher was Mr. Robinson; your first constable and county treasurer was my father.

The names of your pioneers that I have known personally were Vance, Flint, Burkelow, Robinson, White, Wilson, Gouge, Dunn, Dewey, Coon, Hibbard, Hildebrand, Williams, Whitney, Cutler, Morrison, Tougate and Atchison; and below were the Moffats, Middletons, Millers, Castoes, and the next in succession on the river came the Montebello settlement. They had aspirations for obtaining the county seat. Whitney built the Montebello house and court was held in it until Carthage became

the permanent county seat. Many of the first settlers of Montebello were of Puritan stock. They rigidly opposed the use of tobacco and ardent spirits, were a strict church going people, and warred against immortality in every form. Their names were as follows: Browns, Felts, Grays, Beadles, Smiths and Steels. Mrs Beadle was so disgusted with tobacco chewers that she would mop up their tobacco spittle from her puncheon floor in the presence of the aggressor.

I attended a school taught by Miss Marsh in the Montbello house in 1836. I remember Lafayette, Washington, and Johnson Smith, who were prominent pupils in this school. The valedictory, spoken by Lafayette; "The Boy stood on the Burning Deck," by Washington; and "Tall trees from Little Acorns Grow," by Johnson Smith, left lasting impressions on my mind of oratorical greatness; and the closing scenes upon the stage, by Andrew Cochran, when in the character of Fritz James, he killed poor old Roderick Dhu with a flint lock horse pistol, made me cry with anguish to see the poor old fellow shot.

"Through bars of brass and triple steel
They tug, they strain; down, down they go;
The Gaul above, Fitz James below."

I did not then think the Scotch were half so good as our Indians, who used muskrat spears on occasions of this kind.

Below Montebello lived the Johnsons, Gallaghers, Schoonovers, Chaney's, Eubanks, Gordon Legget, Parsonses, Clarks and Hydes, and back from the river the Marshs.

As my time is limited, I will now cross over the river into the Sac and Fox reservation, now a part of Lee county, Iowa. In the winter of 1830-31, I lived at the present site of Nashville and attended a school taught by Berryman Jennings. Captain Galland, who is with us here to-day, was one of my school mates, and so also was James Dedman, now of Alexandria, Missouri. In the spring of 1831 I beheld for the first time the hills of Puck-e-she-tuck, now transformed into the beautiful city of Keokuk. It contained then about ten log houses tenented by thirty odd persons, composed of Americans, French and half breeds. Outside of this place, on the reservation, there was but seven houses, four at Nashville, one at Blondeau's, one at Lemolise, and one at Spring Chain, all located on the Mississippi river; also one house on the Des Moines, opposite old Fort Pike, (now St. Francisville, Mo.)

Pioneers of Lee County, Iowa, in 1875, I addressed you at your reunion. At that time I related to you a complete history of the half breed era, and I can add but little more to it now, as it was then given to you in full, and others who have followed me since have exhausted every subject matter pertaining to pioneer times; all of which you will find in the history of Lee county. John Gaines was the first civil officer in Keokuk;

he was appointed justice of the peace by Governor Dodge. Geo. Crawford and myself were the first witnesses to testify before him, having seen Alexander Hood knock a stranger down on the beach and rob him of \$500.00. We reported what we had seen and described the locality where he had hid the money under a stone, which was recovered. The stranger left for the lead mines and Hood was reprimanded and allowed to go at large. All legal business, when I first became a resident here, was transacted by Capt. Prichard, of Lewis county, Mo., who was our nearest justice of the peace, we being under the control and subject to the laws of Missouri. Soon after this we became a part of Michigan, and I herewith submit for inspection a legal document written at that time and signed, "John Whitaker, Judge of Probate, Territory of Michigan, Des Moines county, Dec. 31, 1835. Attest: Wm. R. Ross, Clerk." We became next a part of Wisconsin, and finally set up in business for ourselves under the title and cognomen of Lee county, Iowa.

Newcomers of Lee county, I leave it with you to compare the changes from pioneer days up to the present time; "and don't you forget it" there were giants living in those halcyon days; men of mighty will and iron-nerved, and it is your duty now, and ever will be in the future, to speak of them with the greatest veneration and respect. Log cabins, Indians, prairie wolves, scalping knives, tomakawks, and Indian warwhoops should be your song by day and dream at nights, and occasionally you might in a whisper lisp those great names of "Keokuk and Blackhawk;" they might be utilized by using them as a lullaby to waft the infants of coming generations into peaceful slumber. By following these instructions closely you will please the departed shades of the big braves who have gone to the happy hunting grounds; they will smile upon you, and in time send you a commission properly countersigned with the signature of Old Quashqua-me as grand secretary of the departed tribes in space, as an old settler.

From this city, in 1837, I journey westward and across the Des Moines river, and again find myself in the land of my birth-place. A new county has been created from the upper part of Lewis and is called Clark. I behold the old block-house and stockade of Fort Pike, erected in 1832. I learn the names of the boys, who are now the Pioneers of Clark county, and even now, childhood's loved group revisits every scene.

The tangled wood walk
And the tufted green.

It was at St. Francisville where the greater part of my boyhood days were passed, and countless emotions of pleasure arise as I review each loved scene again.

"Home, Home, Sweet Home;" you are dearest spot on all this earth to me. Yet still I linger here, for in yonder lonely graveyard rests my father, the oldest Tri-State Pioneer.

IMPROMPTU SPEECH OF GEN. GEO. W. JONES.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I appear very unexpectedly before you to make a few remarks, admonished as I am, by the lateness of the hour and other circumstances, to be brief in what I may say.

I was born, as the President has said, at Vincennes, in the then Territory of Indiana, on the 12th day of April, 1804, at half past ten o'clock in the morning. I was born in a hurry, having been in a hurry ever since, and now in a hurry, and have no doubt but that I shall die in a hurry when my time comes. On one occasion when Mrs. Gov. Wm. H. Harrison and Mrs. Col Hamtranick were on a visit to my mother, one of the ladies said: "Mrs. Jones, don't George know how to walk?" "No," she replied, "for from the moment he was put upon his feet he ran off, and he never walks." I can't even now walk up or down stairs, but go at the rate of two or three steps at a time, you will therefore, I trust, excuse my hurry on the present occasion.

In the month of March 1827, I first saw the small village of Keokuk, when on my way as a passenger, on the steamer Indiana, bound for Galena, the capitol of the "Fever River Lead Mines." I went there more in search of health than for any other purpose. I visited the most of the lead diggings and smelting establishments, and made my claim at Sinsinawa Mound, now in Grant county, Wisconsin, then in the Territory of Michigan, though only six miles east of my present residence, at Dubuque, in this State. I then determined to go into the smelting, mining, farming and mercantile business at Sinsinawa Mound.

In the fall of 1823, Gen. A. Jackson passed through Lexington, Ky., on his way to the Senate of the United States. A magnificent reception was given to him, his wife and niece. He came in his own carriage drawn by four blooded Pacolet horses, driven by a negro, who had by his side on the box a fellow servant, whilst a third negro man was mounted on horseback, as an "avaunt courier" and within that very large closed carriage sat Mrs. Gen. Jackson, by the side of the old hero, with her maid and niece Miss Donelson. The General would occasionally get out of the carriage and ride on the outrider's horse. Such a horseman I never saw before, and the like of him I have never seen since, except perhaps, in the person of my old commander and friend, Gen. Henry Dodge, whose aide de campe I had the honor of being during the Black Hawk war of 1832. A splendid dinner and ball was given to the hero and his family at the Phoenix Hotel, in Lexington, at which I had the pleasure of being a manager on the part of the college students proper, there being managers also on the part of the city, and also of the medical and law departments of the university. I made several visits to Gen. Jackson and his party with my classmate and warm friend Stokely Donelson, an adopted son and protege

of Gen. and Mrs. Jackson. I never met with the General after he left Lexington until about the last day in November, 1835, when I called to see him with my friend Doctor Lewis F. Linn, then a senator in congress from Missouri, who introduced me to him as Col. Jones, the delegate elected to congress from the Territory of Michigan. The General at once said to me: "If you were from Missouri, I would say that I became acquainted with you at Lexington, Kentucky." I replied I am the same man and Stokely's classmate at college. The old chieftain never afterwards addressed me otherwise than as "my son," a term of affection which I appreciated much more highly than if addressed as colonel or delegate to congress.

When I got my bill, creating Wisconsin Territory, through both houses of congress, my two colleagues, (as the delegates then termed each other) Sevier, of Arkansas, afterwards senator in congress from that State and Minister to Mexico, and White, of Florida, a very distinguished lawyer, both told me that I need not expect to see any one of my constituents appointed to either of the twelve or thirteen offices created by that law, as neither of them had ever had any such favor conferred on them or any one of their constituents. I was shocked at such a disclosure and so upon the spot I sat down and wrote a letter to the President, (Gen. Jackson,) claiming the right to have those offices given to my own constituents of the then newly created Territory of Wisconsin, protesting against the appointment of any other than my fellow citizens of the New Territory proper, of Wisconsin, for whose especial benefit those offices were created. I contended that my constituents of Wisconsin, then embracing all of what constitutes the States of Iowa, Minnesota, and all of the country west of Lake Michigan, north of the State of Missouri, and all the intermediate territory to the Pacific Ocean, including Oregon and excluding Michigan which had adopted a State Government, elected her two senators Lyon and Norvell, and her representative Isaac E. Crary, who went to Washington as such when I did, but whose State was not admitted and they allowed to take their seats until December, (first Monday) 1826, when I took my seat in congress as the delegate elected from Wisconsin.

Col. Donelson, the President's adopted son, and his private secretary came to me the next day after I had sent my letter to the President, and said: "Col. Jones, the General wants to see you."

I immediately jumped into a hack (there were no street cars there then) and was driven to the White House, which I entered with fear, trembling like an aspen leaf. I was soon ushered into the Old President's presence, whom I found sitting with his two feet on the table and smoking his corn-cob pipe with his cane stem of about five feet in length. His back was towards me, and as I entered he said: "Walk in, my son—take a seat, my son." "I read your letter, my son, with interest. It does honor

to your head and heart. But my son, it has been the unvarying custom ever since the establishment of the First Territorial Government by Congress to fill the offices therein, by appointments from the States, and not by selecting them from amongst the citizens of the newly created Territory. There is a Governor to be appointed for this New Territory, who is to be Commander in Chief of the Militia of the Territory, will be ex-officio superintendent of Indian affairs. Have you, my son, any man in your New Territory who is qualified to fill this great trio in urium office?" Yes! Mr. President, I replied; I have the best man in the U. S. to fill this office—General Henry Dodge. "I don't know any General Dodge, the President replied," looking up to the ceiling of the room. I said I served with him as his aide de camp through the Black Hawk war, which he put an end to. He is now in the Rocky Mountains as the Colonel commanding the first regiment of cavalry—the dragoons, with his confidential friend Jefferson Davis as his adjutant. "Is that the man that you want me to appoint," he replied. "Yes, sir, he is the man that my constituents want as their chief magistrate and commander in case of another Indian war." "You shall have him my son, I care not what my cabinet may say, or what the practice of the government has been. Bring me, my son, a list of the offices created by this act establishing Wisconsin Territory, with the salaries attached to them, and I will give you some of them."

When my old friend General Charles Gratiot informed me that General Jackson was about to veto the bill, making an appropriation of \$75,000 for the removal of the obstructions to the navigation of the Mississippi river, at the Des Moines rapids, I lost not a moment's time in appearing before the Chief Magistrate to prevent, if possible, such actions. I informed the President that that appropriation was made in pursuance of a resolution which I, as the delegate in Congress, introduced for that purpose.

A day or two after my interview with the President, when I walked into the Senate Chamber I was stopped by Mr. Buchanan, then a Senator from Pennsylvania, who called out Messrs. Dr. Linn Walker, of Mississippi, and Clayton, then the chairman of the judiciary committee of that body, afterwards in 1849. made Secretary of State by President Taylor. Mr. Buchanan said let me tell you gentlemen what has happened to me this morning. I called upon my old friend General Jackson to obtain from him the appointment of my friend Wm. Frazer, of Lancaster, to one of the judgships in this New Territory of Wisconsin, which this young gentleman, Col. Jones, has forced us to establish before Michigan is admitted as a State. What do you suppose General Jackson's reply to my application was? He said, Mr Buchanan, you must go to the delegate from that Territory. If he will recommend your friend to me I will appoint

nim and not without. I, to whom General Jackson tendered the appointment as his Secretary of State on his accession to the Presidency on the 4th of March, 1829; who have served some twenty years in Congress have got to appeal to this young gent'leman for such a favor. Now, Clayton, continued Mr. Buchanan, say a good word to Col. Jones in behalf of my friend and yours, Mr. Frazer. Senator Clayton said, Colonel Jones I have nothing to do with these d——d locofocos (the term then usually applied to the democrats), but I can assure you that Mr. Frazer, with whom I have practiced law in Delaware and Pennsylvania, is one of the best lawyers that I have ever met with. Mr. Buchanan wrote to Mr. Frazer immediately, and in two or three days he brought his friend to see me at my boarding house, at Dawson's, on Capitol Hill. Mr. Frazer dined with me that day. Mr. Frazer, before and at the dinner, declined to taste a drop of any liquor, or even claret or champagne wine, saying he had not tasted any kind of spirits for twenty years. This delighted me as did his conversation. I the next day wrote a note to President Jackson and Mr. Frazer was nominated and unanimously confirmed by the Senate as one of the Justices of the Supreme Court for the Territory of Wisconsin. On his way out to Wisconsin he stopped at Mrs. McArthur's tavern, and being unwell, she prepared a hot brandy sling for him, which he, not knowing its contents, drank as advised to do by Mrs. McArthur, and never after that day breathed another sober breath, but at once got drunk and continued to drink hard until he finally killed himself by hard drink.

The noble hero of the hermitage, President Jackson, permitted me to name every one of the officers appointed for Wisconsin Territory in 1836, but one, and that was Judge David Irvin, of Virginia, who has filled the office of "additional judge" for Michigan Territory, west of the Lake, through the influence of his and General Jackson's friend, Wm. C. Rivers, of Virginia.

In 1820 my father sent me to Lexington, Ky., to college, traveling all the way from St. Louis on horse back through Southern Illinois, the Green river country of Kentucky, and by Frankfort to Lexington, where I was placed under the protection and college guardianship of Henry Clay, with whom I afterwards served in the Congress as Iowa's first Senator elect, the noble and ever to be lamented General Augustus C. Dodge being my colleague. The legislature at its first session, 1847, failed to elect, although Judge Thos. S. Wilson came within one vote of being elected by the joint meeting of the two houses. I was not then a candidate, but was made one at the next session, when I was nominated in the caucus on the third ballot and elected the next day in the joint meeting of the two houses. When elected I was the Surveyor General, at Dubuque, for Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and the balance of the Territory east of the Pacific Ocean. There was no opposition or competition whatever

to the election of General Dodge as Iowa's first Senator. When he and I entered the Senate, at my suggestion, we walked around to the rear of Col. Benton when he seized with his two a hand of each of us and exclaimed, "This is too good, too good, to have two of the sons of two of my oldest and best Missouri friends and constituents to be sent here to serve with me as brother Senators, both of whom I have known from their childhood and both of whom I served whilst they were delegates in Congress. He elevated his voice to such a pitch as to put a stop to the proceedings, the Senate being then in solemn session. My colleague and I were then sworn in, he drawing the short term and I the long. He was, however, again elected by our legislature for a long term, the same legislature being still in session which had elected us on the 7th of December. President Polk on the same day, gave us a precisely similar greeting, at the White House, when we called to see him and saying that there were no two men whom he would rather see come to the Senate than us. We had served in the House with him whilst we were delegates.

When the Black Hawk war commenced, I was engaged in my farming, mining, smelting and merchandising, at Sinsinawa Mound. I erected a block house or fort there at my own expense, armed and provisioned it as I did when I settled there. I am the first man who brought corn meal into the Territory in the shape of two hundred barrels of kiln dried.

Josephine Gregoine, my wife, with whom I fell in love at first sight, on the 29th of September 1825, at Carmelite Bopier's birth night ball. Josephine being then just thirteen years, seven months and twenty-two days old. I married her on her seventeenth birthday, and love her, ladies and gentlemen, this day, better than I did then, so help me God. This splendid gold watch and chain, which you now see, being one amongst many rich, beautiful and valuable tokens of affection with which our friends presented to us on the thrice happy occasion of our golden wedding.

I settled at Sinsinawa Mound in the early spring of 1828, built my log cabin in two days from the stump and slept in it on the second night.

I have never used tobacco in any way, have always been very temperate in my habits, have never been drunk once in my life, and have not been confined to my bed or room by sickness or other cause for upwards of forty years.

My old friend and partner in mining and mercantile business, Hon. Thomas McKnight sent an express to me, at Sinsinawa Mound, announcing the sad news, which had that night came into Galena, that my brother-in-law, Felix de St. Vrain, then U. S. Agent, of the Sac and Fox Indians, at Rock Island, had either been taken prisoner or killed by a war party of some forty Sac, Foxes and Winnebagoes, some twenty or twenty-five miles west of Dixon, Illinois.

I immediately mounted my horse, the "General," and was soon in Galena, but too late, by several hours, to join Capt. Stephenson's horse company, which had put out in all possible speed, in pursuit of the murderous and blood thirsty Indians. I however, notwithstanding, the entreaties of Capt. James May, whom many of you know well and of other friends, not to go off alone, pushed on and overtook the volunteers from Dodgeville, under the valiant Gen. Henry Dodge, and Capt. Stephenson's company some fifteen or twenty miles east of Galena.

We found the remains of three or four of the murdered party and I recognized that of Mr. St. Vrain by his clothes, pocket-book, papers and jet black hair, albeit his head, hands and feet were taken off as was also much of the flesh from his body, as food for the Cannibals, who were almost in a starving condition. His heart, as I was afterwards informed by the Interpretress, Mrs. May Otte, a French women, was also taken out, and when they reached their encampment, where their families were congregated, they cut the heart into small pieces and gave them to their boys to swallow, he to be adjudged the bravest, who would swallow the biggest piece.

I recollect follow-citizens of this Tri-Union how we were told as we came upon the Steamer Indiana, by the wise-acres, that although the shores and the land, particularly on the west side, was beautiful to the eye, that it extended back but for a very few miles of that character, and that all beyond, clear to the Missouri river and beyond, was a barren sandy desert, fit only for the sand hill cranes and the wolves and other wild beasts of the forest. The Indians inculcated this idea, and strange to say, even the Government authorities at Washington City believed their stories, and hence the early settlers in the lead mine regions were not permitted to make farms under "stringent rules and regulations" sent out from the War Department to the Superintendent of the Lead Mines.

My old friend, the God-like Daniel Webster, called me out of the Senate Chamber one day and said to me " Mr. Fillmore has appointed me Secretary of State, and has requested me to make up his cabinet. You and I differ in politics, but I ask you as a personal friend to give me your opinion as to the selection of a proper person to select from the Northwest, as one of Mr. Fillmore's Cabinet." I replied that I would first suggest the name of Henry S. Geyer, of St. Louis; my next choice would be Edward Bates, also of St. Louis; and the third man would be his old friend and brother Congressman, Honorable John Scott, of Ste. Genevieve, Missouri. He left me, going directly to the office and telegraphed to Mr. Geyer, the tender of the appointment, as a member of Mr. Fillmore's Cabinet. Mr. Geyer immediately declined the honor, and then Mr. Webster tendered the appointment by telegraphic dispatch to Hon. Edward Bates, who came to Washington and entered upon the duties of the office. He was in 1861 made Attorney-General of President Lincoln.

That session of Congress proved to be my last as delegate, and solely because of my service as the second of the Hon. Johnathan Cilley in the fatal duel between him and the Hon. W. J. Graves, of Louisville, Kentucky. I made strenuous efforts to put a stop to it after the first and second fires. Although defeated for a re-election by the people I carried all of my bills before Congress, the members of Congress all knowing how I resented a connection with the duel and its unhappy result.

You, Mr. President, will recollect, as doubtless do our many friends, the Rev. Doctor Salter, as must also, our excellent friend and learned, jurist, Hon. John H. Craig, how on the 3rd of last June, in Burlington, my friend, Gen. A. C. Dodge seized me by my hand with his left and slapping me on the breast, with my hand elevated, he said: "here is the man, this is the hand, these are the fingers that drew the law that divided the Territory of Michigan and established the Territory of Wisconsin, which then embraced Iowa, Minnesota, and all of the country north of the State of Missouri, clear to the Pacific Ocean, including all of Oregon and Washington Territories, and the vast intermediate country." Here is the man, (again slapping me on my breast,) this is the hand, and these are the fingers that drew the law which made this, our beautiful and glorious Iowa a separate government on the 4th day of July, after Wisconsin had been created as a district Territory. Here is the man, this is the hand, and these are the fingers which drew the law setting apart six hundred and forty acres of land upon which this, our beautiful City stands, and as were likewise provided for the five other towns of Fort Madison, Bellevue, Dubuque, Peru, Iowa and Mineral Point. in Wisconsin. Here is the man, this is the hand, these are the fingers that drew the law making the first appropriation of money by Congress for the removal of the obstructions to the navigation of the Mississippi river at the Des Moines and Rock River Rapids. Here is the man, this is the hand, these are the fingers that drew the law making appropriations of money by the general government for the purchase of the lands of the Indian tribes which owned the soil of Iowa, and the lands of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, embracing amongst others the vast pine regions of these States." I could and would go on to innumerate other beneficiaries obtained for us by this my old colleague and life-long friend, but that he begs me to desist, and that I have to introduce others who will follow him in addresses.

I allude to this scene because of the honor which that noble friend conferred upon me on that memorable occasion, and because of the profound regret which I, and the people not only of Iowa, and indeed of the whole union of the States feel, because of his absence from amongst us, albeit his pure soul is now in the enjoyment of eternal felicity at the right hand of the throne of Almighty God.

But ladies and gentlemen I must cease to weary you with any further remarks, knowing as I do that others are to follow me who will afford you much more gratification than I can, and especially as I cannot, with truth say, as Col. Thomas H. Benton did to me, when in my presence he was told that his opponents said that he was vain and egotistical. "Damn them George, I have something to be vain and egotistical of, know more than all of them put together." That was in 1852 when we were fellow-passengers going down the Mississippi river on a steamboat. I thank you Mr. President, and ladies and gentlemen, for the patient hearing you have given me, on this, the most delightful occasion of the kind that I have ever participated in a lifetime of upwards of eighty years. God bless and prosper you all, I pray.

IMPROMPTU SPEECH OF CAPTAIN WM. HILLHOUSE.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Forty-four years ago this present month I landed in Burlington, Iowa Territory. After spending a year among the pioneers in and around Burlington I mounted my horse and started out west. After one day's ride I found myself across the line of civilization, in among the original pioneers of this country—the red men of the forest. The Sac and Fox Indians owned the land through to the Missouri river at that time. I went to the clerk in the Indian trading house, located on the Des Moines river, in the Fox village of old Chief Mish-e-quahmah-quiet or "Hard Fish." Eddyville has taken the place where the Indian village was. In the summer of 1842 I accompanied the Sac and Fox Indians on their annual buffalo hunt, and traversed all through what is now the State of Iowa, and we found great herds of buffalo and elk feeding on the vast prairie of the State, both north and west. Hundreds of them were killed on that hunt, and the meat dried and prepared for winter use. The Indians returned home from the hunt and prepared themselves to meet the agent and government commissioners so as to receive their annual payment. After the payment was over they made a treaty and sold off all their remaining lands to the Missouri river. In the spring of 1843 we moved up to what was called Racoon Forks of Des Moines, now the capital of the State. Keokuk, chief of the Sac tribe, built his village just below the Racoon Forks. I knew the old chief well, and have smoked many a pipe of kinnekinick with him, and many a meal I have eaten in the wick-e-up with the family of that noted old warrior Black Hawk. In the winter of 1843-4, I started out on a collecting tour among the Sac and Fox Indians. It was their custom to leave their villages late in the fall with bag and baggage, and stay out on a hunting and trapping expedition until spring. They would go in squads of from five to ten families and camp and hunt and trap together, scattering all along the Des Moines, Skunk, Cedar and Turkey

rivers. Most of the families would make an account at the trading house before starting on the hunt, payable in furs and pelts on their return in the spring. About the first of December the clerks of the different trading houses would draw off a schedule of individual accounts and strike out to hunt them up and gather in the collections of otter, beaver and deer skins, so as to settle up their indebtedness. We would travel up and down and across each of those rivers mentioned many times through the winter until we would load several ponies packed with furs and pelts taken on account from our customers. We always made it convenient to know where the Indians were camped, as we depended on them for our subsistence, as well as lodgings. We generally made ourselves at home when we entered the wigwams, demanded something to eat and order our ponies taken out to brouse, and generally took choice of the sleeping departments, and were well entertained as long as we visited the camp. In traveling from one stream to another we would find innumerable small lakes which lie glimmering upon the plain. This portion of the country I traversed forty-two years ago, was then the home of the original pioneer, the red men of the Sac and Fox tribes of Indians. Here they lived in their characteristic laziness and savage glory. The woods abounded with game, and the rivers and lakes with fish, and he took them without fear or contention. What is the condition of that beautiful plain to-day, dotted with innumerable cities, checkered with railroads, every quarter section taken for agricultural purposes, fine improved farms, which constitutes the garden spot of the great northwest, second to none in producing fine cattle, big crops of corn, wheat, oats and barley raised by the second class of pioneers and old settlers.

IMPROMPTU SPEECH BY HON. EDWIN MANNING.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW CITIZENS: I am unexpectedly before you as a speaker to-day. Another and abler talker from Van Buren County I had supposed would entertain you on this occasion. His absence is your misfortune and my presence you are desired to tolerate in his stead.

At the kind request of your honorable President, I will briefly submit a few modest claims for the old settlers of Van Buren in her early history. As early as January 7th, 1837, Capt. James Hall and myself were stopping at St. Francisville, Mo. The fame and glory of the half-breed tract doubtless attracted us thither, and before we left I purchased an interest in a claim in said tract. Having formed a favorable opinion of Iowa, I returned and attended the first land sales at Burlington in 1838. Here I witnessed and learned one of the most valuable lessons in western life. The sales were limited to a few of the eastern counties which the early settlers had squatted upon. The settlers' rights were protected and their homes secured.

In the spring of 1839 I ordered a stock of merchandise from New York City via New Orleans. The vessel and goods were lost in the gulf, but as they were insured at 10 per cent. over cost I was not the loser. The stock was duplicated and forwarded immediately and arrived in six weeks. Now for the truth of history, I will give you a few reminiscences following this first importation of goods to Keosauqua.

A young friend of mine just from Boston made favorable overtures to operate my store, and as I was anxious to free myself of personal care, I sold him a half interest, stipulating he should faithfully manage the business and I would supply the stock.

This arrangement was mutually satisfactory while the business was new and popular, but when the stock became older and needed more care my young partner became restless and impatient for a wider field of operation. Accordingly, we mutually divided the stock and each started a new house. My young partner was a genius in his way, and was universally popular with the ladies, and was widely known as a great gallant. I have to-day been forcibly reminded of him in General Jones' interesting reminiscences in his life. Marvelous, grandiloquent powers during his official life at Washington City, the general's life was legitimately political, while that of my young friend was more of a Hebrew, educated in the arts of fancy jewelry traffic and other and greater sensational operations. Suffice it to say my young Bostonian spread his wings and in less than two years planted a dozen stores in southern Iowa. This was easier done than to properly care for them after started.

His next enterprise was flat-boating after the Hoosier style. In this he met with signal failure. His boats were frail, his experience limited, and out of a dozen or more boats freighted with wheat and corn he reached market with only two, and the cargo of those, when unloaded, proved almost worthless.

The end of this visiorary display produced an alarm among his creditors and meeting after meeting was held. Finally a compromise was effected and the creditors accepted 37½ cents on the dollar. The young hero again picked his flint and started again. His next grand scheme was in making whisky, and in this, unlike the rest of mankind, he made a success. He took it to the mountains and mines and there he turned it into gold and stock raising, and to-day is a respected and proud millionaire, without wife, chick or child to help him to enjoy it. Who doubts but his early creditors would be thankful for the balance due them? Your speaker is an humble farmer, merchant and small banker, and believes there is more real manhood, happiness and benefit in life with those who pay one hundred cents on the dollar than with those who do not. Integrity is a crowning jewel and blesses all mankind through life who posses it. In the spring of 1841 I supplied the government post at Fort Des.

Moines, delivering supplies from St. Louis by steamboat. This trip posted me in navigation of the Des Moines. But very soon thereafter the Legislature granted mill privileges that unintentionally obstructed navigation of the river. The valley, therefore, was deprived of this great waterway for several years. In the spring of 1851 the productions of the valley had become so great that I was influenced to visit St. Louis and charter a steamboat specially for the Des Moines river. This I did upon my own responsibility and risk. Reaching Keokuk, en route for Eddyville and Des Moines, my valiant Captain Allen with his "Jenny Lind" steamer became discouraged, and I was near failing in the great object I had so earnestly sought, of re-opening navigation between St. Louis and Des Moines. But by the kindly aid of Captain Hine, my old captain resumed his voyage, and we soon arrived at Farmington, where the most serious obstruction existed. Finding it impracticable to jump the mill dam, we very soon improvised a way of opening the lock with the aid of our steamer by pulling out the gates and making a channel for our boats to pass. This we successfully did in a few hours and put our boats on fair sailing. This timely and opportune trip effectually opened up navigation and commerce throughout the valley and was never again obstructed.

The next decade brought us the Valley railroad, which wholly suspended the old-time flat boats and steamers. The most beautiful river in all the great west is now spanned with iron bridges, utilized and beautified, instead of navigated as of yore.

And now, if your patience will allow it, I will summarize a few of the leading public enterprises of the old County of Van Buren. As early as 1842 we built the first brick court house in the State, and it compares favorably with modern houses at the present day, and is good for half a century to come. Van Buren county men built the first houses for the military post at Des Moines. Van Buren county furnished the men to navigate the river and open up commerce in the valley. Van Buren has furnished quite a number of prominent men to fill honorable positions in the State and Nation. Van Buren was not behind in sending soldiers and recruits to put down the rebellion. Eighteen hundred or more valiant soldiers evidenced their faith in the union cause and stayed till victory perched upon their banners. Twombly, of Keosauqua, planted the victorious flag on the walls of Fort Donnellson. Van Buren furnished the men that responded to the nation's call for aid, aggregating \$200,000, during the rebellion, and since has expended \$200,000 more in public improvements. Van Buren was first in the market with fat hogs and young cattle and horses. Van Buren has excelled her sister counties in agricultural fairs, as well, it may be said. The Bonaparte mills (Meek Bros.) stand unrivalled in the great west; their woolen goods have gained an enviable reputation throughout the entire west.

With this brief sketch you will excuse me on the old settler side. A word for the young settlers will be in order. The festivities of the day are all to the credit of the young settlers. I have enjoyed the grand display of their genuine hospitality and the many good things they have said in behalf of the present and the past in old settler times.

I am now reminded of the fact that we who are celebrating these events are not alone entitled to the honors for these laudable acts. Others whose names would fill a page in patriotic history, who have passed over the other side, reposing in their last sleep, should be remembered as worthy of equal credit for all these noble efforts.

It has been truly said here to-day that the Gate City is truly great in everything she undertakes, a compliment eminently worthy the young settlers on this festive occasion. With these remarks I beg leave to close.

IMPROMPTU SPEECH OF COL. G. A. HAWLEY.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am not on the programme for a speech to-day, and don't intend to make one. I will, however, make a few remarks in regard to a few incidents concerning myself in connection with the early history of Keokuk, and surrounding counties in Missouri, Iowa and Illinois. My first visit to Keokuk was in 1841, when but a youth, my father having just previously moved to the territory and settled at West Point, in this county. In 1844 I came to Keokuk and taught school in a log school house which stood on or near the bluff between here and Main street, not far, I think, from where S. T. Marshall's residence now stands. There were no other buildings in the vicinity of the school house. It was surrounded with hazel brush and small trees. Eliza Hood, who is said to have been the first white child born in Keokuk, was one of my pupils. Also, Margaret Stillwell, who afterwards became Mrs. Dr. Ford of this city, and J. F. and D. C. Daugherty, and several others who yet reside here. I taught two or three terms, but only one I believe in the old log house.

I remember a paper we had published here the first winter I taught. We had an editor, and contributors, but no printers. We were too primitive for printers. The editorials and contributions were written and read at stated meetings once a week. In looking over some old papers a short time ago to get some items of the early times in Keokuk, which I had promised to write up for Judge Davis, I found one of my old communications to the "Keokuk Gazette." But a few days since I received an exceedingly handsome copy of the Keokuk Constitution, in which was a history of the newspaper enterprises and progress in this city. I could but think of the difference between then and now: the Keokuk Gazette of that day, and the Keokuk Constitution of the present, and the four or five beautifully executed papers in the city to-day, three of them dailies.

Little did I at that time imagine I would at this day point to so many well edited and handsomely printed papers in Keokuk.

A portion of the time I boarded with Rev. Jones, a Presbyterian clergyman sent here and supported by the Home Missionary Society.

I remember that one morning about daylight an old gentleman of considerable notoriety, by the name of McKane, and who I believe was a member of the Presbyterian church, came to Mr. Jones' and called us up and told us the Smiths had been killed at Carthage during the night. And I can say like Mayor Adams, that I was at Burlington when the Hodges were hung, though it could not be proven by me whether they were ever hung, for as soon as they were placed upon the scaffold and the black caps drawn over their heads, I turned my head in another direction and left the ground.

Many incidents of early times I would like to relate, did time and your patience permit. But I told you I would not inflict a speech upon you at this hour. The American people are noted for speech making, and perhaps I inherit some of the peculiarity, but upon occasions like this I believe in more sociability and less talking. Though, we have had a pleasant time to-day, and I would not cast any reflections upon the gentlemen from Missouri and Illinois for their somewhat lengthy but able speeches. This being the first Tri-State Old Settlers' meeting, it was fitting for those gentlemen to set forth at some length the resources and growth of the States they represented.

A few words more in regard to myself and I shall have finished. I commenced the study of law in Keokuk in 1846 with John M. Young, who was afterward elected prosecuting attorney for this county. I left here and went to Fort Madison, where the Hon. Daniel F. Miller then lived, and studied under him till the winter of 1848, when I was admitted to the bar at a term of court held in the old (then new) Methodist church on Exchange street, this city; Geo. H. Williams, more recently of Grant's cabinet, presiding judge.

In the summer of 1849 I put the first ferry boat on the river here that ever was run across from this place to the Illinois shore as a regular ferry boat. At the close of navigation I went back to Fort Madison, sold my boat to Mr. Messenger, and I believe he took it to Sandusky or Nashville. The boat was propelled by horse power.

There was a mistake made here at the Old Settlers' meeting last year in regard to the first ferry, which I did not have an opportunity of correcting, or I might not mention it now.

I have been a citizen in each of these three great states. I like them all. They are three of the grandest states in the federal union. And the city of Keokuk especially, as well as others generally, on the Mississippi river, is so situated as to receive great benefits from each.

We are in the heart of a bountiful country. Peace and plenty surrounds us. May our prosperity be continued. And may we be permitted to meet and greet each other yet in the future, and enjoy ourselves as of this day ; yea, more abundantly.

And now, as we are in the midst of a presidential campaign, I would advise to avoid undue excitement, keep cool, and if we cannot readily decide which of the several men who are candidates to support, let us bow to woman's charms, including the tricycle on which she rides, and vote for Belva Lockwood.

Committee to report an Executive Committee and Officers for the ensuing year submitted the following :

Hon. Wm. N. Grover, Hon. Thomas C. Sharp, Hon. Samuel R. Chittenden, for Illinois; Colonel David Moore, Major R. D. Cramer, Joseph McCoy, Esq., for Missouri, and Hon. Edward Johnstone, Capt. J. W. Campbell, and Hon. Edwin Manning, for Iowa. The Committee further recommend that Hon. Edward Johnstone be selected as President of the Board, and the other members be Vice Presidents ; and also the election of John H. Cole as Secretary, and J. O. Voorhies as Treasurer. Adopted.

MUSIC—"AULD LANG SYNE."

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 And never brought to mind,
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 In days of Auld Lang Syne.

CHORUS.

For Auld Lang Syne, Lang Syne, my dear,
 For days of Auld Lang Syne,
 We'll take a cup of kindness yet
 For days of Auld Lang Syne.

We two have run about the braes
 And pulled the flowers fine
 But we've wandered many a heavy foot
 Since days of Auld Lang Syne.
 For Auld Lang Syne, &c.

We two have paddled on the lake
 From morn till day's decline,
 But seas between us broad have roared
 Since days of Auld Lang Syne.
 For Auld Lang Syne, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty friend,
 Give me a hand of thine,
 And we'll take a right good jolly draught
 For days of Auld Lang Syne.
 For Auld Lang Syne, &c.

The following letters were received:

HON. JOHN M. HAMILTON, GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
SPRINGFIELD, Sept. 22d, 1884.

C. F. DAVIS, ESQ.,

Keokuk, Iowa.

My Dear Sir :—Yours of 20th, as Chairman of the Invitation Committee, extending to me an invitation to be present at the reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association, to be held in Keokuk, Thursday, October 2d, 1884, is received. In reply I would state that I would take pleasure in accepting the invitation, and being present if I could, but I have other engagements, already made for that date.

I am very respectfully yours,

JOHN M. HAMILTON.

HON. THOS. T. CRITTENDEN, GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI.

STATE OF MISSOURI, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
CITY OF JEFFERSON, Sept. 22d, 1884.

C. F. DAVIS, ESQ.,

Chairman Invitation Committee.

Sir :—I am instructed by the Governor to acknowledge the receipt of your polite note of 20th inst., inclosing an invitation to him to attend the first reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association, to be held in Rand Park in your city, on Thursday, Oct. 2d, proximo.

He directs me to thank you for the invitation and say that a previous engagement will prevent him from attending.

Very respectfully,

F. C. FARR,

Private Secretary.

HON. BUREN R. SHERMAN, GOVERNOR OF IOWA.

STATE OF IOWA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
DES MOINES, Sept. 13th, 1884.

C. F. DAVIS, ESQ.,

Chairman Invitation Committee, Keokuk.

My Dear Sir :—Pray accept my grateful thanks for your cordial invitation to attend the reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association, to be held in your city on Oct. 2d next, a compliment which I warmly appreciate.

I cannot now say whether or not it will be possible for me to be present, having other engagements during that week, but I will make an earnest effort to be with you at that time. But whether so or not, I trust

the occasion will be one of great interest to all concerned, and prove a gratifying success in every respect, and I know will demonstrate anew the cordial hospitality of the good people of the Gate City.

Very respectfully yours,

BUREN R. SHERMAN.

HON. FRED. O'DONNELL, OF DUBUQUE.

The following letter was received by the Committee on Invitation from the Hon. Fred O'Donnell, of Dubuque, late member of the Iowa Legislature, and Mayor of Dubuque :

GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE:—As a recipient of an invitation to attend your reunion, received at the hands of my esteemed personal friend, and our distinguished fellow-citizen, General Jones, I beg to say through him that inability to be present is a subject of deep regret. It has always been a school of absorbing interest and highly-prized instruction to me to listen to the early history of our great producing States as given by the very men whose lives are in the stories of these States. A thought of what has been accomplished in the development of this country within the lives of men now present at your meeting, presents a picture of such rapid growth as to challenge the comprehension of the human mind. The very ground on which you stand, with one-half of what is now Iowa, and so far as civil jurisdiction is concerned, the whole territory west to the Pacific Ocean, was at one time included within the County of Des Moines. The other half of Iowa, with nearly all of Minnesota, was included within the County of Dubuque. Then the wild Indian, wild deer and wild buffalo roamed in undisturbed possession of our beautiful prairies, occasionally alarmed by the sharp crack of the rifle or at sight of the face of the hardy and courageous pioneer. Now, within the space of a single life, how great the change! Where once grew the tall grass which fed the deer and buffalo, now grows the silken tassel and the bearded grain. Where once grew the fruits of the forest, now grow the apple and the pear, while the luscious globules of the grape attest in several ways our higher civilization. Where once coursed the trail of the warrior only to be followed by himself and the scavenger of savage life, the wolt, now steams the mighty train with our products and our people. Where once stood the wigwam of a savage race, are now the happy Christian homes of our pioneers' descendants. The fury of the chase and clash of war are past, but from the school house chimney curls the smoke, and gladdened children's shouts are heard upon the very course where Keokuk led his warriors to the fray. A dozen States and more, with millions of intelligent people, possessing thousands of millions of material wealth, now mark the territory which could almost have been purchased with the fortune of a single pioneer.

For all these grand old men, the fathers of our State, we feel affection's bond as tightly drawn as if they were our own. The saddest

thought that comes at such a time as this, is that one born of fear, that they who've been with us so long may stay so short a time. May many years yet roll and autumn suns return before we bear away the cherished forms of those who taught us how to battle, live, and make a nation great.

With sentiments of great respect,

Yours very truly,

FRED. O'DONNELL.

FROM HON. J. B. BROWN, MAYOR OF HANNIBAL, MO.

HANNIBAL, MO., Oct. 1st, 1884.

S. E. CAREY, Esq.,

President Tri-State Old Settlers' Association, Keokuk, Iowa.

Dear Sir :—In response to your invitation to myself and citizens of Hannibal to participate in the re-union to be held in your city, on the 2d inst., I regret to say that a combination of circumstances will prevent my attendance, and as our annual fair is now in progress, but few of our citizens have signified their intention to avail themselves of your kind invitation. I will here remark, however, that I am in full sympathy with the spirit of the occasion, and trust that your efforts to bring together the citizens—especially the Old Settlers of the great States of Illinois, Iowa and Missouri, may be crowned with success beyond your most sanguine expectations. I believe I realize, and I assure you I highly appreciate the aspirations of the association, as it doubtless aims to more fully cement the bonds of friendship by this social organization, that should ever exist between the citizens of adjoining State. And it would be a glorious consumation if the spirit of your association could be extended to and throughout our whole sisterhood of States. A social intercourse tends greatly to smoothe down the aspersities, and stimulate and foster the amenities of life, as well between the citizens of States as of communities and families.

Trusting that on some future occasion I may have the pleasure of meeting you personally, and also of taking part in your future meetings, and thanking you in behalf of our citizens and for myself for your kind invitation, I am sincerely and respectfully,

Yours, &c.,

J. B. BROWN, Mayor.

WM. B. STREET, ESQ., OMAHA, NEB.

OMAHA, Neb., Sept. 30, 1884.

J. H. COLE, Esq.,

Secretary Tri-State Old Settlers' Association, Keokuk, Iowa.

Dear Sir :—Your circular and invitation received and would have had earlier notice, but for my absence.

I regret my inability to be present, and desire you to express my regrets to the association.

Having been born down in Egypt, at Shawneetown, Gallatin county, when the State of Illinois was only six months old. I am a "Sucker" by birth-right. From 1827 to 1834, I was in Wisconsin, (just opposite where McGregor now stands,) then known as "Bloodyrun," (so named after a massacre of a portion of one Indian tribe, by the warriors of another tribe.) In 1834 I located on the Yellow river, (now in Allamekee county) on the Winnebago lands, and farmed with them for a year. In 1839 I came with my father, General Joseph M. Street, to the Sac and Fox agency, (now seven miles east of Ottumwa) and have lived in Iowa up to this date, except the short time I have been in this State.

Take the natural advantages of the three States, in the association and it would be hard, I may say impossible, to find the duplicate. And what of the people? As early as the days when Philadelphia was settled, the pioneers were planting villages on the Illinois, and that portion of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers embraced in these three States. The advantages of the great plains, covered with luxuriant foliage, became at once apparent to the judgment and foresight of the best type of men, not only in every State of the Union, but of every part of the civilized world. The result was that these States were settled by the pick of the world. Their constitutions and laws are, (with one exception, in Missouri) an improvement upon those of all the older States, and their progress in that direction has been upward and onward, so as to keep them in the lead, and an example by which the other States have been led to make wonderful improvements on their old plans. It is an interesting study to go back to the early French settlements at Kaskashia, Ste. Genevieve, St. Louis and many other places and trace them to the present day. How the enterprising sons of new England, the middle, southern and border States came among the quiet French villages and allied themselves to the ruling element, and pushed out the "drones." Thus, in a way, proving the truth of the theory of, "The survival of the fittest." That saying "The Chinese must go," it is only the embodiment of the idea that seized the brain of the Anglo Saxon race, when Napoleon turned over to them the territory of these fair States. The leading thought from that day has been that every incapable of whatsoever name or nation, must "git up and git."

Many of you remember the class of men that settled these States. You know the difference between those who came to stay and those who were faint-hearted and went back "in yander" and to parts further east and south. Among those early settlers you can recall the many instances of walks of life, and which was not so often due to education and early success, in all the training, as to some marked superiority of brain or brawn. There may be some among you who remember the bright "Starr" and the sun "Brown," "Jesse B." who fell by the hands of "A King" of the earth. But for this, those names with many others might have been as famous in the land as "old Daddy Grimes, that good old soul." There were some bright lights, who as Longfellow sings—

"By the wayside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life."

Among the characteristic traits of this people forbearance is not one of the virtues. True, they will put up with many faults and even vices in themselves, but they will not have a master. These States never produced a "Tweed," harbored "A Burr" or tolerated a "Jeff Davis." And they sent to the white house, and the tented field, men who were able to bring the ship of State through a terrible storm to a safe harbor. The Buchanan's, the Mc.'s and Burnsidés failed because they were born too far from the Mississippi river. Amid the turmoil of border life, contention over claims, and strife in the lead mines there has been a marked sense of what was "just and right." Instance the trial and execution of the miner O'Connor, I believe, at Dubuque, for murdering his adversary in a dispute about a lead mine. The country had just been acquired from the Indians. There were no laws or officers to execute them. The people resolved themselves into a body politic, elected a judge and officers of the court; and that the culprit might have impartial justice, and have no grounds to claim a "change of venue," they went to a steamer at the landing on its trip down the river, and subpoenaed the passengers to serve on the jury. This is but one of many like incidents.

But the feeling of "The survival of the fittest" has led our people into a grievous sin and wrong; done to a people to whom we owe a greater debt than we shall ever be able to pay; for the time is past. It is with mingled feelings of sorrow and shame that I refer to our treatment of the "Red man," who has much more to lay to our charge than the "Black man" ever had. The policy of the general government opened the door, and thrift and greed, together with the heedless, careless, lazy character of the Indians has brought upon them a fate they never deserved. In speaking of the perpetrators of these wrongs, I cannot spare either age, sex, or former condition in life. Kleptomania prevailed as an epidemic. The desire to take something seized the trader, settler, government employe and even the preachers were not, in all cases,

exempt from its attacks. When we had stolen all they had laying around loose, last of all we stole their lands. The greatest injustice of our government is in not making them citizens. The black man got a vote and became "a man and brother;" this is the chief cause of the many wrongs done to the Indian. He has no vote.

The confederated tribes of Sacs and Foxes were a noble type of the aborigines. For brains I can refer you to Keokuk, who though a rogue and a drunkard, was one of the most gifted orators this country ever produced. And the good Black Hawk, who, notwithstanding his bloody fame, was one of nature's honest noblemen. Too honest to believe the white man really intended to steal his village, and too simple to set himself right before the world. And Wapello, the true hearted friend and honest man, whose boast was that he never shed the blood of a white man. Nor are these all. I could name you scores who with honest and fair treatment, would have shown gifts and traits of character to recommend them to every honest fair minded man. My father, General Jos. M. Street, proposed to settle these Indians on a reservation land held in severalty without the power to sell, proceeds of other lands to be expended in houses, etc., and instructions in the arts of civilization. His death prevented the carrying out of this plan. When he went among the Winnebagos in 1827 they were called the "British band," and were the most degraded tribe on the Mississippi; treacherous, thieving and brutal. He got schools and farming among them, and they are now living in the north of this State (Nebraska,) and progressing in civilization, while far better Indians both by nature and practice have become almost extinct from oppression and "whiskey." I am glad to see that you have put the portrait of Keokuk, one of the most talented of this much injured race, (but alas! not one of the best) on your invitation cards. But let us do more, let each one use his influence to have some justice, (though tardy,) done to the "Red Man." Let those who fear the Indian and white man can't live quietly together go to Tama City, Tama county, Iowa, and find several hundred living on land they have bought, and are in perfect harmony and peace with their white neighbors.

Wishing you all "good speed" and hoping you may yet have many happy reunions, and that I "may be there to see," I am, very respectfully,
your obedient servant,

WM. B. STREET.

2419 Hany street, Omaha, Neb.

REV. L. B. DENNIS, KNOXVILLE, ILL.

KNOXVILLE, ILL., Sept. 15th, 1884.

JOHN H. COLE,

Secretary Tri-State Old Settlers' Ass'n, and Executive Committee.

Dear Friends, one and all:—Your card and circular are both at hand; yes, just at hand to-day, * * * Your kind and cordial invita-

tion, to my wife and self, to attend the reunion of the old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, to be held in Rand Park, Keokuk, Iowa, Thursday Oct. 2d, 1884. With our gratitude, we feel ourselves very much honored to be thus invited. Providence permitting, we will try to be there; yes, we shall be glad to enjoy the privilege. * * * As I have been a citizen of all the States named, I can but feel that the second article of the constitution embraces me. I went to Iowa in 1844, to Missouri in 1851, and to Illinois in 1870, and am here even unto this day. I was appointed pastor of the M. E. Church in August, 1846, in Keokuk, Iowa. Had the honor of being the first stationed preacher of our church in Keokuk. * * * That you may see that I was in Iowa some time, I will give you a list of my charges in the order they came. My first was Wapello, the next Birmingham, then Keokuk, then Fort Madison, then Mt. Pleasant, then Muscatine, then Burlington, then Hannibal, Mo., then St. Louis, then Fairfield, Iowa, then Iowa City, and was on a district as Presiding Elder at Oskaloosa, when I came to this State (Illinois), and am still in the regular work, though in my 73d year. * * *

Hoping you will have a grand time, wishing you all good,

I am respectfully yours,

L. B. DENNIS.

L. B. FLEAK, Esq., BRIGHTON, IOWA.

BRIGHTON, IOWA, Sept. 9th, 1884.

C. F. DAVIS, Esq., and others,

Committee of Invitation.

Gentlemen:—Your kind invitation to attend the "Tri-State Old Settlers' Association," to be held at Keokuk, October 2d, was received in due time, and I was in hopes that my health would be sufficiently improved to permit us (Mrs. Fleak and myself) to respond to that invitation in person, as nothing could give us more genuine pleasure than to meet with the many of our old friends from all three of the States, who will doubtless be there. My health is much improved, but not sufficiently for me to venture from home yet.

We hope and know that you will have a glorious good time, such as the citizens of Keokuk never fail to have when they undertake anything of the kind. We came to Keokuk on the 8th of March, 1840, and many of our old esteemed friends, whose acquaintance we made in after years, have passed away; but there are hundreds yet left that we would be rejoiced to meet, and should any of them happen to mention our names, present them our kindest regards.

Most cordially yours,

L. B. and JULIA A. FLEAK.

L. R. BISSELL, Esq., SAN JOSE, CAL.

SAN JOSE, CAL., Sept. 17th, 1884.

JOHN H. COLE, Esq.,

Sec'y Tri-State Old Settlers' Association,

Keokuk, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 7th inst., with invitation to attend the first reunion of your Association at Rand Park in your city, October 2d next was duly received, and in reply would say that it would give me a great deal of pleasure to meet with you on that occasion, but I will have to defer it until some future time, when I hope to meet you and take the old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa by the hand.

I settled in Iowa in May, 1837, or forty-seven years ago, and lived in Lee county until about four years ago.

Hoping the old settlers will have a good time on the 2d of October, I remain

Yours truly,

L. R. BISSELL.

HON. WM. N. GROVER, WARSAW, ILL.

WARSAW, ILL., Sept. 29th, 1884.

C. F. DAVIS, Esq., COL. J. M. REID, COL. R. E. HILL, JOHN E. WALKER, Esq., WM. A. BROWNELL, Esq.,

Committee of Invitation,

Keokuk, Iowa.

Gentlemen:—Your kind invitation to attend the first reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association to be held in your city October 2d, was duly received. My answer has been delayed in the hope that events might finally result in an acceptance, but I regret to say that it now seems that circumstances beyond my control will make it quite impossible for me to attend.

I knew Keokuk as early as September, 1837, and have noted its subsequent growth and prosperity with interest. I knew and remember among my friends, a considerable number of those enterprising and useful men who contributed so largely in laying the foundation of your present prosperity, many of whom have gone to their rest, while some have sought other homes, and some yet remain to enjoy the honors, wealth and solid distinction which they have so fairly earned.

More than thirty years ago I narrowly escaped casting my lot in your city for better or for worse, having been honored by a pressing invitation by the late Judge John W. Rankin, (then a young man, promising to become, as he afterward did become, a very eminent and successful lawyer), to become a partner in the law firm of Curtis & Rankin, a firm which, first and last, through all its changes and successions, has been

very remarkable for its general success in practice, and the many honored names it has added to the legislative and judicial records of the State and nation.

Aside from the pleasure to be gathered from these reunions, they are highly useful by reason of the facilities they afford for preserving the history and traditions of early days.

Sincerely regretting that I cannot be with you, I am

Very truly yours,

WM. N. GROVER.

ALEXANDER CRUIKSHANK, WEST POINT, IOWA.

NEAR WEST POINT, LEE CO., IOWA, Sept. 25th, 1884.

HON. S. E. CAREY,

President Tri-State Old Settlers' Association.

Dear Sir:—Your invitation to me to attend the reunion of old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, to be held in Rand Park, Keokuk, Iowa, Thursday, October, 2d, 1884, was received several days ago. I have postponed my answer thereto, hoping to be able to say definitely that I will be present. I will be with you on the second day of October and meet my pioneer friends of the three States and take them by the hand, as there is nothing which I enjoy more and gives me more pleasure. Hoping, my dear sir, that we may have a beautiful day, and that the occasion may prove a grand success,

I am respectfully yours,

ALEXANDER CRUIKSHANK.

GEO. W. JONES, DUBUQUE, IOWA.

DUBUQUE, IOWA, Sept. 27th, 1884.

Gentlemen:—I accept with pleasure and sincere thankfulness the very polite invitation given me, in your circular letter of the 6th ult., and also by card, to attend the "first reunion of the Tri-State Association to be held in the city of Keokuk, on Thursday, the 2d of October, 1884 "

Nothing but sickness, death, or some extraordinary interposition intervening shall prevent me from coming with you on the anticipated happy occasion. Absence from home has prevented an earlier acknowledgment of the receipt of your highly appreciated invitation.

Born at Vincennes, Ind., on the 12th of April, A. D., 1804, at 10 o'clock a. m., having resided many years in Illinois and Wisconsin, once part of the Territory of Indiana and of which Michigan, too, was a component part which I represented as delegate to Congress, and having long

resided in Missouri and Iowa, I hope I may be permitted to sign your Constitution and become thereby a member of your association.

I am, gentlemen, your fellow citizen and grateful friend,

GEO. W. JONES.

To C. F. Davis, Col. R. E. Hill, Col. J. M. Reid. John E. Walker,
Wm. A. Brownell.

MRS. S. C. VAN DYKE, SIOUX CITY.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, Oct. 1st, 1884.

JOHN H. COLE, ESQ.,

Sec'y Tri-State Old Settlers' Association.

Dear Sir:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your kind invitation to attend the reunion of old settlers to-morrow. I shall gladly avail myself of the same, and trust I may meet many of my old friends.

My husband made a claim and built a cabin on forty acres immediately adjoining the town of Fort Madison in the year 1837, so I think I have a valid claim to the name of old settler.

Very respectfully yours,

MRS. S. C. VAN DYKE.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS AND REGRETS

Were also received from the following :

Mrs. Hon. T. B. Cuming, Omaha, Neb.
 Gerald R. McDowell, Racine, Wis.
 Hon. S. R. Chittenden, Mendon, Ill.
 Hawkins Taylor, Washington, D. C.
 J. M. Asher, San Diego County, Cal.
 General James W. Singleton, Quincy, Ill.
 Maj. Frank Bridgman, Washington, D. C.
 Col. John H. Bacon, Colorado Springs, Col.
 John H. Sullivan, Esq., Albuquerque, N. M.
 Ben. Johnson, Esq., Secretary Van Buren County Old Settlers.
 E. C. Blackmar, Secretary Des Moines County Old Settlers.
 Col. Wm. H. McDoel, Louisville, Ky.
 Hon. Henry W. Rothert, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
 Hon. John W. Ogden, Urbana, Ohio.
 Hon. T. S. Parvin, Iowa City.
 J. C. Swan, Esq., Denmark, Iowa.
 J. T. Patterson, Esq., Orleans, Neb.
 James Barker, Esq., Milwaukee, Wis.
 John Givin, Esq., Des Moines, Iowa.
 Hon. John Van Valkenburg, Fort Madison, Iowa.
 Geo. Stanwood, Esq., Boston, Mass.
 Hon. R. M. Reynolds, Washington, D. C.
 H. S. Fairall, Esq., Iowa City.

PERSONAL AND HISTORICAL.

A. VERY OLD SETTLER.

General William Henry Harrison, of St. Francisville, Mo., is a very old settler. He attended the celebration, coming in an old-fashioned stage coach drawn by four horses. This coach carried the first mail into Clark county. Mr. Harrison was born in Wheeling, West Virginia, in 1801, and made his first trip up the Mississippi in 1819. He went to Clark county, Mo., to establish a trading post in 1822, and has been a resident for 63 years. He traded with the Indians for about 20 years. For a time he was a pilot on a steamboat. He was in one battle in the Winnebago war and served all through the Black Hawk war. His memory is quite distinct as to old settler days, but he is liable to get dates mixed. His daughter, Mrs. Octavio Harris was the first white child born west of the Des Moines river, above the Missouri line.

HENRY CLAY DEAN.

Among the distinguished and many honored guests of the Tri-State Old Settlers' reunion was Henry Clay Dean, who has a national reputation as an orator. He was chaplain of the United States Senate when Gen. Geo. W. Jones and Gen. A. C. Dodge were Senators from Iowa. Mr. Dean is a remarkable man, an old settler of Iowa, possessing great originality and power as a public speaker. He is now 62 years of age, but has yet, as was said of the first Napoleon, many more campaigns yet in his belly.

Hon. P. G. Ballingall, of Ottumwa, who made his first business venture in Iowa, at Keokuk, brought with him some reminders of the olden time.

Dr. F. C. Roberts, of the Ft. Madison Daily Potomowok, had his headquarter's tent pitched upon the ground, and his friends were made welcome.

The young settlers kept the dancing platform warm to the music furnished by the veteran violinists, J. C. Griffey and Dial Phillips, while the patriarchs crowded around enjoying the repetition of scenes when they themselves could "cut the pigeon wing."

The selection and rendition of music by the Sextette Vocal Club, under the leadership of Prof. H. C. Landes, commanded just appreciation.

One of the oldest settlers present was Mrs. M. M. Aldrich. She was the second white woman who came to "The Point," now Keokuk, arriving on the Steamboat, "Red River," from St. Louis, on the second day of July, 1829. The only white lady residing here at that time was

Mrs. Maria Stillwell, a sister of Valencourt Vanorsdall, and now living in Sanoma county, California. Keokuk at that time was a mere Indian trading post, the building occupied by the American Fur Company being situated on the river bank, between what is now Main and Blondeau streets. The only other structure being a small building occupied by Moses Stillwell, as a grocery store. During Mrs. Aldrich's three years residence here, she formed the acquaintance of Col. Russel Farnum, who was a member of the American Fur Company, and a traveler of great note in those days, having journeyed on foot from Keokuk up to Behring Straits, and thence to St. Petersburg across the desolate and barren land of Siberia. Mrs. Aldrich related many interesting incidents concerning the Indian chiefs, Keokuk and Black Hawk, both of whom were frequent visitors to her cabin home. Chief Keokuk was a Polygomist, and upon the occasion of his third marriage to a beautiful young Indian girl, a portion of the honeymoon was spent at her house. In 1832 Mrs. Aldrich took up her residence at old Ft. Edward, (now Warsaw) where she has continued to reside to this time.

Another notable lady present was Mrs. Elenor Thornburg, of Ottumwa, Iowa. She is the daughter of Dr. Isaac Galland, and sister of Captain Washington Galland, of Montrose. Mrs. Thornburg was the first female white child born in Lee county. Her parents then living at Nashville. The first male white child born in Lee county being Peter Wever, on the Maurice Blondeau farm, about four miles south of Nashville, both being born on the same day, but Peter came in ahead about four hours. Mrs. Thornburg has in her possession a blanket, presented to her mother by Black Hawk, in which she was wrapped during her infancy.

Capt. Wm. Phelps, of Lewiston, Fulton county, Ill., was present with his wife. Capt. Phelps came to Puck-e-she-tuck (Keokuk) in 1825, as an independent Indian trader, was very successful, and became a formidable competitor of the American Fur Company, of which he afterwards became a member. He was also a noted steamboatman on the upper Mississippi in early days. The captain looks hale and hearty, and expects to attend many succeeding reunions.

One of the most pleasing and gracious incidents of the day was the munificent act of Hon. Lyman Cook, who came with a welcome car load and more of Burlington's best citizens. Through his large-hearted generosity they were accompanied by the splendid brass band of their city. The presence of the Burlington party added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion.

THE PRESS.

John Burdette, editor of the Burlington Hawkeye, Mr. Hutchinson of the Burlington Gazette, Dr. F. C. Roberts and Ed. Roberts of the Fort Madison Democrat, Mr. Sharpe of the Carthage Gazette, W. W. Junkin of

the Fairfield Ledger, and other newspaper men from abroad were present.

THE REGISTER.

Orion Clemens had charge of the registration of those eligible to join the Association. The tent way crowded most of the day, and many in the afternoon were unable to gain admission. Over one thousand signed and received badges.

MUSIC.

Music was furnished by the Keokuk Military Band, Wittich's Second Regiment Brass Band, McCormick's Drum Corps, the Burlington Brass Band and the Gem City Martial Band, in addition to the sextette composed of H. C. Landes, Dr. Frank Wyman, J. H. Ternilleger, Fred. Robertson and George Robertson, with George D. Mann at the organ.

CONTINENTAL GUARDS.

A pleasing feature of the occasion was the presence of the above organization from Fort Madison. The company is made up of about thirty bright handsome boys, uniformed after the style of '76, under the instruction of Robt. J. Barr.

THE SOLDIER BOYS.

The soldier boys had a glorious time at the dinner hour. The register shows that several hundred were present. Torrence Post G. A. R. served all ex-soldiers with an old army meal of coffee beans and pickles, hard tack and bacon. It was cooked on the ground and served in vessels and plates of tin. A camp fire, martial band, tents, etc., gave realistic effect to the assumed camp life. Speeches were made by Gen. John W. Noble of St. Louis, Gen. David Moore of Canton, Mo., General Bruce of Alabama, Ed. Roberts of Fort Madison, and Colonel Stone of Burlington.

NOTE.—The proceedings of the Association at its next reunion, to be held in 1885, will be published in the same complete form of these. Copies of the proceedings of 1885 will be mailed to any one who may furnish their address with 50 cents to J. O. Voorhies, Treasurer, Keokuk, Iowa.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR 1885.

ILLINOIS.

HON. WM. N. GROVER, Warsaw.

HON. THOS. C. SHARPE, Carthage.

HON. SAM'L R. CHITTENDEN, Mendon.

MISSOURI.

COL. DAVID MOORE, Canton.

MAJ. R. D. CRAMER, Memphis.

HON. JOS. McCOY, Wayland.

IOWA.

HON. EDWARD JOHNSTONE, Keokuk.

CAPT. J. W. CAMPBELL, Fort Madison.

HON. EDWIN MANNING, Keosauqua.

EDWARD JOHNSTONE, President, Keokuk.

JNO. H. COLE, Secretary, Keokuk.

J. O. VOORHIES, Treasurer, Keokuk.

REPORT

—OF THE—

SECOND REUNION

—OF THE—

TRI-STATE

Old Settlers' Association

—OF—

ILLINOIS, MISSOURI AND IOWA,

HELD

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th, 1885,

—IN—

KEOKUK, IOWA.

RESOLUTION OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

RESOLVED, That Dr. J. M. Shaffer and J. H. Cole, Secretary, be authorized to have the proceedings of Second Re-union printed in form similar to the report of Oct. 2nd, 1884.

R. B. OGDEN & SON,
PRINTING AND BINDING CO.
KEOKUK, IOWA.

PROGRAMME.

Association called to order at the Speaker's Stand,
at 10 a. m., by Hon. Edward Johnstone, President.
Prayer,—By Rev. Father DeCailly, Ft. Madison.

MUSIC BY SECOND REGIMENT BAND.

Introduction of Ex-Gov. E. O. Stanard, of Missouri,
President of the Day.

Address of Welcome,
By Hon. Buren R. Sherman, Governor of Iowa.

MUSIC BY DENMARK BAND.

Responses to Welcome,
By Hon. Richard J. Oglesby, Governor of Illinois.
Hon. A. P. Morehouse, Lieut. Governor of Missouri.

MUSIC BY MAENER CHOIR.

Appointment of Committee to Recommend Officers for the ensuing year.

RECESS FOR DINNER.

AFTERNOON.

Re-assemble at 2 p. m.

MUSIC BY NAUVOO BAND, NAUVOO.

SENTIMENTS AND RESPONSES.

(Limited to Ten Minutes.)

"Pioneer Railroad Men,"	-	-	Gen. F. M. Drake, Iowa.
"Pioneer Preachers,"	-	-	Hon. Henry Clay Dean, Mo.
"Pioneer Physicians,"	-	-	Dr. G. W. Foote, Illinois.
"Pioneer Women,"	-	-	Hon. Sam T. Marshall, Iowa.
"Pioneer Press,"	-	-	Thomas H. Gregg, Esq., Illinois.
"State Militia,"	-	-	Hon. P. G. Ballingall, Iowa.
"Volunteer Soldiers,"	-	-	Gen. Wm. W. Belknap, Iowa.

Music at order of President of the Day. Bands will be ready at Stand to answer at call.

HISTORICAL.

The Tri-State Old Settlers' Association of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, owes its origin to the earnest desire on the part of many old citizens of Keokuk to meet their friends of early days and renew old friendships and acquaintances, and to form new ones. To this end the organization known as the Citizens' Association, was asked to take the preliminary steps toward establishing, on a permanent footing, an association that would bring together, in annual reunions, the pioneers of the three States.

Accordingly, the Citizens' Association invited the citizens of Keokuk to meet together on the evening of July 3rd, 1884, at the U. S. Court Room in the Estes House, to determine the question as to whether such reunions should be held, and if so, the time, place, etc.

A large number of citizens responded, and it was resolved unanimously to organize a Tri-State Old Settlers' Association. The following Executive Committee was selected: J. M. Reid, Geo. F. Jenkins, J. O. Voorhies, D. F. Miller, Sr., J. B. Paul, S. E. Carey and J. H. Cole. September 4th, 1884, and Rand Park, were agreed on as the time and place for holding the first reunion.

At a subsequent meeting the Executive Committee reported the Constitution, which was adopted, the programme of exercises, and October 2nd, 1884, as the date for the first reunion, on account of the local fairs being held in surrounding counties in September.

SECOND REUNION.

A Committee on Invitation was appointed, who sent out about 3,500 special invitations. Responses to many of these were made in person and to some by letters, which may be found in their proper place.

September 28th and 29th, 1885, preceding the day of the Second Reunion were cloudy and dark, with nearly constant drizzling rain. 30th, the same rains with not a ray of sunshine. Tents had been secured for headquarters for Missouri, Illinois and Iowa for the

officers and the press, and were erected in Rand Park, where the programme was to be carried out. The weather rendered this impracticable, and the exercises were held at Keokuk Opera House.

CONSTITUTION.

WHEREAS, Sociable and friendly relations are desirable amongst all men, but more especially with those who as neighbors and friends have shared the adversities and hardships of a pioneer's life; therefore, in order to promote and maintain amongst the people of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa the most intimate and friendly relations, and for the purpose of keeping alive and perpetuating the record of the old settlers and pioneers of these States, and to cultivate the heretofore existing social relations, we do adopt the following Constitution:

Article 1. The name and title of this organization shall be the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association.

Art. 2. All persons who were residents in either Iowa, Illinois or Missouri prior to 1860, or who shall have resided in any of these States for twenty-five years, or who having been born in either of them and remained until their majority, or who may be elected at any meeting an "honorary member," shall be eligible to membership and become members on signing this Constitution.

Art. 3. The affairs and business of the Association after its first meeting shall be managed by an Executive Committee of nine members, to be chosen at said first meeting, and annually thereafter at the yearly reunions; said committee to hold their office until their successors are elected and organized as hereafter provided. Three members of said committee shall be selected from each of the States represented in the Association. From their number the Executive Committee shall select a President, and one Vice-President from each of the three States, and from the members of the Association, select a Treasurer, a Secretary, and such other officers and committees as may be necessary to promote the objects of this Association. The officers named above shall be deemed the officers of the Association, and perform the usual duties of such officers until their successors are elected.

Art. 4. The place for holding the reunions shall be at Keokuk,

Iowa, at such dates as may be fixed by the Executive Committee. Until its first reunion, its affairs and business shall be managed by an Executive Committee of seven, consisting of J. M. Reid, J. B. Paul, D. F. Miller, Sr., Geo. F. Jenkins, S. E. Carey, J. H. Cole and J. O. Voorhies.

Art. 5. This Constitution may be amended, altered or changed in any way at any annual meeting.

Adopted at Keokuk, Iowa, July 31st, 1884.

Attest: SAM'L E. CAREY, President.

J. H. COLE, Secretary.

Complete list of Officers and Committees for the year 1885.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

ILLINOIS.

Hon. Wm. N. Grover, Warsaw.
Hon. Thos. C. Sharpe, Carthage.
Hon. Samuel R. Chittenden, Mendon.

MISSOURI.

Col. David Moore, Canton.
Maj. R. D. Cramer, Memphis.
Hon. Joseph McCoy, Wayland.

IOWA.

Pres't—Hon. Edward Johnstone, Keokuk.
Capt. J. W. Campbell, Fort Madison.
Hon. Edwin Manning, Keosauqua.
J. O. Voorhies, treasurer, Keokuk.
J. H. Cole, secretary, Keokuk.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

T. F. Baldwin, chairman; Jas. F. Daugherty, Jno. Bisbee, Dr. George F. Jenkins, Jas. McNamara, J. Fred Kiedaisch; A. H. Evans, Jno. T. Perkins, L. A. Berryhill, W. J. Medes, Stephen Seibert, Jas. Finigan.

COMMITTEE ON INVITATIONS.

C. F. Davis, chairman; W. A. Brownell, Col. J. M. Reid,

Chas. Doerr, J. M. Casey, Dr. E. E. Fuller, Sam'l Klein, B. F. Hagerman, B. S. Merriam, D. N. Sprague, D. A. Morrison.

COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

H. H. Clark, chairman; C. A. Hornaday, George Robertson, H. C. Landes, George Schaefer.

COMMITTEE ON GROUNDS, SEATS, ETC.

James B. Paul, chairman; J. K. Mason, Jno. T. Griffey, Charles Hubenthal, Rice H. Bell, George D. Rand, Hugh Hodge Jr., George Englehardt, Sr.

COMMITTEE ON ICE, WATER SUPPLY, ETC.

Hugh Copeland, Chairman; H. C. Anschutz, Fred Hilpert.

COMMITTEE ON BAGGAGE ROOMS FOR PUBLIC COMFORT, ETC.

Patrick Gibbons, chairman; W. F. Wappich, D. L. Hughes.

COMMITTEE ON TRANSPORTATION.

G. Gerber, chairman; H. A. Kinnaman, Fred Stafford, Howard Connable, Alex. E. Johnstone, Samuel Allen.

COMMITTEE ON PROGRAMMEE, PRINTING, ETC.

J. M. Shaffer, chairman; J. P. Christy, J. H. Cole.

PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.

J. M. Shaffer and J. H. Cole

COMMITTEE TO PROVIDE FOR INVITED GUESTS, ORATORS, ETC.

Jas. C. Davis, chairman; J. E. Craig, D. J. Ayres, D. F. Miller, Jr., Henry Bank, Jr.

COMMITTEE ON DECORATION.

Frank Starke, chairman; Theo. G. English, J. L. Root, Jno. M. Huiskamp, Ed. S. Carter.

COMMITTEE ON RECEPTION.

Samuel E. Carey, chairman; S. M. Clark, W. A. George,

Frank Madden, J. N. Irwin, Edmund Jaeger, C. P. Birge, Green Vermillion, Hugh Robertson, Asa Buck, J. J. Powers, J. D. Phelan, Eugene Baker, W. H. Nichols, Jno. W. Hobbs, J. Kerr, W. G. Davis, J. Nagle, Robert Kelly, D. Santo, H. H. Trimble, D. G. Lowry, Alex. Collier, D. B. Hamill, S. C. Westcott, Luke Huiskamp, Edward Mumm, D. H. Annable, Simon Vogel, David Steele, H. W. Upham, W. A. Patterson, Fred Brinkman, John Zerr, G. T. Higgins, Charles Schultz, W. H. Bowman, Harry Fulton, J. A. M. Collins.

Chief Marshal, Capt. Israel Anderson; assistant marshals, W. S. Sample, Charles Riffley, and Col. R. Root.

PROCEEDINGS.

SECOND REUNION, SEPTEMBER 30TH, 1885, KEOKUK OPERA HOUSE, 11 A. M.

Hon. Edward Johnstone, President of the Executive Committee, in calling the meeting to order, said:

OLD SETTLERS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—I am instructed by the Executive Committee of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association to call this meeting to order.

It is gratifying that, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, a goodly number of the citizens of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa have gathered together to renew and confirm, at this their second reunion, the bonds of amity and social intercourse which, it is hoped, will always remain unimpaired.

More than two hundred years ago, "the meek, single-hearted, unpretending, illustrious James Marquette," a Frenchman,—a missionary of the Society of Jesus—was the first white man who lunched his birch canoe on the waters of the Upper Mississippi and floated, in that frail bark, along the shores of Iowa, Missouri and Illinois. His first landing on his downward voyage was near this city, and he was the first white man who ever set foot on the soil of Iowa.

On a day like this, when some of the inheritors of the blessings of the Great Valley he discovered meet together to keep alive the memories of the past, it would seem fit and proper that one who is an Old Settler, a countryman of Marquette, and a co-religionist,

should be invited to say something of that distinguished Old Settler, and invoke the blessings of Almighty God on this assemblage. I take pleasure in introducing FATHER LOUIS DECAILLY.

Address by Rev. Father DeCailly, of Ft. Madison, on his introduction as Chaplain:

MR. PRESIDENT, HONORABLE MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THREE NEIGHBORING SOVEREIGN STATES TO-DAY UNITED FRATERNALLY IN SOCIAL REUNION, MEMBERS OF THE CLERGY HERE PRESENT, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:— It is not owing to any merit of mine that I this day fulfill the honorable office of Chaplain among those famous for eloquence or heroic deeds, but because I am a co-religionist and countryman of the famous Father Marquette, the discoverer of the Mississippi and the countries lying on both its banks and perhaps on account of my long and early residence in Iowa have I received the, by me, much appreciated honor of praying before this noble assemblage and addressing them a few words of historical souvenirs concerning him of whom Bancroft says: "The people of the West will build his monument." On the 17th of June, 1673, Marquette slowly sailing down the Wisconsin river, amidst its vine-clad isles finally reached the goal of his ambition by gliding into the great river which he called the Conception as the Spaniards at the south had called it the river of the Holy Ghost, both of which names have yielded to the original Indian appellation of Mississippi.

To raise the standard of the cross and to unfurl the banner of Christianity among the tribes that sat in the darkness of death was the noble object that guided Marquette, DeSoto and LaSalle, in their discoveries, hence my theme must confine itself to the religious aspects of those discoveries, leaving to other orators to describe the wonderful, the incredible attainments of civilization on both banks of this mighty river that laves the shores of the beautiful city of Keokuk. During the two centuries since its discovery the salvation of the Indians and the psalm of martyrdom were the two objects sought by Marquette on landing in Canada in 1666. A missionary and a monk like his predecessor, Isaac Jaques, of New Amsterdam, now New York, who, mutilated by the Indians, returned to Europe an invalid, but begged of his superiors to send him back to America to complete his self-sacrifice. He belonged to that class of men who are the representatives of manhood under its most pure and energetic form; of manhood intellectual and

moral; of manhood, in some manner conducted by celibacy, protesting against anything vulgar or base, condemning itself to efforts more great, continuous and profound, than are exacted by any wordly career, and by this means making of earth only a stepping-stone to Heaven and of life but a long series of victories. Wonderful accounts of a mighty river had reached the ears of Marquette at his mission of Mackinaw. It was said to be broad, large and deep and would bear comparison, they said, with the St. Lawrence. It emptied, they conjectured, into the sea of Virginia, while others thought it entered the Gulf of Mexico, and others considered its outlet in the Gulf of California. Its banks were inhabited by many friendly tribes, especially the Illinois, the Kansas, and the Omahas, and our missionary cross in hand, burned to convert them, His intelligent mind fully understood the importance of such an undertaking in its relations to the church and the civilized world, and he conceived at once the bold and daring project of a thorough exploration of that great river about which so much mystery, intermingled with dim traditions, still hung. With justice, Bancroft writes: "The purpose of discovering the Mississippi, of which the natives had published the magnificence, sprang from Marquette himself." Having secured the protection of the French government, the illustrious Marquette, with Joliet as his associate, five Frenchmen for his companions and two Algonquins for guides, lifting their canoes on their back in the beginning of June, 1673, set out on his expedition. Says Gilmary Shea, "They looked back a last adieu to the waters that connected them with Quebec and their countrymen, and knelt on the shore to offer by a new devotion, their undertaking, their honor, and their lives to God and the Virgin Mary, and passing along the Menominies, Green Bay and Wisconsin river, on the 11th they reached the great river. Joy that could find no utterance in words filled the grateful heart of Marquette. The broad river now lay before them stretching hundreds of miles to an unknown sea. They passed by the islands covered with cottonwood, where the moose and deer grazed in peace, strange animals were seen traversing the river, and they proceeded to the land of the buffalo in a solitude frightful by its utter absence of man."

Finally, on the 25th, they discovered the footprints of men which led them to three villages, and when almost at the cabin doors they proclaimed their arrival by loud halloos, that brought the motley crowd to see the strangers, and in one of them they recognized the dress of the black gown, who had at last found the Illinois tribe he

was seeking. After friendly greeting they sailed on and heard the roaring of a mighty cataract. It was the Muddy Water, as the Missouri was called by the Algonquins; passed the mouth of the Illinois and the present site of St. Louis, as they passed those of Keokuk, Warsaw, Quincy and Hannibal, little suspecting the mighty changes that two hundred years would bring about.

Having passed the Ohio, the river of the Shawnees, and going down below the present site of Vicksburg, they ascertained that the Father of Waters emptied into the Gulf of Mexico, and hearing of wars in the land of sugar cane and rice, they returned on their way home by way of Kaskaskia, where the tribe received the party in triumph and conducted them back to Lake Michigan with the promise that he should visit again the tribe and preach them the religion of prayer. Thus had the missionary achieved his long projected work, the discovery and exploration of that river, which threw open to France and Christianity, the richest and most fertile territory of the New World, embracing especially the States you represent, Iowa, Illinois and Missouri. Marquette had passed over, in his little bark canoe, 2,757 miles, and he says himself, "Had this voyage caused the salvation of a single soul, I should deem my fatigue well repaid."

On the following year he returned, undaunted by sickness, to the hardships of the mission of converting his beloved Illinois tribe. Great was the sight witnessed at Kaskaskia, when having erected a rustic altar, and surrounded by the five hundred chiefs, and more than fifteen hundred young men besides the women and children, he preached Christ crucified, explained the principal mysteries of the Christian religion, and feast of Easter, took possession of the land in the name of the risen Christ. His death is chronicled in the year following, when unable to reach Mackinaw, full of faith and with the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," on his lips, in a bark hut, near the mouth of the river, called afterwards by his name, he expired, cross in hand, peacefully as a child.

" Thus he died the great apostle,
Far away in regions West:
By the lake of the Algonquins
Peacefully his ashes rest.
But his spirit still regards us
From his home among the Blest."

He, however, lives still in his countrymen, who, anxious to contribute their grains of sand in building up society, religion and civilization, have succeeded him in the missionary field. The history of Keokuk, with its Indian wars, will be related to you. All I can remember is seeing the Indians encamped on these grounds in 1847, when Father Gaultier had a little frame church on Second street. He was succeeded by Father Villars, known to many of you, then Rev. G. Reffe, and then by your humble servant, from 1858 to 1868. Finally, the last, not the least, is the worthy successor of a Marquette, the Rev. Father O'Reilly, who has just completed the finest structure in this city, St. Peter's church, just dedicated last Sunday. So we may proudly, as citizens of old Lee, call attention to its spire pointing heavenward as a lasting monument of the generosity and liberality and of the Christian spirit that animates all classes and all creeds, and may the American nation, the country of my choice and adoption, ever place, as it has done on this occasion, all its gatherings whether of joy or sadness, under the guiding hand of religion. Then will the prosperity and peace which seem to abandon the effete nations of Europe, who forgot God in all their undertakings be ours. May this era of unalloyed friendship and good fellowship forever reign in our own land, and we ask as the little boy who prayed that God might bless pa, ma and himself, may he bless Iowa, Illinois and Missouri and the whole American continent.

Father DeCailly then repeated the Lord's Prayer.

Judge Johnstone, then said: For President of the day I am directed to present the name of ex-Governor E. O. Stanard, of St. Louis, a gentleman well and widely known among the business men of the Upper Mississippi, and one who has ever been watchful of the commercial and other interests of his fellow-citizens:

Governor Stanard being thus introduced, came forward and said:

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—I am certainly not unmindful of the honor your committee have done me in asking that I preside over the deliberations of this Reunion. I should have preferred that some older settler should have occupied this position. Since I made up my mind that I could be here I have not had time to make written preparation, and the remarks I shall make will be inspired very largely by the occasion. Since I arrived here this morning I have met a good many Old Settlers and many of them men whom I knew in the days of my boyhood in the State

of Iowa. I believe it is best for a man to talk about the things of which his mind is fullest, and leaving largely, as I shall do, the historical part to other speakers who have been selected and who are expected to go more liberally into the details of the growth and progress of the country, and especially of these three great States, I am going to talk about the things in my own mind which come looming up fresh to me. About the first thing I remember in my life, and yet will you remember I have not told you how old I am, was along in February, 1838, when with my father and grand-father, I stayed all night at Alexandria, Mo., in sight of Keokuk, just across the DesMoines river. Having come across the country from New England and struck the Mississippi river at Warsaw, we crossed on the ice and stayed all night at Alexandria; that was in February, 1838. Now I think I remember this, but it is possible my mother has told it to me so often that I remember it from what she has told me, but I think not. That is when my career in this western country began. We went up the DesMoines river on the ice, and I thought the roads were very good, and we stopped in VanBuren county. All the days of my boyhood, up to manhood, though not until I reached my majority, were passed in this State. Of course most of the older people have passed away; most of them have been forgotten by me and those who are living I suppose have mostly forgotten me. I have met several this morning whom I have not seen for thirty years. Then I went to Illinois and lived there three or four years as a teacher and clerk. The maturing period of my manhood began in that State and then I went to Missouri and have been living there, twenty-eight years in the city of St. Louis.

I am exceedingly glad to be here to-day at this reunion of people of these three great States. We don't have to go back fifty years to remember when these States, especially those west of the Mississippi, were thickly inhabited by the Indians; when the settlements were sparse; when we had no railroads; when the only means of communication was to walk, go on horseback or in the stage. The advancement has been of a wonderful character and while the communication then was such as I have described, to-day railroads are running all over the country, cob-webbing these three great States. Fifty years ago where the traveler would take from ten to twelve weeks to go from the Mississippi river to the Atlantic, now it can be done in less than thirty hours. Then it would take three months to get an answer to a letter you had

written your friends; Now communication is almost instantaneous. And while these States were dependent on the older States for even the bread which they ate, and for the clothing which they wore except what cloth they wove themselves, now these three States produce more than one-third of all the corn raised in the United States and one-fourth of the wheat and about the same proportion of the live stock, and have between one-seventh and one-eighth of the population and an assessed valuation of over two thousand million dollars. It is possible for us to estimate the distances of the planets and to speak under the ocean and around the world, but who shall estimate the greatness and prosperity of this country in the next fifty years?

Ladies and gentlemen, I told you at the beginning I did not intend to make a speech and this is all I have to say. I again thank you for the honor conferred upon me and will now say we are ready to proceed with the regular order of business.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY GOVERNOR BUREN R. SHERMAN.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I feel hardly able to express in fitting terms the demands made upon me by this Association, but with all the heartiness of which I am capable and carrying out the orders of your committee, I do make you most enthusiastically welcome. All here is cheering, bright, cordial and enthusiastic, and I do but wish that this may be but the commencement of a series of reunions of all who are old settlers, until at last before we shall be summoned hence everyone of the old settlers in these three States, covered by this membership, will feel it a pleasure and a duty to attend these meetings. The time was, and some of you remember it well, when all this region had scarcely a place on the maps of the country: when so much of it as is west of the Mississippi was known as part of that indefinite Louisiana purchase which was regarded at the time as extravagant, and so largely characterized as the price of the friendship of France against the British crown. In our school days we remember this as a part of the great American desert, fit only for buffalo and Indians, never expected to be settled up when our sister State of Illinois was regarded as the outpost of all civilization. But all this has changed, and within our memories, and what was then a wilderness is now considered the most promising region on this

continent. I congratulate you, ladies and gentlemen, on this glorious heritage. It is proper on these occasions to refresh our memories with respect to the past days. In the days gone by old settlers' associations were unknown. People who would have proposed them would have been laughed out of countenance; but we all know that if we would preserve the memories of those days these associations are necessary and so once again, obeying the commands of this association and its entire membership, I give you cordial welcome to this meeting. As Governor Stanard has said, it is best for a man to talk about those things of which he has some knowledge, and so I shall, without assuming to speak in any respect of the other States, for other gentlemen are more competent to speak for those great States than I am; so I will speak of the development of Iowa; Iowa, the younger of the three. And without attempting to make distinction or for bragadocia, but to refresh our memories as to the development of this country; since you and I remember, when Iowa was admitted into the Union in 1846, she had a population of only about 100,000. Since then she has gained about twenty times that number. Marvellous as has been our growth in population, it has been no less in regard to wealth. It was then estimated at \$10,000,000, and now within the boundaries of this State it amounts to an assessed value of over \$430,000,000. We can also call attention to the development of the State in manufactures, and in this respect, Iowa has grown until it is said she has now more money invested in manufactures than was invested in them in the entire Federal Union at the close of the Revolution. In agricultural products these three States occupy the front rank. We remember when the older States were looked to and expected to furnish the products to feed the world, but that time has passed away and here in the valley, largely composed of these three States here represented, we have the means of supplying the world with the necessities of life. You can remember when in the single industry of pork packing, Ohio was in the lead and when Cincinnati was known as Porkopolis. But that time has passed and we now carry the banner and these three States are in the lead in this industry; Illinois first, Missouri second and Iowa third.

And without repeating what the Governor has said with regard to the cereals I may say, and that with truth, that these three States, Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, raise cereals in this proportion,—Illinois first, Iowa second, Missouri third, reversing the order somewhat as compared with the animal production.

But I must claim more with regard to corn. We raise more than any other country in the world in proportion to the population. So it is with regard to live stock; these three States raise nearly one-fifth in value of the live stock in the United States. The figures show better than anything I can say, better than mere words, the wonderful progress that has been made since we remember. Do you know what the first locomotive here was called? They were called prairie schooners and they were the only locomotion we had. I remember Major Sherman telling about his first experience in crossing Skunk river in a wagon drawn by oxen and when he carried rails to pry the wheels out of the mud. But that has all changed; railroads have come and within little more than a decade Iowa has advanced in the building of railroads until we have track enough that if it were extended end to end it would be about 8,000 miles; about one-third around the globe. And without boasting it may be said of Iowa, what can be said of but one other State in the Union, and that a little State down East, about as large as the counties of Lee and Des Moines, we can get into a palace car and ride into the county seat of every county in the state; and we have ninety-nine counties. And when you compare the railroads of this western country with those of the United States, we have about one-fifth of the whole amount. As to education, one word will suffice. Here in Iowa we have expended more money for education than for any other purpose for which the people expend money. You will find this to be true, that about 60 per cent. of your taxes are made up of taxes for the support of your public schools; and this statement speaks louder than anything else of the intelligence of the state. We have more school teachers here than there were soldiers in the American army at the time of the revolution. And we have gone right along building school houses until the country is dotted with them everywhere, and the same may be said of the school houses as of the railroads, you can't get out of the smoke of them. We have great charities in Iowa, as we have also in Missouri and Illinois, but I am better posted as to Iowa, and of her speak more particularly. But this may be said, that our public institutions will compare favorably with those of any other state, and the best of it is, they are admirably built for their purposes and we don't owe a cent on any of them. Iowa is absolutely free of debt. A word more and one that I want recorded. And that is, that during the late unpleasantness, a fact which most of you will remember, that the first offer of military assistance to the United States, when this unpleasantness

occurred, was from the state of Iowa in December, 1861; the first company of troops was from Iowa and the last company mustered out was a company of Iowa citizens.

Ladies and gentlemen, I don't feel that I ought to take your time any further; the other gentlemen must talk of Illinois and Missouri, but again let me impress upon you the cordiality of the welcome accorded to you by the officers and members of this association. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather let us review old times and thank God that we have such a heritage to enjoy.

Gov. R. J. OGLESBY, Illinois, being introduced said:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND OLD SETTLERS:—On behalf of so many of you as are present from the States of Iowa, Missouri and Illinois, I respond to the words of welcome just addressed to us by the Governor of Iowa; I say to the Governor that we feel we are welcome here. If you, old settlers, have been as cordially welcomed and as hospitably entertained as I have, you will be willing to stay the balance of the year. If there is anything in this world that an old settler likes better than any thing else, it is, to be not only cordially welcomed, but hospitably entertained, bountifully fed and invited over and over again.

We were told by Ed., our old friend Ed. of Keokuk, afterwards Edward, afterwards Mr. Johnstone, and afterwards, Judge Johnstone, and who at last has the honor of being classed as one of the oldest of the old settlers, that this is very bad weather as did your chairman, who called it very unpropitious weather. When I first came to this country it was called rainy weather; I was an old settler before I knew the difference between an unpropitious day and a rainy day. Whatever it be called this kind of weather is most unfortunate for our present purposes. We ought to be out of doors in a grove and on the green grass; this house is no place for a gathering of this kind. We are disappointed. If the day had been bright and pleasant, I have no doubt we would have been out of doors, out in your beautiful park, where I believe we can see over into Missouri. I saw from those bluffs over the great river, far into Illinois.

These old settlers' meetings have sprung up in the last ten or twelve years. What are they for? Here is something we don't

quite understand ourselves. You all know the friendships that spring up between soldiers, some of you have been soldiers and know. We get together after war, though we may have quarrelled time and again. The old soldiers come together regardless of everything, even personal differences, to recount the tales of war. Very much so with old settlers. We come together, many of us unacquainted, antagonizing each other in politics, business and religion; at times full of animosities, thrilled by the busy pulse of life; yet we meet together at old settlers' re-union, and all the bitterness and hard talk and slang and slander disappear like burnt powder from an old flint lock musket. We get together and tell the most wonderful tales; every fellow has done something and stands ready to trump your trick every time with a more marvelous story; but they are not lies, they are not exaggerations, no, you are not able to tell one half nor the one-tenth of your actual experience.

Old settlers form a curious collection of people. I reckon this began shortly after the Garden was populated; when from the east came the Aryans, the Chaldeans, of whom Abraham was one, (and by the way, Abraham was not a Jew, he was a Chaldean,) and then came a swarm from Russia to the Mediterranean and to the Eastern border of the Atlantic. These were called Vandals and Northmen and a variety of names; people that became a pest to the Roman Empire. They were nothing but the van-guard; these Goths and Vandals and Huns that hung around the southern coasts of the Baltic sea, and populated Germany and France and had their gods of thunder and the sea; they were only pioneers coming away from Noah's ark. They populated all Europe, crossed the Atlantic and in the seventeenth century went into business, as old settlers at Jamestown and Plymouth Rock. This German-Saxon race continued moving and after establishing a kingdom in Great Britain, pressed on westward across the Atlantic until at last these old settlers' meetings have brought us to the end of the age of pioneerism. Our descendants will see no more pioneers as in my opinion they will see no more soldiers. The few remaining, of soldiers of the Black Hawk, the Mexican and the late civil war—when the fragments of these wars shall have passed away there will be no more soldiers in the United States, and these old settlers are the last of the pioneers. We began in the oriental countries; I reckon about Persia is where we started, and have wandered westward, over the globe until there is no more country where civilization has not penetrated. There is no more pioneer work in the United States.

What you mean by a pioneer, is one who left the old colonial states by wagon or on foot, driving the Indian before him as he went, rifle in hand as the weapon of defence, the ax as the emblem of civilization, the one to protect, the other to clear the way. There are now only 275,000 Indians scattered over mountains and plains, even those in the Indian Territory will be compelled to abandon their tribal relations and meet the fate of advancing civilization. There will be no more Indians to fight. There will be little scares about foreign wars and apprehensions as to troubles between capital and labor, but there is no more real danger from these than from the Indians.

You are the last, ladies and gentlemen, of the pioneer race in America. And what a great and god-like column it has been in this world! It has pressed forward against every disadvantage, against savagery and Indian warfare; and dispossessed the Indians, whether rightfully or wrongfully we may never know, we think rightfully. The Indians cannot stand against the blaze of civilization.

But with us came the African race; slavery was first here before the declaration of independence; before the war of the revolution began. It was the avarice of the British crown that forced slavery upon us, and well we know it. It was a dead weight upon us; as in moving west there was often more weight of mud hanging to the wheels than weight of population in the wagons, so we had to carry that horrid burden of slavery, but, thank God, we have it no longer. We came to Iowa, to Illinois and to Missouri ahead of the railroads, ahead of navigation, pioneering, civilization, and planted ourselves firmly in the Mississippi Valley. From here the railroads went ahead of population. A man can't be a pioneer and travel in a railroad car. Such states as Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado are not strictly pioneer states. They have gone from civilization to civilization. All the talk of living entirely on wild turkey, geese, and deer don't apply out there.

The lives of the men and women here to-day, will compass the lives of all the pioneers of America. But when we come to the older States, they were in a measure all alike ahead of us, only perhaps we had a little the advantage of them, we could wagon easier than they could, so we came to populate this country. Most of us were born here.

Within Iowa and Missouri and Illinois there are over eight million people to-day, three million five hundred thousand in

Illinois; almost two million in Iowa, and almost two million five hundred thousand in Missouri. I do not know how many square miles in each state, but there must be over one hundred and seventy-five or one hundred and eighty thousand in the three. Missouri has over sixty-four thousand, Illinois fifty-five thousand and Iowa about the same. This area is larger twice over than New England, twice over than New York and Pennsylvania, and what is far more important, the best country in the world. The garden of Eden was not a patching to it, unless this is the garden of Eden.

We have here the territory to build up a great moral and intellectual race of men and women. I do not know, as some philosophers persist in saying, that there can be any higher creation than man, but we do know that there can be nothing better for us to do than to become sensible men and women, to delve into the mysteries of nature and to solve them. We are ever penetrating the veil between the known and the unknown, and the leading element in all this work is the christian religion, without which the world would be a blank. We do owe something to LaSalle and to Marquette; we do owe something to the spirit of all that class of men, and to DeSoto, who discovered the Mississippi in 1542.

After that we had one hundred years of silence, because we were under crowned heads. Then La Salle touched the head of the Mississippi and from 1667 to 1673 went down the river; then one hundred years more of silence under crowned heads and St. Louis was started in 1764 or somewhere along there, and then Kaskaskia, Prairie du Roche and Peoria. Finally we got a quit-claim deed to all the country east of the Mississippi river, and although when we started out to make peace with old George in 1782, England didn't want to recognize any claims of the colonies outside their original boundaries. Finally we got George Third to sign the deed, but it was September, 1783, before he signed the definite treaty. Jefferson and Patrick Henry sent Col. Clarke in 1778, into Illinois, who drove the British troops out of that country, and then Jefferson sent Lewis and Clarke, in 1804, up the Missouri river, and Thomas Jefferson, statesman and patriot, bought a slice of territory here in 1803, amounting to seven hundred and fifty-six million acres, a splendid purchase, never to be equaled, certainly never to be excelled in fertility of soil and wealth of resources. The old settlers came along and helped Jefferson; they blazed the way, they built the log cabins and the bridges, opening the way for you to come in your ease and talk about it,

A wonderful race that was! I hope some genius will arise some day and take up the theme of the pioneers of America in a poem, which will live through all posterity, something grander than Homer's Iliad, which was founded on a love story and battle and was nothing more than an account of the struggle of western against eastern and ancient civilization. It was the western blood overwhelming the dying east.

It has always been the west which has been the object sought. I don't know what we shall do when the good lands are all gone, as indeed they now are. I don't know about the time when we shall have one hundred and fifty million people between the Atlantic and the Pacific. When the hive is full a swarm is driven out; we were driven out, but the west will finally turn back on the east, when you can go no further west. That time is here now. This western intellect and vigor all grew out of circumstances; we have not been confined as they are in England and Europe to-day; we have had a boundless field for the display of our strength, because there seemed no limit to our territory, but there will come a time when we must have room or there will be reaction and decay. I don't know what epidemics are veiled in the future and may come to thin the population of the world. We are steadily making discoveries in medicine and surgery and prolonging life, and if this people is to go on swarming and the land not growing an inch, how much of a scholar will it take to tell how long before we have trouble in this precinct?

Old settlers we have had a glorious age to live in. I would not swap the years that I have lived for any sixty that have preceded me, nor for any sixty to come. This has been one of the most interesting periods since the world undertook business on its own hook.

We often hear that the future is to surpass the present. That may be true and it may not be true. We know the present has surpassed the past. There have been dark ages on the globe. There was once an Ethiopian civilization; the immortality of the soul was preached long before the Greeks were thought of, one thousand years before the Greek and Roman civilization came. We are people; they were people. I do not know what the result of great populations without an outlet will be. But this I tell the farmer boys, that when they have eighty or one hundred and sixty or a thousand acres of land hold to it. The most foolish thing a

man can do now is to fool land away. How beautiful this country was when we came, as many of us did over fifty years ago. How beautiful these prairies were! The eye can never behold them wild, picturesque and teeming with game as they once were. There was no restraint upon liberty; men were almost all honest; the law of the neighborhood was the law of the land, and but little crime. A good deal of roughness, but a good deal of touching, neighborly ways. All were hospitable and all were happy. Great God, when will there be another such opportunity for the courageous poor in search of peaceful homes.

Response for Missouri,—by Lieut. Gov. ALBERT P. MOREHOUSE.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND CITIZENS OF ILLINOIS, MISSOURI AND IOWA:—I appreciate the honor conferred on me, in being permitted to say a word for my adopted state, and meet the early settlers, sons and daughters of the three fairest of the sisterhood of states and permit me on behalf of the Missourians present and of the millions at home to thank you for the generous and hearty welcome you have given us today and I promise, that should you change your constitution, so as to permit your tri-state reunion to be held on Missouri soil, the old-fashioned, early settler, Missouri hospitality shall be extended from the sons and daughters of the second of this trio of states, a portion of whose people have met here to-day for the purpose of celebrating the early settlement of these commonwealths, will be such that you will not brush the dust off your shoes when you return to your home. I hardly know whether I shall be considered an old settler here or not, though I see your constitution requires a residence of but twenty-five years to entitle one to all the benefits and immunities of your society. Out in northwest Missouri where I have lived and passed twenty nine mile-stones, where we cannot claim as old a native ancestry as you can here, I am recognized as such; and in my younger days having lived so close to the Iowa line and having twice been a citizen of your beautiful state, I have a warm heart for Iowa and her people, among whom I have many friends, and rejoice in your prosperity and advancement.

Illinois, Missouri, and Iowa, the fairest daughters of Uncle Sam and the Goddess of Liberty and the most fertile and prosperous portion of the heritage of man.

Let me say to the sons and daughters of the early pioneers who subdued these forests and prairies and made them as beautiful as a

bride upon her wedding day, that you owe it to them to erect a monument as wide and tall as the one that will commemorate the deeds and virtues of the illustrious Grant, and dedicate it to the early settlers whose strong arms and willing hand gave you this inheritance.

Nor should you forget Him, the giver of all good gifts, who called you into existence, after the toil, hardships and burdens incident to the settlement of every new country, had been endured and ended—called, too, in an age and country which for magnificence and splendor in all that makes a nation and people great, intelligent and prosperous, has never been equaled. When almost for the first time in the history of the world, religious liberty is tolerated and maintained and man can worship his creator according to the dictates of his own conscience.

Called, too, at a time and in a country where for the first time in six thousand years political economy has been so far advanced and man sufficiently enlightened and civilized that he could govern himself.

My young friends, you to-day enjoy the fruits of the lives of toil, privation and danger willingly endured by the old settler.

You to-day inherit the accumulated wealth of their life labors and bask in the sunlight of that civilization of which they were the forerunners. There were, however, two virtues, which in the days of Lang Syne made their dwelling place in every log cabin erected on the borders of our early civilization. I mean charity and hospitality, which in these modern days of luxury, opulence and self-aggrandizement, no longer have their dwelling place by the "sugle-check." Hospitality, my friends, was the crowning virtue of our noble ancestors when their axes were ringing in the "forests primeval," hewing out the highways and preparing for the refinements of the present age. There were no dudes in those days. Every man had a willing heart and a strong arm to assist his neighbor. How many men in what we call an old settled country would now respond to an invitation to raise a log cabin, attend a logging or help husk a ten acre field of corn? Such an enterprise could not be thought of now.

In those days every housewife's larder, though it contained nothing but corn bread, made from meal manufactured with willing hands

was cheerfully shared by all who pulled the latch-string, which always hung on the outside. Those, my young friends, were accomplishments that I am afraid we have forgotten. This, however, is the very nature of humanity, and for this we are not responsible.

Let me say, however, to you fathers and mothers in Israel, though your paths were beset with thorns and brambles, they led into beautiful highways, and the rough and rugged places have been smoothed and leveled so that your declining years may be more pleasant and happy. You have not lived in vain. There has been more accomplished in your time, than in all historic time before. The seven wonders of the world fade into insignificance, when compared with what you have lived to see.

The old wooden mouldboard with which you first turned the virgin soil lives only in the traditions of the past.

The sickle and scythe with which you first cut your grass and grain have given place to many speedier methods. The threshing floor in the open field is known no more,

The lightning plucked from heaven, tamed to do man's bidding, and the waters that trickled down the mountain sides, converted into steam, have almost obliterated time and place. Your shadows have been made to stand still and now adorn your parlor walls and beautify the pages of your albums.

You can now talk to friends in your natural voice, hundreds of miles away, when but a short time ago you would not have attempted to throw your voice more than a quarter of a mile.

All this and much more has been accomplished in the labor-saving and scientific discoveries in your time. Your most ardent comprehension never fully comprehended the progress which has marked the history of the world and the "great west" within the memory of those present.

I doubt not but that the ground on which is a part of the Louisiana purchase has been added to our common country within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, for even this was but eighty-two years ago. We, today, are standing in the very heart of this mighty empire of this trio of states. We can with the poet say:

The castled Rhine, whose vine-crowned waters flow
The fount of fable and the source of song;

The rushing Rhone, in whose cerulean depths,
 The loving sky seems wedded with the wave;
 The yellow Tiber, chok'd with Roman spoils;
 A dying miser, shrinking neath his gold
 The Seine, where fashion glosses the fairest forms,
 And Thames, that bears the riches of the world,
 Gather their waters in one ocean mass;
 Our mighty Mississippi rolling proudly on,
 Would sweep them from its path or swallow up
 Like Aaron's rod those streams of fame and song."

I must say a word for Missouri. "Poor old Missouri." "If thou sayest she is not peer to any daughter far or near" thou hast not seen her dressed in her royal robes, seated on her triumphal chariot and pushed by her nearly three million sons and daughters, determined to place her in a higher niche among her sister states.

Go with me through our beautiful state and behold her five thousand churches with their spires pointed towards heaven in recognition of the obligations of man to his creator. See our ten thousand school houses, our two hundred and forty high schools, academies and colleges, our five normal schools and our university, all of which we are justly proud. Look in on her busy workshops and see the implements of industry and the works of art and beauty wrought by her toiling sons and daughters. See her two hundred and fifty thousand farms teeming with all that makes the husbandman happy and contented and finally next week go to St. Louis, the pride of the Mississippi valley, where will be assembled her beauty and her chivalry, the representatives of all her industries in friendly competition with one another and the whole world besides, at the greatest exposition in America. See all this, and you will exclaim: Proud old Missouri! Thy sons and daughters shall rise up and call thee blessed, and thou shalt be the admiration, of all observers. No one who has seen all this, will ever again call thee "poor old Missouri." History has not preserved the name of the first adventurer or settler that contested with the Indians the right of public domain; nor is it known at what precise point or period he pitched his tent, but it is generally conceded that St. Genevieve and New Bourbon are the places, and tradition fixes the time at about one hundred and fifty years ago. The first settlement north of the Missouri river was one hundred and sixteen years ago at St. Charles, St. Louis having been settled five years previous. These settlers, however, were before four times, and

though their names are recorded in history as the forerunners of a great and mighty people and as such are entitled to our highest regard, yet it is the later settlers whose memories are fresh and those who are with us to-day, that we more particularly allude to as old settlers.

Missouri was the twenty-third state admitted into the Union, and when ten years old she ranked the twenty-first in population. In her infancy she seemed not to have prospered very well, but she was ambitious and attractive, and on her twentieth birthday she ranked the sixteenth. Still, not satisfied, she was determined to win the place where the God of nature and her own merits entitled her to stand, and at thirty she was the thirteenth, at forty the eighth and at sixty the fifth, passing the less favored sisters with kindly words of encouragement and sympathy. And let me say to her sister across the river, that she has never lost sight of you. For sixty-five years she has traveled by your side. You have been a little in the advance, but you have fair notice that on her seventieth birthday Missouri contemplates taking place as the fourth state in the Union. She does not desire that you shall take a back seat, but trusts you may take a step forward and keep up the reputation you have made for the past fifty years.

I have said Missouri is justly proud of her school systems. The constitution of 1820 declared that "a general diffusion of knowledge and intelligence is essential to the preservation of our liberties," and a similar provision has been incorporated into every constitution adopted by the people of the state since that time. It is true that in ante-bellum days our common schools were not all they should have been, but for the past twenty years we have kept abreast with the oldest and best states, and to-day we claim the largest permanent common school fund of any state in this great Union, which amounts, including our county and township funds, to over ten million dollars. Added to this one-fourth of our state tax proper, which is twenty cents on the hundred dollars, and an average of about forty cents on the hundred dollar district tax is set apart to the support and maintenance of our common schools, and out of the fifteen cents on the hundred dollars left to defray the ordinary expenses of the government, the last legislature appropriated over eight hundred thousand dollars for the support of our normal schools, university and other eleemosynary institutions, so that now nearly five million dollars are annually expended

on our educational institutions; thereby placing within the reach of every child in the state, without regard to race, color or previous condition, the means and opportunity of procuring an education to fill any avocation in life and rise to the highest office in the gift of the people. Right well then, Missourians, may we point with pride to a glorious state and a generous people.

And as we are making rapid progress and maintaining a liberal educational policy, so also are our labors being crowned in the accumulation of wealth.

During the year 1883 and 1884 our taxable wealth increased fifty-six million dollars, while our sister state on the north increased but twenty-eight million. For one of these years—I could not obtain the figures for the other year—Illinois increased in wealth but six million dollars. I do not make these comparisons boastingly, because we happened to prosper more in these two years than Illinois and Iowa, but only to show that the great state of Missouri is keeping pace with her neighbors, determined to occupy a proud and enviable position among even the foremost of sister states.

I am not prepared to state how fast we are increasing in population, for no census has been taken since 1880, but I doubt not that at the next enumeration we will show a greater ratio of increase in population than between 1870 and 1880. Occupying a central position in the very heart of the continent, with a climate as healthful as any of the old states, our fertile prairies capable of producing all the cereals in the greatest abundance, grown in this latitude, our valuable timber, our inexhaustible mines of metals and coal, and a generous, honest and Christian people are inviting the intelligence, enterprise and wealth of the world.

Why, gentlemen, my own county of Nodaway, by the census report of 1880, raised more corn than thirteen states and territories. Of course I would name those states and territories that raised the least corn. We raised more corn than any county in the United States, excepting six counties in Illinois, but we raised four bushels to the acre more than either of them, and while this report tells so much for Illinois and Missouri, it also shows that Fremont County, Iowa, raised more corn to the acre than any other county in the United States. So, my friends, there is some consolation to all of us in the last census report, and let us maintain our reputation in the future.

Let me say to our Illinois and Iowa friends that to you we are much indebted for the prosperity we enjoy and the advancement we are making. Your hearty, honest and intelligent sons and daughters have come amongst us and right nobly are assisting in the development of our natural resources.

We are one people with one common destiny, with a population one and one-half times greater than in the days of our ancestors in the thirteen original colonies who drove the British lion across the Atlantic ocean and with an area and soil capable of supporting a population greater than that of the British Isles, and finally, as a nation we are the pride and envy of the world. Our politics, our civilization and our liberal Christian religion are reflecting their influence over the whole world, which is becoming more enlightened by reason of these influences, and it may be that the Creator has changed his manner of dealing with mankind, and instead of deluging mankind with water or destroying them with fire for their sins, has give us this beautiful land and this new civilization, and set us up as a bright and shining light to enlighten, civilize and Christianize the world. Then let us with the poet say:

“Our father God, to Thee—

Author of our Liberty,

To Thee we sing.

Long may our land be bright

With freedom's holy light;

Protect us by Thy might—

Great God, our king!”

The chair appointed as a committee to select and report an Executive Committee for 1886, Messrs. C. F. Davis of Iowa, Hon. S. R. Chittenden of Illinois and Col. David Moore of Missouri.

Adjourned until 2 p. m.

AFTERNOON.

Music by Nauvoo Band.—A large crowd assembled at Opera house when Governor Stanard introduced Hon. Clark E. Carr of Galesburg, Ill., who said:—

“I am not on the programme as one of the speakers and simply came as a citizen of Illinois, interested like others, in the exercises of this great occasion. It is a great occasion when the venerable, the honored, the noble, assemble together,—when those whom we

call old are gathered as here today. Illinois needs no other speaker after the eloquent address of that best representative of the patriotism, the simplicity and the grandeur of our people, Governor Richard J. Oglesby.

As my mind has run back to the early times, I have thought of those who came, as we came, and of how we lived in our new homes.

Of the old log cabin, the one room occupied as parlor, bed-room dining-room, and kitchen, of the great big fire-place and the good housewife preparing the savory meal with her pots and kettles and coals and ashes, of the amusements on the winter evenings, and have thought that there could be no mansion or palace builded which would so perfectly express to me the idea of the *sweet home* as these old log cabins on the prairies.

I have thought of the people who came here from different states, as our family came from New York and became acquainted with each other, and that, perhaps there was more philosophy than we have supposed in the sentiment of Stephen A. Douglas, that "Vermont is a good state to be born in if one leaves early enough." Until we go away we are apt to think that our native township, county, and state represent all that is worth having of American citizenship. I felt it when I came to Illinois. I thought that a man could not be a first class man unless he came from New York or New England. I leave it to you who came from the southern states if you did not have something of the same sentiment in regard to us. When still a boy I started out to teach school, and got into a district composed of southern people. I remember that there was only one eastern man and he was such a *rara avis* that he was called all over that country *Yankee* Wingate. I soon found that while perhaps I had read more books than any grown man in the neighborhood, they knew more than I. They had received education of a high order by tradition. Information had been disseminated from man to man and from woman to woman and by *word of mouth*. Many of them appreciated and understood the character and institutions of our government better than any people I had ever known. They had some of them sat at the feet and learned from Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson and other American statesmen. I came to realize as I had never done before, that a man may be very well informed and act intelligently as a citizen, without having read many books, and that a man may read books and still not have much sense. I call to mind that grand race of men

who came to Illinois from Kentucky, of whom Lincoln and Browning, and Yates, and Oglesby, are among the best representatives. Without reflecting upon the older states, it must be conceded that this coming west, this *pioneerism* gives a man higher, broader, and more liberal ideas, and that he has a better appreciation of American citizenship.

We are building up a fine race of men and women upon these prairies, a combination of all the best races of the world. Macauley prides himself upon the English people made up of Normans and Saxons and Northmen. It has been claimed that the royal family of Europe have, by intermarriage, built themselves up and created families superior to all others in their realms. What a kingly race of men and women is being developed upon these prairies. Here the best blood of all the ages is intermingling. The best blood of New England, of the Middle States, of Virginia and the Carolinas, and not only this, but the best blood of all the people of Europe. Here is mingling the blood of the cavaliers and independents of England with that of the men who fought with the Great Frederick, with Napoleon, with Gustavus Adolphus, Celt, Saxon, Scandinavian, German, all combining to produce a new race of Americans, which will be superior to either of the parent races.

But I am admonished that I cannot occupy your time further, as there are so many persons whom we all wish to hear. I will close by relating an incident about an Iowa old settler, which probably has never been put in print, illustrating the courage and persistence of Iowa women.

While the battle of Shiloh was still raging, in company with Governor Yates, who had immediately chartered a steamboat, we were on our way down the Mississippi, to go up the Ohio and Tennessee to Pittsburgh landing, to bring home our Illinois, wounded. We landed at Cairo, only expecting to stay a few minutes, but when about to leave, the captain received orders from the General in command of the district, that our boats could not be allowed to go. The order was peremptory and we had to obey it. The river was so commanded by the federal guns that no vessel could move without permission. Had we attempted it, we might have been overtaken by a cannon ball. We went to headquarters to ascertain the cause of so remarkable an order, and to our surprise and consternation found that we were detained by an Iowa woman. She had an order from the secretary of war au-

thorizing her to seize any boat on the Ohio or Mississippi River, not in the service of the United States, and proceed up the Tennessee River to Pittsburgh Landing and bring home Iowa wounded soldiers. Our boat was not in the service of the United States, but of Illinois, and so she had gone to the Commanding General, showed him the order and stopped us, and we were detained there at the wharf until Governor Yates could telegraph to the Secretary of War, who replied modifying the order and excepting our boat from its conditions. The woman who was so earnestly and persistently laboring for the relief of your Iowa sufferers was Mrs. Senator Harlan. Though we could not, when upon such an errand, give up to her, we could not help admiring her. It is needless to add that such energy and determination could not fail, and that she obtained a boat and was at Pittsburgh Landing almost as soon as we.

Gen'l F. M. Drake being introduced by the President, responded to the toast,—“The Pioneer Railroad men,” as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It seems to me that those who make arrangements for speakers for old settlers' meetings almost always make serious mistakes. For instance you appoint the Hon. H. C. Dean to respond to the toast on pioneer preachers, and Henry Clay Dean was one of the first preachers of Iowa, and the sound of his eloquence has not yet died away although he has not preached for 25 or 30 years. You select me to speak of railroads because I have something to do with railroads. Now I could talk about the preachers but you know a man ought not to talk about himself.

Then again you bring the most eloquent orators of these three great states and ask a man who was never known to make a speech, to come before you and speak. Illinois sends that grand, 'old, rough and ready orator and warrior, Governor Oglesby, from whose lips this morning has been poured upon the old settlers in streams of eloquence, such golden words as could be inspired only on an occasion like this. The honored and distinguished sons of Missouri and Iowa have also responded nobly and well. And now this afternoon, the eloquent Col. Carr of Illinois leads the van with poor me to follow and I find myself sandwiched between him and one of the greatest living orators, Henry Clay Dean of Missouri, so I know you will not expect much from me.

However, I can say to you that I have lived in the States of Illinois and Iowa, for 54 years, more than half a century, and in Iowa for 48 years.

When I came here locomotion was on foot and with oxen and when a man could go on horseback he was a lord indeed. I remember the days of the log cabins; I remember the days when as we marched west we drove the wolf before us; and we all remember and are glad as Gov. Oglesby told us, that now the railroads go ahead of immigration and immigration follows the railroads. The first R. R. in the United States was projected by Gridley Bryant, a civil engineer, in 1825, and was built by him and Col. T. H. Perkins in 1826 for the purpose of transporting granite from the quarries of Quincy, Mass., to the nearest tide-water. It was four miles long including switches and sidings, was called the Quincy Railroad and was operated by horse-power. The second was built in 1827 from the coal mines of Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania to the Lehigh river and was 13 miles long, operated one way by gravity and the other was by mule power. In 1828 the great Baltimore & Ohio road commenced building. The first locomotive that ever transported passengers on this side of the Atlantic was on that road; it was built by the great philanthropist, Peter Cooper in 1830. It had an upright boiler about like a drum to a coal stove and the whole engine weighed about one ton; the cylinder, was $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter but with that engine Cooper hauled a train from Baltimore to Ellicott's mills, 13 miles, loaded with the friends and directors of the road at about the rate of 18 miles an hour. That road although its progress was snail like at first, finally crossed the Blue Ridge and Alleghany mountains and reached Wheeling and was never satisfied until it reached Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis. Then was built the Boston & Albany, the N. Y. Central, the Pa. Central, the Erie, the Toledo, Wabash & Western, the Illinois Central, the C. R. I. & P., the C. B. & Q., the C. & N. W., the C. M. & St. P., the Des Moines Valley, the M. I. & N. and hundreds of others, thus connecting the Mississippi and Missouri rivers with the Atlantic. The discovery of gold in California had much to do with the rapid progress of wealth and population in the territory beyond the Rocky Mountains and caused Congress in 1862 to authorize the building of a railroad from the Missouri river to the Pacific. Senator Breese of Illinois and Gen'l Curtis of Iowa were among the first men to urge this measure before Congress and the project first took definite shape in the bill of Senator Benton of Missouri; Gen. G. M. Dodge of Iowa was chief engineer of the Union Pacific so these three great states were the first movers to connect the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers with the Pacific. The road was commenced in 1865 and completed in 1869 when you could travel from New York

to San Francisco by rail, and thus matters have gone on until in the United States we have more than 125,000 miles of road, about 1-5 of which is embraced in the three states of Illinois, Iowa and Missouri.

You have asked me to respond to the toast of Railroad Pioneers. To refer in detail to the history and character of those grand men who have projected these great Railroad enterprises, would be a herculean task, and one which even if I were familiar with the history of them all, all the facts I could not allude to on this brief occasion, and hence it might seem invidious to refer to any of them. But in this direction Illinois, Missouri and Iowa have developed some of the greatest and most successful pioneers. I might refer to David W. Kilbourne, Gen. Hugh T. Reid, Colonel Perry and Wm. Leighton of Keokuk, who spent their best days in the service, noble men, who have gone on that train which never waits for passengers, to that bourne from which no traveler returns. These gentlemen I have known from childhood. They were noble, sagacious, enterprising, determined men. When the State of Iowa undertook to slack-water the Des Moines river and make it navigable and had failed, these men opened up the Missouri slope and the rich valley of the Des Moines by railroad to the gate of commerce, and over the Des Moines Valley road the trade of central and southern Iowa and northern Missouri first obtained its outlet, and citizens of Illinois were first enabled to penetrate this rich region with speed and safety and comfort. It might seem invidious in me to mention names, but I cannot fail to say that pioneers, whether they pioneered railroads or school houses, or whatever they may have pioneered, that the pioneers of this country of all classes have been noble men and women, and I can look over this audience and pick out men I have known for fifty years, and I want to say to you that I am glad to meet you. I am glad to look in the faces of these old settlers whom I hold in such high esteem. I am sorry some are not here; I was sorry not to see Judge Russell from whom I first learned my letters. But there are grand men and women here and I am glad to meet you.

Response of HENRY CLAY DEAN to the Toast "The Pioneer Preachers."

Ten minutes is too brief an allotment of time in which to discuss or even review the great events of twenty centuries. The pioneer preachers have always led the van of civilization, established its

outposts and organized those systems of educated and cultivated morality which form the bulwark of freedom everywhere. It is not necessary to the vindication of the character of the self-denying missionaries who have planted churches, colleges, benevolent societies and eleemosynary institutions and carved out the system of free governments of the world to argue the truth of miracles to the fulfillment of prophecies.

Here is a standing, growing miracle which overshadows all other evidences of the divinity of the mission of pioneer preachers. Twelve barefooted fishermen, without money or family, or influence, or any power among governments or rulers, who were called "the filth and offscouring of the earth," commenced their mission with no other conquering weapons than a universal law which might be written upon the margin of a silver dollar, "Whatsoever ye would have men do unto you do ye even so unto them."

With this simple motto the old Roman armies of Julius Cæsar, Augustus Cæsar and the long list of idolatrous usurpers were vanquished, the learning of Aristotle, the philosophy of Plato, and the secluded school of the exclusive scholars gave way to broad, deep and liberal systems of education which embrace the whole world, and in turn, the whole world reaches out its arms to embrace, cultivate and cherish the intellectual and spiritual repast provided it.

There never has been any system of just government without Christianity. Infidels point to Greece, with her governments, and call them intellectual republics; but Athens, the most refined of all the Greek States, gave freedom to only a few of her people. The great body of her people were servile slaves, the rest were trained soldiers. The great civilized Roman republic and empire were composed of warriors and slaves—conquerors and conquered—peoples, where conquered provinces were confiscated and the conquered people were sold as slaves or thrown to wild beasts in the amphitheatre.

When Rienzi, "the last of the Roman Tribunes," came forth from the tombs to revive the love of liberty and restore the purity of the courts and justice in the government, opposed by the barons and aristocrats, the rich and the tyrants, the bishops, the pope and the church ran to his relief to establish the rights of man.

The Christian navigator, Columbus, discovered America. No sooner had his ship landed on the shores of the New World than

the pioneer preachers in poverty and self-denial commenced the missionary work, establishing schools and teaching the word of life to the Indians.

On the continent of Europe civilization and liberty drew their inspiration from the teachings of Christianity. The priests preserved the manuscripts of the fathers and improved the literature of the age in caverns and recesses.

To the deep root which Christianity had taken in Europe are we indebted for the early struggles for liberty in the Old World, where the seed was planted and the growth was transplanted to the New World, where it is bearing its rich ripe fruit. The emigration to America was led by the pioneer preachers. The Puritans came to New England and brought with them their motto: "A church without a bishop and a government without a king." New York and New Jersey brought the honest, independent religious zeal of the Netherlands. Honest William Penn settled Pennsylvania with zealous religious Quakers and was himself a pioneer preacher and extended his missionary work wherever he went. He paid the Indians for their lands and eschewed cruelty and war.

The colony of Maryland was planted by the Catholics and for the first time in human governments the liberty of conscience was recorded as fundamental law. Virginia and North Carolina were settled and placed under the tuition and control of the Church of England, whose preachers were largely her schoolmasters. South Carolina was settled by the Huguenots, who in search of religious liberty, were driven all over continental Europe and finally by the billows of the Atlantic to her western shores and landed on the coast of Carolina. Like her sister colonies she brought with her her preachers and her teachers to prepare the people for the most perfect enjoyment of religious liberty. Georgia, like Virginia and North Carolina, was educated by the Church of England.

To these pioneer churches America is indebted for her free government. Her children were largely educated by the churches, her preachers were nearly all schoolmasters. Before the Revolution, and for nearly half a century afterwards, every higher institution of learning was under the control of the Christian churches. The New Testament was a school-book out of which Hancock and Adams, Franklin and Washington, Madison and Jefferson, Clay, Webster and Calhoun learned to read and from their familiarity with the teachings of this book came the laws which have made ours the best government among men.

Col. Ingersoll sneeringly and ignorantly, as well inquires, "During the Revolution, where were these preachers?"

The truth of history is that they were found in the ranks, and leading regiments, battalions and companies.

When the Declaration of Independence was signed, Rev. John Witherspoon, a Presbyterian divine, born in Scotland and pioneer president of Princeton College, followed by honest John Hart, a Baptist deacon, the Lees, who were Episcopalians, and Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, a Catholic, with the Lutherans, Quakers, Congregationalists and Unitarians joined as one man to be free. The Methodist church was then unknown as an organization and Alexander Campbell was unknown in the religious world.

Very largely the forms of Congregational church government were made the model of the civil governments of the new nation. In the commencement of the Revolutionary period Rev. George Whitfield joined the Edwards, of New England, and aroused a general revival of religion.

One of the most remarkable preachers of the Revolutionary period was Rev. H. M. Muehlenberg, D. D., who came from Germany to Pennsylvania and founded the first Lutheran church. Rev. G. Henry Ernest Muehlenberg, his son, after being educated at Halle, in Germany, was the pastor of the Lutheran church and an active patriot. His oldest brother, Peter Muehlenburg, was ordained an Episcopal minister. During the Revolutionary war he received a commission as an officer of the army and read the commission to his congregation and recruited them. He arose to the second in command next to LaFayette at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and afterwards arose to the highest political honors in his State and the nation.

His other son, Frederick Augustus Muehlenburg, also a Lutheran clergyman, was raised from Revolutionary service to be the Speaker of the first and third Congress. This honorable body of pioneer preachers have left a large and influential body of descendants who yet serve Pennsylvania.

The pioneer preachers of the west sowed the seed of civilization and Christianity together. The school-house was used as the church, and often it happened that the house of the pioneer preacher was used for both school and church. The names of Cartwright, Ben Abbott, James B. Finley and a multitude of great and good men carried the gospel and established free government among the

people. Ohio's first Governor, Edward Tiffin, was a Methodist preacher, Peter Cartwright was a candidate for Congress against Abraham Lincoln and Rev. James Harlan was a distinguished Methodist preacher. The Catholics were the pioneer Christians of the Mississippi valley who followed the Indians into their wild country to carry Christianity among them and civilize them. I know of one instance of heroism which I must here record. Father Smith went fifty miles to visit a poor parishioner who was dying with the small-pox, without fee, but purely for love and mercy, ministered to his wants, caught the disease and died with it, all for devotion to his duty. Such men are clothed with power which is communicated to the people and perpetuated among them and builds up society. The Methodist preachers were a body of self-denying, industrious, zealous men who have done a noble work for Iowa. Such noble, pure and cultivated men as Rev. Dr. Salter, of Burlington, Rev. Dr. Turner, of Denmark; Dr. Robbins, of Muscatine, with others planted and built up the Congregational church which with the other denominations have filled the land with schools of the highest grade. Other ministers of other churches took an early and vigorous hold and have, like giants, wrought in the Mississippi valley to make it what it is. Among the churches I make no distinction in my choice or award of merit. They are all alike, good. Here and there a fallen son, but when they fall they are no worse than all they find outside the churches. The pioneer preachers have done more than all the politicians to reform the people. It was the churches, not political parties, that abolished slavery. The pioneer preachers did the work. They are always pioneers in reformation of every kind and always will be. It would be pleasant to recall the memories of these noble, self-denying men now passed away. Just one whose memory I cherish, I will now recall; good old father Clark, with a mind broad and deep and clear as crystal, and fashioned after that of Bacon, and a heart which was a flowing fountain of generous impulses, came in the childhood of the existence of Iowa and died in the vigor of its manhood.

But these pioneer preachers have reproduced themselves. Father Clark has left intellectual children to represent him in another field. Sitting before me is his son, one of the highest type of literary men in the land. We must not forget that Abraham and David were both preachers; that the Senate was adorned with Edward Everett, a Unitarian minister, and with Harlan and Brownlow, pioneer

Methodist preachers; that the first colored man who entered the Senate was a Methodist preacher—Hiram R. Revels—while the House of Representatives has resounded with the eloquence of ministers of the gospel of every persuasion. The late President Garfield was a minister of the Christian church; his Vice-President, Arthur, was the son of a Baptist minister, and our present President, Cleveland, is the son of a Presbyterian divine.

With these great facts looking them in the face, some vain, foolish men contemplate the overthrow of all Christian institutions. But long after Voltaire, Volney, Paine, Bolingbroke and Ingersoll are dead, damned and forgotten, the Christian religion will still be the foundation of just government and refined human character, and the light of the glory of God, shining in the face of Jesus Christ, shall illumine the world.

No good, free government ever has or ever can prosper without a sound morality, based upon the doctrines of the Sermon on the Mount.

William B. Street, Esq., being introduced as one of the early settlers, familiar with the Indians, by reason of personal intercourse with them, responded as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I thank, my God, that I am this day permitted to be heard on behalf of a despised and down trodden race. You have heard the eulogy pronounced by my friend Dean on the Christian preachers. As I listened to him I could not but think of the aborigines of this country, the savages who have been so wronged beyond all my powers of expression; and I thank God that I have an opportunity to speak in their behalf. There is but a remnant of them left, and as Gov. Oglesby has said they will soon be swept from the face of the earth. But citizens of Iowa, Illinois & Missouri let me appeal to you this day to do something for this remnant of a noble race. They are willing to receive the Christian religion and have received it. I have lived among the Indians fifteen or twenty years and know something about them. I know that if a white man is your friend he gives you what he can spare; if an Indian is your friend, you are welcome to all he has. Indeed the Indian is far more honest and worthy than he is usually represented. I remember the old chief, Keokuk's eloquence; he would gather his blanket around him and the words seemed to flow from his mouth like water from a pitcher.

My Indian name was Meowe Shinaway, (the son of the Trail.)

Niennessema, Sankie Musquakie Wicheup, Masshaway Nepaway, Wisconsin Sepo, Schocho Sepo, Massasepo, Pickatoleka Sepo. Molla Sankie, Musquakie, Trawanasee Muscotach Sepo.

The home of my brothers, the Sacs and Foxes, was from the Great Lakes and Wisconsin river down Rock river and from the Mississippi to Missouri rivers. Many Sacs and Foxes were on the beautiful prairies and rivers.

Muck-e-tah-mish-e-kai-kaik, Kitcha Ogamah kien wichup, Schocho Sepo, kitcha mogorman scoti wicheup, nochatochesha kewisseenee, tomenoch, nishenaba molla bucatah, kisseewah malla, waubokieshick nien enemee napo, kitcha ogama wapeska puckachee nien meowe; napo shinaway kemena squaw, pappoose kitbhee coosalah Keokuk kitchie agemah sankie Missquakie-uch.

Black Hawk was our head chief, his village was at the mouth of Rock river. In 1831 the white soldiers burned his village and their horses, destroyed the corn and drove his people west of the Mississippi. That winter they almost starved. Next spring, (1832) the prophet (Waubokieshick) called him over to Rock river to plant corn. He went, and the White Beaver, (Gen'l Atkinson) followed his trail, killed the young men and took women and children prisoners. Black Hawk was no longer chief. our great FATHER at Washington made Keokuk HEAD CHIEF, There were four village or principal chiefs, but only Keokuk was HEAD CHIEF.

Keokuk nepo kien wickaup nien mullatto atchimo atchati kien.

Keokuk is buried in your city. I hope his spirit will whisper good words in your ears and make you do that justice and kindness to the remnant of his people which your fathers denied to the nations who owned these broad prairies and beautiful streams. When you were a very small people we were kind to you. Marquette La Salle, Joliett were received kindly; to Dubuque Antoine LeClaire and many others homes were given.

Interpretation or Indian pronunciation of a few words and the speaker ended with a war-whoop, answered by Van Ausdal and the two gave a war dance.

The following is inserted here as somewhat of the history of Iowa.

IOWA.

KEOKUK, Nov. 5th, 1885.

The following interview was had with William B. Street of Omaha, Nebraska, who was in attendance at the Second Annual Tri-State Old Settlers Meeting held in Keokuk, Iowa, Sept. 30th, 1885.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME.

The following, contributed by a Des Moines correspondent, is taken from a recent issue of the Chicago Post:

"Old Uncle Billy, now of Omaha, was here a few days ago. He was a trader with the Indians in this section long before the white people came. He lived with them for many years and was familiar with their language and customs. In conversation with him, he was asked what name the Indians gave to the river now called 'Des Moines,' to which he replied, "Keosauqua," which means dark, rolling. The Indians usually came northward along the river in the spring to fish and hunt, when the water was high. The washing from the prairies burned over in the previous fall, gave the water an inky, dark color. Hence the name. The spot where Des Moines stands was called Ketuck Keosauqua, which means big space, the broad plate on the river. The Indians entirely rejected the French name 'Des Moines' and would not use it. Iowa, said Mr. Street, is a corruption of the Indian word 'Kiowa,' which means the place where a crossing is made, going over, and was the name given a tribe who lived over the river. The river was called 'Kiowa.' The word always signified going over, or a place where a crossing was made, and it was this word which was used to signify the place where Black Hawk crossed the Mississippi or the crossing over, and the land beyond the crossing. The river and the State took their name from this tribe of Indians, who crossed over and lived beyond the river. The Indian does not indulge in any such æsthetic term as 'Beautiful Land. Mr. Street fully confirms the explanation of these terms given by your correspondent several years ago."

Response of Hon. S. T. Marshall to the toast: "The Pioneer Women."

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES AND CITIZENS AND VISITORS OF THE THREE STATES, ILLINOIS, MISSOURI AND IOWA.

This is propitious. We were entitled to a fair day, but the gods have sent us rain and thunder and lightning, and we must submit to the inevitable.

I am scared and know not what to say. This Indian war dance leaves me in doubt whether I am to prepare for war or peace. But seeing you all with smiling faces and expecting and looking for fun, I will try to be peacable and tell something I know. I have a good grip on many things which occurred in early times, 43 years ago, in Lee County, Iowa.

The governor of Illinois and governor of Missouri and governor of Iowa are quite gushing about the troubles and trials and long noted things which the first settlers endured when they came to this new land. I must differ with them in this. First settlers are to be envied; they were young, they were full of vim, they were full of grand hopes and prospects for the future. They worked hard and enjoyed *sound sleep*; they loved *one another* and their *hospitality* was *unbounded*. They had from ten to fourteen children each; this developed *that* great wealth of domestic affection which makes the *state a power* and the government a success. But who can but pity the present generation, *count the family* one and a half or two children in the household.

Old settler mothers practiced better than they preached. I want them to teach their sons and daughters how to rear great families and secure that wealth of affection which goes to make up true happiness; the rearing of many children widens the soul, increases the affections and tends greatly to make christian fathers and mothers and make much better children and statesmen and citizens.

Old settlers got but little for what they had to sell. They sold smoked hams at *one cent per pound* and corn meal at 5 cts. per bushel and flour at \$2.00 per barrel, but they lived rich and well. They traded all their produce for clothing and did without groceries. They parched rye for coffee and tapped trees to make sugar; in the timber and in the prairie they exchanged work for sugar.

Then the grand, good feelings, the joy of these old settlers on convivial meetings knew no bounds. The girls and boys grew up to man and womanhood with clear heads and sound bodies, ready for every duty of life, either in peace or war.

All I wish is that the present generation were as able, as innocent and healthy and as wise as were the old settlers of these rich acres.

God bless the founders of our States, and God bless the

founders of great families; rather would I be the founder of a great family than the founder of a State.

Gov. Standard then read the following telegram:

JEFFERSON CITY, MO., SEPT. 30TH.

MR. EDWARD JOHNSTONE,

President Tri-State Old Settlers' Association,

KEOKUK, IOWA.

It is a great regret to me that I cannot be with the old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa in their meeting in your city today,—official duties prevent me. There today will be gathered the sons and daughters, the grand-sons and grand-daughters of the men and women of the Revolution, the sovereigns of this land. Theirs is an ancestry of honor, virtue, truth and courage,—they scaled the mountains, felled the forests, crossed the rivers, subdued the savage and wild beasts, and in the dark forests and broad prairies made castles of their own humble cabins, and in the awe inspiring stillness of nature's solitude consecrated themselves and theirs to God and their country. I give to these old settlers my hearty good wishes, and to you and your associates, my thanks for the honor of the invitation.

JOHN S. MARMADUKE.

Response of Hon. P. G. Ballingall to the toast: "The State Militia."

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES & GENTLEMEN: The first duty of the militia is to obey orders. As your committee has limited the responses to ten minutes, I will obey orders and be brief. Some people seem to think that the militia are a lot of dress parade soldiers, made to wear fine clothes, brass buttons, shoulder straps, &c., but the facts show a different conclusion. The militia are always first in peace and, first in the hearts and affections of their mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives and children; bravest in war and will live longest in the hearts of their countrymen.

They are the first called upon in the hour of danger for the protection of life, property and the defense of law. They are generally good citizens whose ruling thoughts are for the good of their county, state or nation.

I have no hesitation in saying that the six regiments of the I. N. G. if their services should ever be required (which we hope will never occur) would make as courageous and heroic a record as their sires and grand sires have done in the past.

Our militia do not get the support or encouragement from the state or citizens they deserve. We should remember the old adage, "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." If we had more armories and drill rooms in our cities and towns where the school of the soldiers with its healthful, moral and patriotic lessons are taught, it would tend to draw our young men from the club-rooms which are often but cloaks for the worst species of gambling SHEOLS.

Response of Gen'l WM. W. BELKNAP to the toast: "The Volunteer Soldiers."

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN AND FELLOW SOLDIERS:—I know there are but few soldiers here, but there are some. Not very many, possibly, in comparison with the whole number of soldiers, who were in the army, were pioneers, although some of them were old settlers; but there was one of them who but a short time ago passed away from earth, who was a soldier in the Mexican war, who was a soldier in the war of the rebellion, and who at the age of 41 commanded the armies of the U. S. the largest army the world ever saw. We have heard many solemn things said about him lately and very properly said, but the noise of the Band this morning reminded me of a humorous incident. I believe it occurred in Boston at the time of the Centennial of Lexington and Concord, where he was called upon to review the Knights Templar. Now if there ever was anything that Grant shuddered at, at all, it was a brass band. He has often told me that the only airs he knew anything about were the army calls and these he liked with the exception of revellie which woke him up too early. At the time named we were riding together, and with each commandery was a brass band and as we passed along the line, each band played successively, "Hail to the Chief." After hearing three or four of the bands he said to me 'that seems to be a very monotonous tune.' I said, yes general, it is "Hail to the Chief." And it will gratify them very much if you will raise your hat as we pass them, as they are playing in your honor. He said, "Certainly" and did so. When the line was finally passed he said he was glad that was all over. But as we approached the hotel, I saw by the red coats upon the balcony that Gilmore's great band was waiting to receive him, and as we came up they commenced, "Hail to the Chief." Well, says he, there is some consolation for us, as they are playing another tune."

The memories of war are pleasant to all soldiers. We are carried back to the days when the flag was first fired on; back to

the time when the whole nation was aroused, when the citizens of the State became the soldiers of the nation; back to the evening parades; to the labor of military movements; to the skirmish line; to the crack of the rifle which told that the enemy was near; to the lines of battle quickly formed; to the sudden attack; to the ready repulse; to the advance; to the roll of musketry and the sound of shell; to the cries of the wounded and the pallid faces of the dead; to the noise and the dust, and the heat and the smoke and the sweat of battle, and to the gradual dying of the day, as the sun sinks slowly, as if loving to linger on the field, and the air is filled with our loud shouts of victory. We no more stand before the fire of Shiloh. We no more hear the guns of Vicksburg; no more go down into the valley of the shadow of death at Kennesaw; we no more stand in the tornado of fire at Atlanta, where McPherson rode to the front, saluted the enemy, wheeled his horse and died. Those are memories of the past. The bugle call at Riverside gave a fitting requiem to our great leader as he crossed the river to join his comrades on the other side. Guileless in language, tender in his affections, loyal to his country, dutiful to his God, in his friendships immovable as the everlasting hills, brave in the hour of battle, heroic in the time of death. "We shall not look upon his like again." The flag that was ours in victory and defeat, is now everywhere triumphant. The memories of the war will always be the soldiers best memories and cherished in his heart forever.

On motion of C. F. Davis, Esq., the following addresses were ordered printed as time did not permit their delivery:

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM HILLHOUSE, OF BURLINGTON.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, PIONEERS AND OLD SETTLERS:—Your kind invitation to attend the second annual reunion of old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa to be held at Keokuk, was received and I now respond to that invitation in person, and will make a few remarks, giving my experience, observation and reminiscences of my early settlement in Iowa. Forty-five years ago this present fall, was my first visit to your city. It was but a small-sized village then, strung along under the bluffs and climbing up the hillside, as though you were crowded for room. At last you have reached the top and spread all over this magnificent bluff, overlooking the Father of Waters as it glides swiftly by, and in sight of the grave where lie the bones of the once famous

old chieftain from whom this city has derived its name. He was chief of the Sac and Fox tribe, which once owned and controlled the land lying between the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers. It was he and the confederate tribe of Sac and Foxes that ceded to the United States by treaty, October 11, 1842, this garden spot of the world, the great State of Iowa. Yes, Mr. President, just forty-five years ago, I left my native State of Ohio, and came into Iowa territory, then called the Black Hawk purchase. I settled in the village of Burlington, which then contained a population of less than two thousand. Now she has almost twenty-five thousand inhabitants and feels herself of great importance to the State. The territory had a population at that time of only forty-three thousand and to-day the State contains nearly two millions. My first year of pioneer life was spent in and around Burlington. I well recollect the times were very hard in Iowa, then. The postage on a letter from Ohio was twenty-five cents, and the great trouble was to get the quarter before you could get the letter. In 1841 I went out to the Indian agency, now Agency City. The United States commissioners and Governor Chambers, of the territory, were then negotiating a treaty with the Sac and Fox Indians, for the balance of their lands, extending west of the Black Hawk purchase to the Missouri river. The United States commissioners first made a proposition to the Indians, as coming from their great chief at Washington, for the purchase of their lands. Then Governor Chambers addressed the chiefs and braves of the confederated tribes of Sac and Fox Indians, endorsing the proposition made by the commissioners, saying: "My friends, you have listened to what your friends here have said from the chief at Washington. I approve of everything you have heard from him. I am sent here to remain as your superintendent. It is my duty to watch over you and see that no injustice is done to you by anyone, either by our traders or by the government. The propositions made by the commissioners who speak for the great chief in Washington are to give you other lands further north, and one million of dollars, and money enough to pay your debts and build out of that million of dollars comfortable houses, mills, blacksmith shops, school-houses, etc. Now, in deciding upon the acceptance of our proposals, we wish you to use your own judgment."

Keokuk, the chief whose bones now lay at rest on your beautiful bluff, arose in his majesty and addressed the Governor and commissioners as follows: "All of our chiefs and braves have heard what

you have said, and understand your desires. We are glad you have told us to reflect on it and not decide immediately. Our chiefs, and then our braves, will have to counsel together before we can give you an answer. We have to take more time among us in matters of this kind, than the whites. When the sun is half gone to-morrow we will give you an answer." The counsel then adjourned. The Indians met at noon next day, but stated they had not come to any conclusion, and requested additional explanations, which were made. They then separated, promising to give a final answer the next day. According to agreement the council met. The head chiefs and braves made their appearance in fine style, all dressed up in the wildest of fashions with painted faces, necklaces of bear claws around their neck, eagle feathers waving through the scalping lock, bells tinkling on the buckskin leggings, moccasins worked with beads and porcupine quills, and wampum in profusion. They were an interesting sight to look upon as they came marching along in single file to the council room, with the two head chiefs, Keokuk and Mish-e-qua-mah-quet, in the lead. After taking their seats in the circle Keokuk arose and addressed the council as follows: "Day before yesterday we did not understand the terms on which you wish to buy our land. We have since then had a council, and have come to one mind. We have never heard so hard a proposal as you have made us. The country where you wish to send us, we are well acquainted with. It looks like distress. It is the poorest in every respect I have ever seen. We hope you will not think hard of our refusal to sell." He objected to each and every proposition as to the sale of their land and famous hunting ground.

Mish-e-qua-mah-quet, the Fox chief, spoke in the same manner, calling on the Great Spirit, earth and trees, to bear favorable witness to their answer and did not want to hear any new proposals. Quite a number of the old braves made speeches in about the same manner, viz: Pow-e-sheke, Wap-pel-lo, Ap-pa-noose, Kish-ke-kosh, and others. The most interesting and able argument made in the council why they should not sell, was made by Wap-pel-lo, and as I have it in full I will repeat it. He spoke as follows:

"You said you were sent by our Great Father to treat with us and buy our land. We have had a council, and are of one opinion. You have learned that opinion from our chiefs and braves who have spoken. You told us to be candid, and we are. It is impossible for us to subsist where you wish us to go. We own this country by occupancy and inheritance. It is the only good country, and the

only one suitable for us to live on this side of the Mississippi river, and you must not think hard of us because we do not wish to sell it. We were once powerful, but are now a small nation. When the white people first crossed the big water and landed on this island they were small as we now are. I remember when Wisconsin was ours; and it now bears our name. We sold it to you. Dubuque was once ours,—we sold that to you. And to-day they are occupied by white men, who live happily. Rock river was the only place where we lived happily, and we sold that to you. This is all the country we have left, and we are so few now we cannot conquer other countries. You now see me and all my people; have pity on us; we are fast melting away. If the other Indians have been treated as we have been, there would have been none left. This land is all we have,—it is our only fortune. When it is gone we shall have nothing left. The Great Spirit has been unkind to us in not giving us the knowledge of white men, for we would then be on an equal footing. But we hope He will take pity on us.”

This treaty proving a failure, the council adjourned. The Indians disbanded and left for their villages, so as to prepare for the winter trapping expedition. In October, 1842, the agent notified the chiefs of the Sac and Fox tribe to meet at the agency and receive their payment that was due them. The Indians seemed in much better humor than they did the fall before. After the payment was over, Governor Chambers convened the council of chiefs and braves, and closed a treaty with them for the remaining portion of lands lying west of the Black Hawk purchase. The treaty provided that the Indians should retain possession of all the lands ceded until May 1st, 1843. At that time Keokuk's village was near where Ottumwa is situated. In the spring of 1843, the Indians, according to the treaty made the fall before, gave up possession of part of the purchase made and began preparations to move, bag and baggage, to their new home near the Raccoon forks of the Des Moines river. The Indian trading houses with which I was employed, were located on the east bank of the Des Moines river, where the State capitol now stands.

In the fall of 1844, I became tired of the uncivilized life I was living in the Indian country and returned to Burlington, where I have lived to the present time. All the wonderful changes from the wild Indian and his wigwam to the great and busy marts of trade and wealth, have been wrought by the magic touch of Saxon civili-

zation within our easy recollection. What changes will the next forty-five years produce?

Response of Dr. GEORGE W. FOOTE, of Galesburg, Ills., to the toast: "The Pioneer Doctors."

The Pioneer Doctor; his like we shall never see again. In his time he was an *important* personage, perhaps the most important of the settlement. Now his prototype would be a fault, a ridicule. He was hardy, faithful, big-hearted, even if a trifle boastful and pompous. When joy and gladness reigned he was a welcome guest. When his arduous duties swept down upon the humble yeoman, there was the doctor, the center of all thought, the counselor and comforter, as well as the minister to the physical suffering. His wisdom and learning were doubtless based upon many false promises, but his faith therein was unassuming and strong; his methods were certainly heroic, but pursued with the best of honest purpose. His boluses were nauseous yet often, doubtless, blest with healing, saving virtues. His lancet constantly dipped with the precious life-blood of his patients yet with merciful not murderous intent.

His library was perhaps meager, but its contents familiar. He was, indeed, most often the embodiment of rude but noble manhood.

He was a doctor because he loved the study of the wonders of nature and of life, and desired to alleviate human ills quite as much because he sought thereby to win his daily bread. Riding on horseback with saddle-bags behind, it might be twenty, thirty miles day after day, or into the dark hours of lonely night through mud and storm, as well as in pleasant paths and bright sunshine; his was not a sluggard's or a shirker's life; it was one of toil and hardship, no less trying than that of the most hardy laborer to whom he ministered and whose wordly store he shared in return for services rendered in the most moderate portion.

With all his faults, with all his short measure of what is now medical science, he must ever be honored and revered for the good he did and the noble end he ever sought to accomplish.

We cannot well, with all our respect, desire to bring back to actual present life the Pioneer Doctor, but we may well consider wherein he might profitably be imitated by his more cultured successor.

The long rides of thirty miles on horseback, are now but five or six in elegant coupe over roads of brick and macadam, then unknown and undreamed of.

The nauseous dose is the sugar-coated and skilfully diagnosed remedy. The dripping lancet has long since been cast aside; pains devoted to investigation in the field of nature's wonderful processes have given better light to guide the intellects of men and libraries of many volumes concentrate the teeming truth thus gained within the scope of individualized ability.

All these things tell of progress, of better, brighter things in medical pursuits, both for the welfare of patient and of physician. Let us beware lest seductive influences debase the noble purposes of the Pioneer Doctor.

Hon. EDWIN MANNING gave the following reminiscences of early life in Iowa:

In the autumn of 1836 I left New York for the great west via railroad and canal to Pittsburg, thence by Ohio river navigation to St. Louis. The city of St. Louis at that time had a population of about 9,000. I was highly pleased with the general aspect of the city. My means being limited and my associates being land operators, we spent a week only in the city. Here we procured horses and explored the Missouri Valley as far up as Lexington, being delighted with the country. We soon put all our spare funds into lands. When this was done we turned our course for the "Black Hawk" purchase, arriving at St. Francisville in December. Here we found a log cabin hotel full of sojourners and speculators in "Half Breed Claims."

The famous "Black Hawk" purchase was attracting great attention and we found satisfactory evidences that the climate and country were as good as its advocates claimed for it. Capt. Fairman and myself made a horseback ride across the "Half Breed Tract" to Ft. Madison, on our way calling on the old war chief, "Black Hawk," who received us kindly and introduced us to his wife and daughter. When he discovered our call was out of mere curiosity he treated us to a hasty good-bye and we soon reached Ft. Madison. Here we found a sprinkle of small houses and Gen. Knapp was building a large hotel. From a short interview with the General we soon learned a high boom had struck his town, as he readily pointed out several \$1,000 and \$2,000 lots to us. As our pockets

were nearly empty we did not stay to buy any of his valuable lots, returning to our hospitable log cabin and reported our discoveries and delights. By this time the market value of "Half Breed Claims" was growing stronger. Some late news from St. Louis favorable to this valuable reservation made the market lively, and here and there, I made my first *investment* in Iowa, in a "Half Breed Claim." This done, Capt. Hall and myself improvised a jumper sleigh ride up the Des Moines river. We soon reached the "Grand Rapids," forty miles away. Here the vast water power seemed to challenge comparison and its admiration by Capt. Hall and his associates, caused them to locate "Keosauqua" at this point. This done I returned to my Pennsylvania home and did not return to Iowa till the first land sale in 1838. By this time I was satisfied to take my chances in Iowa for a home. I ordered a \$5,000 invoice of goods from New York city and they were lost in the Gulf in transit, but being well insured I was not the loser, the stock was duplicated and came forward and was considered the largest assortment brought to Iowa at that time.

I presume I am the earliest pork packer and shipper in the State. I supplied the post at "Raccoon Forks" with commissaries and transferred them from St. Louis by steamboat in 1840. I built and run the first flat boat of pork out of the Des Moines river. In all my flat boating I can remember of sinking but three laden with pork and grain and one of them was sunk twice, first at Bentonsport and next at Croton dam, but all was saved and proved satisfactory investments, notwithstanding the extra expense caused by shipwreck.

In the spring of 1851 the valley was suffering greatly, owing to the mill obstructions in the river. The great demand for navigation caused me to visit St. Louis and charter the steamer "Jenny Lind and barge," and load them with merchandise supplies for the Des Moines river.

I gave timely notice to the mill owners to have their locks and gates in working order, as the public good of the valley required it, but when we arrived at Farmington we found the locks and gates so dilapidated they would not open. Here the great question of legal right to open was sprung and I responded by commanding Capt. Allen to pull out the gates and go ahead. My order was obeyed and success crowned our efforts. This timely movement proved a blessing to the entire valley, as the navigation of the river from that

time was never obstructed until the iron horse was made to supercede both river and slack-water navigation. In the language of Governor Grimes, this timely and modest movement in behalf of the public good he regarded as one of the great events the people of the valley should ever be proud of.

SLACK-WATER NAVIGATION.

In the next decade was a fruitless effort to slack-water the handsome Des Moines river. In this popular enterprise our worthy General Dodge represented the State in Congress, and through his able and popular influence the State obtained a munificent grant of land to slack-water and improve the river.

It has transpired and is now self-evident that General Dodge and the public at large were equally mistaken in soliciting the grant for the object for which it was obtained. But, nevertheless, its history must not be denied a place in the early annals of the State.

With this munificent donation to the State the Des Moines valley was assured beyond all peradventure to be the best and grandest portion of all Iowa, hence the soubriquet, "Des Moines Republic," was accorded this beautiful valley, Keosauqua being more centrally situated on this proposed great highway of commerce; and manufactures were naturally attracting considerable attention during the progress of the improvement.

The most prominent officials of the improvement for the State were H. W. Sample, J. H. Bonney and Judge McKay, each in their turn supervising the work as it progressed. The progress of the work became so slow and unsatisfactory that Judge McKay resigned his commission and left the State.

Governor Grimes appointed Edwin Manning to fill the vacancy. At this time the Improvement Company claimed of the State \$115,000, for which they were entitled payment in lands. As soon as Manning's commission was announced President Johnson was on hand to receive his quota of lands, alleging it was merely a clerical act I was desired to do, as the company needed funds. The hitherto usual way was to sign certificates entitling the holder to payment in lands at \$1.25 per acre.

This easy and convenient method had been adopted until nearly a million of acres had been expended and very little improvement was accomplished. Accordingly Commissioner Manning thought it best to examine books and accounts and see whether the company had earned the lands they claimed.

At once the President and Commissioner Manning proceeded to the examination of the entire work, books and accounts, pertaining to the slack-water improvement.

The finale and result of this examination was, the Navigation Company consented to a rebate of their account against the improvement of the snug sum of \$75,000, and a further stipulation was also agreed upon between the President of the company and Commissioner Manning that the remaining \$40,000 was not due and payable until slack-water navigation was completed to Keosauqua.

This was the first settlement ever made with the slack-water company.

Subsequently the affairs of this improvement with this company were adjusted by an act of the Legislature and the remaining lands of the grant were appropriated to aid the Valley Railroad, and thus ended the slack-water enterprise, that had hitherto been successful in other States, and our people had fondly hoped for the magnificent growth that had been pictured and painted by that eminent, heroic statesman and politician, President Clark, of New York, who represented the slack-water company from its commencement. Under the administration of this famous General Clark, the Valley was made redolent with all the popular enterprises of the day and it had a feasible appearance for a time and gained the favor of the people. But its slow and expensive progress soon settled the question that it was from the start a misconception and a mistake as the progress and improvements of the age had already superseded the old and slow slack-water navigation. Had this munificent grant been obtained for a State or National railroad, from Keokuk up the Des Moines valley, with branches running west at prominent points, it is easy to see now how different would have been the result.

The city of Keokuk to-day, doubtless, would have been what Kansas City *now is* in population and business surroundings.

OPENING NAVIGATION IN 1851.

It was the great event of the times, as it proved a grand bonanza to the valley. It was doubtless the more appreciated from the fact that several years had elapsed during which transportation and commerce of the valley had been limited to prairie schooners and flat-boats. This method, though slow and sure, was the best the valley afforded while river obstructions existed.

When the "Jennie Lind" reached Des Moines, from St. Louis, with a full cargo of supplies, it opened both the hearts and purses

of the merchants of the city. A reception was tendered Captain Allen and myself for our succesful voyage and all the hospitalities of the city bestowed. A company was soon formed, a boat purchased and put in the St. Louis trade.

These sketches are intentionally as short as the subjects will admit of. I deem it proper and right to give as good a showing on personal qualities of those named as the subject will bear. In my intercourse and criticism of accounts with the Des Moines Navigation Company I do most generously accord to General Clark and President Johnson all the courtesies known to gentleman—and here state our negotiations and intercourse, while perfecting the famous settlement before spoken of, the most cordial good feeling existed between us.

Governor Grimes, Representative Coolbaugh and Judge Nourse took particular interest with me in protecting the State in all its equitable rights.

These retrospective glances show us how imperfect and uneducated the youthful mind is and as age and human progress obtain—the lights are opened upon us to “see ourselves as others see us.”

“THE PIONEER PRESS.”

RESPONSE OF THOS. GREGG, ESQ.

The subject to which I am assigned is one of too great magnitude to be properly handled in the ten minutes allowed me. Yet I will endeavor to confine myself within the allotted time—leaving much unsaid that I might wish to say. I began my career in a printing office 56 years ago as devil and as editor two years later. The early printers—Faust and his successors, must have been a bad set. They all had devils to work for them; and each office was known to have a hell—sheol we will now call them, thanks to the latest revisers, for the other always seemed a hard word. The creaking wooden press was then in use in the west, and to put the ink on the types two big balls were used—nigger heads they were called, with the wool inside. Steam presses had not then come into use west of Ohio even if yet invented, and such widely read journals as the *Cincinnati Gazette* and the *St. Louis Republican* were content to use presses that could throw off only a few hundred sheets an hour. On the day I first landed on the bank of the

Mississippi river at Warsaw, April, 1836, Illinois had, I think not more than a dozen or fifteen newspapers within her limits; indeed, twenty-one years later, in 1857, they were counted at thirty seven. Missouri had, perhaps, over half as many; and what is now the great state of Iowa with its probable one thousand newspapers, sailing out from every ambitious village, from the Missouri line to Dakota; and Minnesota had—can you guess how many? just one, away up in its northeast corner at Dubuque. How many there are now teeming from the presses of these three states I dare not guess. Steam power has superseded muscle in propelling them all over the land; the ink ball has given place to the roller; and the mail and the telegraph and the telephone are supplying their columns with subject matter at a rate that even Franklin never dreamed of. Permit me here to digress, to say that in my view there are too many newspapers at the present day; too many surely for the good of the publishers and too many for the best interests of the public. Could the energy and talent and capital now used in giving a sickly existence to three or five be concentrated on one, that one would best supply the wants of the people and save from impending collapse the pockets of many publishers. Draw a line of circumference a hundred miles distant from Keokuk as a center, and I can but remember three newspapers within the circle in 1836. One of these was the *Bounty Land Register* at Quincy, by Richard M. Young, judge and afterwards U. S. senator. The two others were at Jacksonville, the *Spectator* by Samuel S. Brooks, and the *Patriot* by James G. Edwards. A few papers were taken from the east and read fifteen days to a month after date. Notably among these were Mordecai Moses Noah's and James Watson Webb's papers in New York City, Niles *Register* at Baltimore, the *National Intelligencer* at Washington, and the Richmond *Enquirer*. In addition to these a few western papers were read; the Cincinnati *Gazette* by that able journalist and critic, Charles Hammond, succeeded by Judge John C. Wright; the Louisville *Journal* by the poet and wit, George D. Prentice; the Missouri *Republican* by the venerable Nathaniel Paschal; and the *Samgamo Journal* at Springfield. That irrepressible Baptist minister, traveller, writer, and western historian and geographer, Rev. John M. Peck, also published the *Western Watchman*, down at Rock Spring, Illinois, which was read extensively along the Mississippi valley. Mentioning the *Samgamon Journal* reminds me of an anecdote which it will do to tell here as illustrating newspaper methods as well as ways of newspaper readers. A certain citizen

of Hancock county was long a subscriber to that good old Whig journal. He was known at Springfield to be good, yet he was careless and slow. He had the paper right along for ten years without paying, when he received a dun for \$30 (the terms being \$2 a year in advance or \$3 if not in advance.) He paid it, and told the joke himself laughingly adding: "But I had to sell a cow to do it." That man was a good citizen, honest and for many years a justice of the peace. After, the *Carthaginian* at Carthage and the *Western Adventurer* at Montrose, then Fort Des Moines, Wisconsin territory, which were the first in the counties of Hancock, and Lee, and with both of which I was a *factotum*, Newspapers rapidly sprung up in these three states. Secretary J. G. Clark, about that time had commenced the Wisconsin *Territorial Gazette* up at Belmont, east of the river. When Iowa was set off he removed it to Burlington and renamed it the *Iowa Territorial Gazette*, and it is still continued now simply as the Burlington *Gazette*. This was followed by the *Patriot* at Fort Madison, succeeded by the *Hawkeye* by Mr. Edwards, and its removal to Burlington.

Thus the *Adventurer*, the *Gazette* and the Dubuque *Visitor*, were the only ones in 1837, north of Palmyra and west to the Pacific ocean. Mt. Pleasant, Des Moines, Omaha, Ottumwa, St. Joe, Kansas City, Topeka, Lincoln, and a host of other cities, large and small, and now teeming with numerous mammoth dailies were simply nowhere. That great auriferous stream now steadily pouring its riches over the Nevadas and the Rockies and out the Golden gate, had not yet begun to inundate the world—San Francisco being an almost unknown Mexican port. One thousand, yes, two thousand newspapers now lie scattered all over these three states and the numerous states and territories beyond the vast wilderness and the great American desert of the maps of forty years ago. Such has been newspaper progress since your young state of Iowa became a territory. But I must hasten to close. Since the *Carthaginian* ceased to exist, the county of Hancock alone has supported more than fifty newspapers! Who can tell me how many have been ushered into existence in this county of Lee or that of Clark? Of course the most of them have gone the way of all newspapers.

Their names even many of them cannot be recalled; whilst their ambitious publishers are scattered the country over seeking new fields to conquer.

But who can count—ah, there's the rub!—who can count the

fortunes that have been made in all these enterprises? Count! It requires no counting. Figures are dumb before the problem.

My friends, drop a tear with me here! Look into the away-down depths of the unfathomable, if you can, and try to realize the budding hopes blasted—the magnificent air castles cycloned—the towering talents wasted—the many fortunes (inherited, begged, borrowed or stolen) dissipated as the morning dew—the debts incurred and never paid—the mortgages foreclosed, the sheriffs' writs executed, the groans uttered, the broken sighs that have gone forth on the breeze, the bad thoughts engendered and the bad words said; all the results of these ventures and failures. The subject is a solemn one. Send us your sympathy and if you should chance to meet one of these unfortunates, hand him a dime. It may serve to fill an aching void. O, it is a fearful thing to start a newspaper! If you don't believe me, try it, and may the Lord be merciful!

ADDRESS OF SAMUEL GORDON OF HAMILTON, ILL.

MR. PRESIDENT: It will soon be fifty-four years since we emigrated from New Hampshire and settled in Hancock County, Illinois. At that time, our county contained less than 500 inhabitants, four-fifths of whom resided within one mile of the Mississippi River. At that time the territory that composes the great states of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and all of Dakota, east of the Missouri River belonged to the territory of Michigan and contained less than 31,000 people, three-fourths of whom were located in the present limits of the state of Michigan. The same area of territory to-day contains more than 7,000,000 of inhabitants. At that time there were west of the Mississippi River, but two states and one organized territory containing less than 400,000 inhabitants. To-day there are twelve states and eight territories with a population of over fifteen millions. At the time of our emigration to Illinois, we passed by the only Railroad, 16 miles in length that was in operation in the United States. To-day there are in successful operation over 120,000 miles, twenty per cent. of which is located within the three states represented at this meeting. In December, 1831, my father, purchased a barrel of flour of Isaac R. Campbell at what is now Keokuk, Iowa, which was branded, Cincinnati, Ohio, which at that time was the nearest place to us, that first class flour was made. In the spring and summer of 1838, I resided with my uncle, Timothy Fox at Denmark, Lee Co., Iowa.

On the 4th day of July of that year, Wisconsin Territory was divided and Iowa Territory created. While at Denmark I attended school a portion of the time; school houses were not plenty then as now. To meet the emergency we yoked up the oxen and made a trip to the classic shades of Skunk River timber, about three miles distant and cut the necessary forks, poles and bushes, with which a fine, well ventilated schoolroom was made in the corner of the yard. The writing desks and seats were made of slabs obtained from the saw mill in Augusta. This school house answered the purpose very well except when it rained. Then we took a vacation until the storm was over. Our course of study was Webster's Speller, Adam's Arithmetic, Smith's Grammar, Woodbridge's Geography and penmanship. The teacher was Miss Caroline Smith, afterwards, Mrs. James Reynolds who was a graduate of Philips, Exeter, N. H. Academy. She was a citizen of Keokuk, from 1856 to 1864. Such was the starting point of the grand common school system of Iowa, to-day, a system that she may well be proud of. On the 4th of July, 1838, we helped to celebrate the 62nd anniversary of our National Independence. The Hon. Edward Hill was the orator for the occasion. Among the guests was James W. Grimes of Burlington, afterwards one of Iowa's most distinguished governors and United States senator. Among the families of the early settlers of Denmark, we recall the following: Timothy Fox, Louis Epps, Curtis Shedd, Charles Whitmarsh, John O. Smith, Samuel Houston, Edward and John Hill, William Cooper, Rev. A. Turner, Isaac Fields and over the creek in Washington township, were Charles Field, the Bullards, Lawyers and others. At the time of our settlement in Hancock County in October, 1831, the county seat was located at Montebello, near the foot of the rapids. The courts were held in a hewed log house owned by Luther Whitney. In the corner of the court room was railed off a suitable space in which were displayed sundry glass decanters filled with what was in that day termed "the joy of life" for the express use of the court, bar, and such others as could afford to indulge. The following were the officers of the court; Circuit Judge Hon. Richard M. Young, afterwards United States Senator; Wesley Williams, clerk; Edson Whitney, sheriff, and Thomas Ford, county attorney, who was afterwards Governor of the State. Among the distinguished members of the bar were O. H. Browning, Archibald Williams, William A. Richardson, Cyrus Walker and C. A. Warren. On one occasion, in the spring of 1832, the court-room was used as a fort to protect the inhabitants from an ex-

pected Indian massacre. The spring of 1831 was very late, the settlers had no seed corn except the Tennessee gourd seed twenty-four-rowed, which required a long season to mature in. When we landed at Montebello, October 20th, the corn was in roasting ears. A few days afterwards a heavy frost spoiled the whole crop for bread. When winter set in there was not one bushel of sound corn in the county. The spring of 1832 we had to send to St. Louis for seed corn and pay at the rate of \$4 a bushel. The crop for 1832 was good, corn yielding from fifty to seventy-five bushels per acre and well matured. In 1835 our postoffice became vacant by reason of the death of Major Bedell, the late postmaster. At that time the idea of civil service reform had not got into practical use. Amos Kendall wielded the appointing power at Washington. The decree had gone forth that all Government officers must be Jackson or Administration men, and unless complied with the office would be discontinued. As there were but four postoffices in the county at that time none could be well spared. At the preceding Presidential election in 1832, thirty-three votes were cast. Henry Clay had thirty and Andrew Jackson had three. The lapse of time did not add to the strength of the Administration in this locality. One of the three, Enoch Hankins, had killed a man in the court-room and was committed to the log jail at Quincy to await trial. Another of the three had gone west to find more room. The only Administration left was our friend, the county surveyor, who was well qualified to fill the office, but the wife could not read or write and consequently could not attend to the duties of the office in her husband's absence, which often happened to be from two or three weeks at a time in attending to the calls from home as county surveyor. A meeting of the citizens was called and the matter was arranged that the county surveyor as the only Administration man should receive the appointment and thereby keep the office from being discontinued. It was further arranged that E. D. Brown, a zealous Whig, should be the Deputy and the postmaster agreed that he would not tell how matters stood. Thus postal matters stood until the death of the postmaster, December, 1836, when the late E. D. Brown was appointed postmaster and held the office until 1840. Our mail facilities were a horseback mail once a week from Quincy to the head of the Rapids at Nauvoo. John Cochran, Sr., was the mail contractor. The offices supplied were Ursa Green Plains, Montebello and after 1834, Warsaw was added. Letters were four weeks in coming from New York or New England and cost twenty-five cents each for postage.

To-day there are but five persons in Montebello township that were residents there in 1832. First, Mrs. James Gray, in the eighty-ninth year of her age, a native of Boston, Mass., and a resident of Illinois since 1819. Second, her daughter, Mrs. A. L. Miller, a native of Randolph county. Third, Mrs. Jane Steele, in her eightieth year, a native of Maine and a resident of Illinois since 1818. Fourth, C. L. Cochran, a native of the State, born February, 20th, 1823. Fifth, your speaker, a native of Peterboro, N. H., and a resident of Illinois since 1831. Prior to 1840 the habitations of the pioneers were almost wholly of logs, generally one room, all the way from twelve to twenty feet square, usually but one story in height, with a huge chimney in one end, of stone foundation and cat and clay top. The cats were usually split out of oak about one inch square, laid up cob-house fashion and plastered inside and out with clay mortar. The first cooking stove introduced into the county was ordered by my father from Boston, Mass. The order was sent in July, 1832. The stove arrived in the spring of 1833, only nine months on the road via New Orleans. The freight bill was \$8.80 in excess of the cost of the stove in Boston. The first Sabbath-school was organized in the county in 1832 and the first temperance society was organized in 1833. I belonged to both organizations and to-day I believe I am the only surviving member in the county. One more incident and I will close: About the tenth day of January, 1835, the snow had been falling all day and was about eighteen inches in depth. About half an hour by sun in the evening a four-horse team with an old-fashioned Pennsylvania wagon snugly covered in, drove up to the gate and requested lodgings for the night, which was readily granted, supposing that there were but one or two persons aboard. When the end curtain was raised a family of eight persons came in view, swelling our household from four to twelve persons, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye. The new arrival proved to be from Philadelphia, Penn., and had been nine weeks on the road. The family consisted of a man and his wife and two sons, half grown, a son-in-law and his wife, a niece, a young lady and Jane, the Irish girl. Our accommodations were limited, only one room sixteen feet square and summer kitchen ten feet square. In the arrangements for the night the boys cheerfully surrendered their trundle bed to the old folks, the six juveniles of the household were sent up the ladder and occupied the loft, the son-in-law and wife were assigned to the summer kitchen. Our new friends remained with us till Spring and then settled in the neighborhood. Before our new married friends left for their new

home their first child, a daughter was born. To-day they have a family of fourteen children, seven sons and seven daughters, all living, ten of whom settled in homes of their own, scattered from Indiana to the Pacific ocean. If any of you historians can beat that you can have my hat. In confirmation of the above, I refer you to General R. F. Smith, late of the Sixteenth Illinois Volunteers and his wife, who are two of the above-described parties.

The committee appointed to nominate an Executive Committee and officers for the ensuing year, made the following report which was adopted.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

FOR ILLINOIS.

Hon. S. R. Chittenden, Mendon; Dr. Geo. W. Foote, Galesburg;
Col. W. L. Distin, Quincy.

FOR MISSOURI.

Hon. Wm. G. Downing, Memphis; Hon. E. O. Stanard, St. Louis; Hon. I. N. Given, Peakesville.

FOR IOWA.

Capt. J. W. Campbell, Ft. Madison; Hon. Hoyt Sherman, Des Moines; Hon. Wm. Bradley, Centerville.

President, Hon. Edward Johnstone; Secretary, Jno. H. Cole; Treasurer, Sam'l E. Carey.

On motion of J. M. Shaffer, the thanks of the Association were tendered Gov. Stanard for the efficient manner in which he had discharged the duties of President of the day and to all others who had contributed to the success of the reunion.

Adjourned, *sine die*.

JOHN H. COLE, Secretary.

The following verses were contributed to the Association and are here printed:

THIS TRINITY—BY GAY DAVIDSON.

[Respectfully dedicated to the old settlers of Iowa, Missouri and Illinois assembled in reunion at Rand Park, Keokuk, Ia., September 30th, 1885.]

The autumn sun hath risen. The day
It brought shall be the ending
Of this fair month. Fleeting on the way
Toward winter, to time's call bending.

Dying is this month of glory. Gladly dying
At the touch of frost and drooping leaves.
Going hence to greet the winter. Crying
Loud in gladness, leaving many sheaves.

Dying gladly like the summer. Weeping
Not nor moaning when her reign was o'er,
But smiling, blessing all—in keeping
With her nature, and the name she bore.

Gentle spring alone was weeping, pleading
When the gates closed fast, pleading, praying
For a longer sojourn, yet for naught unheeding
Time didst bid her go, with no delaying.

Hurrying to the winter time! Each one
Stopping on the journey briefly, sowing
Seed and reaping. When the work is done
Passing onward swiftly, homeward going.

How like the season is a life! The bard
Hath sung as much—'tis well. Winter sere
And bleak is coming. Some are standing hard
Beside the river banks—the boatmen hear.

Hurrying to the winter! Weary feet
To-day shall falter, stop. It is best
We halt upon the journey. It is meet
And right to linger, and to rest.

Gathered ye to-day in gladness, mothers,
Fathers, mothers of our fathers, grandsires old,
Youth and manhood while from others
Come the tales of hardship, lightly told

Welcome, patriarchs so honored! The west
Hath felt thy years of patient toil,
These States do love thee dearly, highly blest
Are they in you—your own free soil!

And the harvest shall be glorious. . See
 The bursting bin and store house, lowing
 Kine, and fields so brown, laden tree
 And vineyard, milk and honey flowing!
 Standing not so near the winter! Calling
 Yet to you does autumn fain to roam
 On earth. While the stricken leaves are falling
 We shall linger till the harvest home!

Trinity of mighty states in one; in love
 And friendship bound and sealed: to-day
 Have met while blessings from above
 Pour down, that shall not fade away.

Carthage, Ill., Sept. 28, 1885.

TO THE TRI-STATE OLD SETTLERS, 1885.

Old Settlers of Missouri,
 Illinois and Iowa,
 The pleasure it would give me
 To meet with you to-day,
 I can't find language to express,
 And can only drop a tear:
 Accept it as a tribute,
 From an absent pioneer.

My memory stealing back,
 Through the dim decades of time,
 Lands me again at Warsaw,
 As in April, thirty-nine;
 And in noting all the changes
 Of these forty-seven years,
 The saddest one's the absence,
 Of so many pioneers.

But those that's still remaining,
 With the zeal of days gone by,
 With manly and fraternal pride,
 Still float their standard high;
 And by the "Grand Old River,"
 Hold their meetings every year,
 And for those that miss the roll call,
 Drop a sympathetic tear.

Near the site of "Muir's cabin,"
 Is a fitting place to meet,
 Near where, two hundred years ago,
 Was anchored "Marquette's Fleet;"
 Where Des Moines' waters mingle
 With Mississippi's flood,
 And together wash the rocky shore,
 Where "Old Fort Edward" stood.
 From the forest of Ohio,
 From every hill and stream,
 From the lofty Alleghanies,
 In the early age of steam,
 You turned your faces westward,
 Discarding all your fears,
 And nobly earned the title
 Of "western pioneers."
 Where stood the red man's wigwam
 Half a century ago;
 You have, as if by magic,
 Made towns and cities grow;
 And the busy wheels of commerce,
 Are heard on every hand,
 Bearing to the world's great grain market,
 The riches of the land.
 The work of building states,
 Entrusted to your care,
 And furnishing the statesmen,
 To keep them in repair;
 You have faithfully preformed the task,
 Your record shows up clear,
 And 'tis a source of pride and pleasure,
 To every pioneer.
 You gave the Nation heroes
 To defend her honor bright;
 You gave the Nation statesmen,
 That stood boldly for the right;
 And now may peace be with you,
 Through all the coming years,
 And heaven's blessings rest upon you,
 The Tri-State Pioneers.

With the compliments and regrets of

J. T. PATTERSON, Orleans, Neb.

Letters were received as follow:

Extract from a letter addressed to W. A. Brownell from S. F. VanChoate, Esq., Electrician, Boston, Mass., who was one of the first telegraph operators in the west and in charge of the office in Keokuk, when Mr. Brownell was one of the "delivery boys." Mr. Van Choate superintended the construction of the mast 60 or 80 feet high, near the junction of first and High Streets, just between the present residences of Alex. Collier and John C. Daniels, to convey the telegraph wires across the Mississippi River to the Illinois shore above interference with steam boat navigation. At that time M. K. Crockett, whom Bill Clark nick-named Col. Davy Crockett, lived near this place, and was annoyed by the music of the wires, so far as to induce him to chop down the mast one dark night, and thus cut off all Telegraph communication between Keokuk and the east, until more improved methods of transmission across streams were adopted.

BOSTON, SEPT. 23d, 1885.

DEAR BROWNELL:

It has been a long time, over 33 years, since we parted, but many times in that interval old memories have returned to my brain. Ah! those were stirring times. That great mast we built on High Street, and that frightful span over the rapids, across the Father of Waters. But we did it. That was before the days of gutta percha cables. Since then I have crossed the continent four times. Three times across the plains previous to 1853, and once since from San Francisco via Panama to New York. I have been to China and Japan, to Northern Africa, Morocco and Algeria, traveled all over Portugal, Spain, France, Belgium and through Germany, Switzerland, Ireland and Scotland, and lived altogether 14 years in those countries, mostly in London and England, and I have crossed the Atlantic ten times, so you can see I have been active.

Now what I want most to do is to take a tour through my old haunts in Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, though I fear I shall never find time to do so, but if I ever do, it shall be one of my greatest pleasures to meet you.

Very Truly,

S. F. VAN CHOATE.

LINCOLN; ILLS., Sept. 7, 1885.

CAPT. J. W. CAMPBELL, Ft. Madison, Ia.

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 3d inst received, and contents noted. Was very agreeably surprised in getting a letter from you with such a kind invitation to meet you and all my pioneer friends that may be there. I am sorry to say that circumstances will not permit me to meet you on the 30th inst.

When Capt. Bill Phelps comes remember me to him.

With kind regards, I remain,

JACOB LITTLETON.

OFFICE OF ASSISTANT TREASURER, }
UNITED STATES, St. Louis, Mo. }

Dear Sir:—I beg you to accept my thanks for the kind invitation to attend the annual reunion of old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa. It would afford me much pleasure to do so, and especially to meet my friend, General Parrot, who, as you state, is probably the only other survivor of the campaign of the old First United States Dragoons, stationed at Montrose, in 1834; but circumstances forbid it, and I have to content myself with the hope that it may be to all participating in it, an occasion of great enjoyment.

Very truly yours,

A. G. EDWARDS.

C. F. DAVIS, Esq., Chairman Invitation Committee, Keokuk, Ia.

DES MOINES, SEPT. 11, 1885.

C. F. DAVIS, Esq.,

My Dear Sir:—Thanks for your most cordial invitation to attend the next "Tri-State Old Settlers' Association" to be held in your place on the 30th inst.

I shall be there if I possibly can. My fear now is that engagements at law school (Iowa City) that week may prevent. But I will make every reasonable effort to be in, all things subordinated to your meeting. I want to come—wanted to come last year, but could not. I know how royal the time I should have, and it will be a very great disappointment if anything interferes with my coming.

With kindest regards and the hope that you and all may have a reunion long to be remembered, I am

Your friend ever,

GEORGE G. WRIGHT.

IOWA CITY, Ia., Oct. 9, 1885.

C. F. DAVIS, ESQ., Keokuk, Ia.

My Dear Sir:—On returning from an absence of two months, I find the courteous invitation of your Committee to attend the old settlers' reunion in Keokuk, September 30th.

I regret very much that my absence from the State made it impossible for me to be present on an occasion of so much interest. I hope that all things were propitious, and that you had a most successful gathering.

With cordial regards for yourself, and all Keokuk friends,

I am, faithfully yours,

O. CLUTE.

DES MOINES, Ia., Sept. 10, 1885.

J. H. COLE, ESQ., Keokuk, Ia.

Dear Sir:—Your kind invitation to attend the second annual reunion of old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa has been received. I very much regret that other engagements will probably prevent my attendance. I trust you may have in every way a fortunate and successful meeting—giving great satisfaction to all concerned. The old piopeers! God bless them! May their last days be their best.

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES BEARDSLEY.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 10, 1885.

EDWARD JOHNSTONE, ESQ., President, Keokuk, Ia.

Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of invitation to the old settlers' reunion to meet 30th inst. Pressing business will keep me away; it would be a great pleasure to be present. I date from 1843; a whole generation has come and gone in the meantime.

Keokuk was all under the hill then. Chittenden and McGavic were there—and so we go,—and will continue to as long as time lasts.

With respect,

I am yours truly,

W. A. HARGADINE.

DUBUQUE, Ia., Sept. 11, 1885.

My Dear Sir:—I thank you for your kind invitation to be present at the "Tri-State Old Settlers' Reunion" to be held in Rand Park, Keokuk, Ia., September 30th. I will come with pleasure, if I can make arrangements to do so, but cannot positively answer at this time as I may be engaged then in the coming campaign.

If I am not present, I wish your association success and an agreeable reunion.

Very truly yours,

W. B. ALLISON,

C. F. DAVIS, Esq., Keokuk.

FAIRFIELD, Ia., Sept. 11, 1885.

C. F. DAVIS, Chairman, etc., Keokuk, Ia.

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 9th inst., conveying to me an invitation to attend the second annual reunion of the old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, is at hand.

I hope that I may be able to arrange my other engagements so as to be present; but I am not now certain that I can do so, indeed the chances are against me, but I will try to command them.

Yours truly,

JAMES F. WILSON.

STATE OF MISSOURI, }
OFFICE OF }
RAILROAD COMMISSIONERS }

CITY OF JEFFERSON, SEPT. 11TH, 1885.

MR. EDWARD JOHNSTONE,

President Tri-State Old Settlers' Association,

KEOKUK, IOWA.

DEAR SIR:—Your kind invitation to attend the Second Annual "Reunion of Old Settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa," at Keokuk, September 30th, 1885, is gratefully accepted.

I have been a resident of Boon county, Missouri, since 1841, and every vote of my life has been given at the town of Columbia, in that county, which place is still my home.

Very Respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

GEORGE COOLEY PRATT.

BRUNSWICK, MO., SEPT. 11th, 1885.

J. H. COLE, ESQ.

Sec'y Old Settlers' Ass'n.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your letter inviting me to attend a meeting to be holden on Wednesday, 30th inst, at Keokuk, Iowa, by the old settlers of Ill., Mo., and Iowa, came duly to hand. Permit me to thank you and the committee of which you are the Secretary for the consideration which you have been pleased to extend to me by that act. It would be a source of much satisfaction to me to be able to comply with your request, but other engagements will deny me that pleasure.

With the hope that your contemplated meeting may be one of large attendance, and that each and every one of the old settlers who may attend shall live for many years yet to come, to enjoy the fruits of their labor, in rendering their respective states so interesting and desirable portions of our great country, I am

Very truly,

CASPER W. BELL.

WARRENSBURG, MO. SEPT. 11th, 1885.

HON. C. F. DAVIS,

Chairman, Invitation Committee, &c.

MY DEAR SIR:—Please accept my warmest thanks for your cordial invitation to attend the Second Annual Reunion of old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, in "Rand Park" Keokuk, Iowa, Wednesday, September, 30, 1885.

Born and reared in the county where I am now residing, I feel a lively interest in all that concerns the old settlers of these three great states. I appreciate the honor of the invitation and the great pleasure I would enjoy in attending.

I regret that prior engagements will prevent my acceptance or attendance. Trusting the reunion may be a perfect success, and that each attendant may realize more pleasure and enjoyment than anticipated,

I am your obedient servant,

F. M. COCKRELL,

OFFICE OF
FIRST ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL }

WASHINGTON, D. C. SEPT., 11TH, 1885.

HON. EDWARD JOHNSTONE,
Keokuk, Iowa.

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend the second annual reunion of the old settlers, of Illinois, Iowa and Missouri.

While I shall be unable to be present, in compliance with the invitation which would be mandatory upon me but for my public duties, I desire to say that I am heartily in sympathy with the Association and its objects.

Although time has not placed upon my brow the honored symbols of advancing years, the silver crown which you yourself so nobly wear, I am nevertheless one of the old settlers, and have a lively recollection of ante-bellum Keokuk and its vicinity.

Thanking you for the invitation, which is a token that I am not forgotten, and that "they miss me at home," I am sir,

Very truly yours,
SMITH D. FRY,

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., SEPT. 12, 1885.

C. F. DAVIS, Esq., Chairman,

DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 9th, inviting me to attend the second annual reunion of the old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa to take place in your city on the 30th inst., has been received. I thank you sincerely for your invitation, and would be very glad to attend if I could do so, but my engagements will not permit. You ought to have a splendid time, as you doubtless will, and I would like to join you. Let the old settlers of the three great states of Iowa, Missouri and Illinois get together and have a good time; there is enough in the growth, population, wealth and general resources of these states to form the basis of many good speeches, and none can do the subject better justice than the old settlers who carved out and made our states what they are.

Again thanking you for the invitation, and regretting I cannot be with you, I am with respect,

Very truly yours,
S. M. CULLUM,

CHICAGO, SEPT. 12th, 1885.

C. F. DAVIS, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your very kind invitation extended to me to be present at "Old Settlers" Reunion to be held in "Rand Park," Keokuk, Iowa, has been received.

I regret very much that I am compelled to decline your invitation, but an engagement previously made for that day will prevent. I thank you for so kindly remembering me, and hope your meeting may be a very profitable one in reminiscences as well as an enjoyable occasion.

Yours Truly,

JOHN A. LOGAN.

HANNIBAL, MO., SEPT. 12th, 1885.

C. F. DAVIS, ESQ.,

Chairman Invitation Committee,

KEOKUK, IOWA.

DEAR SIR:—I return you my sincere thanks for your cordial and complimentary invitation to attend the "Second Annual Reunion of Old Settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa," to be held at Rand Park, Keokuk, September 30th, 1885, and regret exceedingly that official duties will call me to Washington about that time and make it impracticable for me to be with you. I have the honor to be,

Very Respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

W. H. HATCH.

ST. LOUIS, MO., SEPT. 13th, 1885.

HON. J. H. COLE,

Secretary, Etc.,

KEOKUK, IOWA.

DEAR SIR:—I am under many obligations to you for the invitation of the 1st inst., to attend the Old Settler's Reunion at Keokuk. It would afford me much pleasure, I doubt not, to be present, but my wife's health and my own, renders it necessary for us to visit Eureka Springs in Arkansas, for which place we leave in a day or two, and will not return in time for your Reunion on the 30th inst. Hoping you will have a large and pleasant meeting, I remain,

Respectfully Yours,

JOHN HOGAN.

ST. LOUIS, SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1885.

C. F. DAVIS, Esq.

Chairman of Invitation Com.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

DEAR SIR:—I am much pleased to have received your invitation of September 10th, to attend the old settlers meeting on the 30th inst., but have to decline, as I have just returned from a long vacation and find my business so accumulated as will demand all my time for many weeks to come. I would like to be present and fire another gun for Missouri as I did before, as I have a great many more facts to present in her favor; but shall have to defer this until a more opportune occasion.

With best wishes for your success, and hoping that the meeting may be all that you desire, I am,

Yours very truly,

JOHN W NOBLE.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPT. 14, 1885. }

C. F. DAVIS, Esq.,

Chairman Invitation Committee,

KEOKUK, IOWA.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your kind invitation dated the 9th inst., inviting me to attend the Second Annual Reunion of your Association has been forwarded to me from Davenport and is just received.

It will afford me great pleasure to accept your invitation if I can possibly make my arrangements to be present, and I hope to be able to do so.

Yours with respect,

JERRY H. MURPHY.

SHAWNEETOWN, ILL., SEPT. 14TH, 1885.

MR. EDWARD JOHNSTONE,

President.

DEAR SIR:— I have yours, enclosing an invitation to attend the Second Annual Reunion of Old Settlers at Keokuk on 30th inst. I deeply regret that my engagements may prevent my attendance; if I can, however, avail myself of your kindness, I shall do so with pleasure.

Yours respectfully,

R. W. TOWNSEND.

CLAYTON, ILL., SEPT. 14th, 1885.

C. F. DAVIS, Esq.

KEOKUK.

DEAR SIR: I received your kind invitation to attend the Tri-State Old Settlers' meeting in Keokuk on the 30th inst. My health is such that I cannot expect to attend, very much to my regret.

There are but two persons now living in Keokuk who were there when I first settled in your city in April, 1841. Valencourt Vanausdall and A. B. Chittenden. I was then 33 years of age, and now I only lack 34 days of being 77 years old, and when I think over the list of middle aged and old men who were well and hearty when I left Keokuk, but have now "passed over the river," I can but rejoice that I have been spared to remain with my few friends so long. I send my hearty congratulations and best wishes for a pleasant time to all.

Yours truly,

A. BROWN.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, SEPT. 14th, 1885.

MR. J. H. COLE,

Secretary Tri-State Old Settlers Association,

KEOKUK, IOWA.

DEAR SIR:—The card of Invitation to the Reunion of your Association on Sept. 30th next, is received. It would afford me much pleasure to attend this Reunion; as it looks to me now, I fear I shall not be able to be present.

When I look back to 1857, when I landed at Muscatine, and then take in the present, it seems more like a dream. If I undertook to tell the story of the progress Iowa has made during the interim, to a stranger, I would not be believed.

To recall all this wonderful progress with those who have had a hand in it, and rejoice over it all with them would most delight me, and if I can possibly spare the time to be present, I'll do so, although I do not now see how it can be. I know you will have a delightful time.

Yours Very Truly,

WM. O. KULP.

CLARINDA, PAGE Co., IOWA, SEPT. 14th, 1885.

HON. EDWARD JOHNSTONE,
President, &c.,
KEOKUK, IOWA.

MY DEAR JUDGE:—I am in receipt of your invitation to attend the annual meeting of the Tri-State Old Settlers Association. I am not now able to say whether my engagements will permit me to accept it, but I beg to assure you that if it is possible, I will be one of the attendants. Thanking you for remembering me, and bespeaking for each and all of the "Old Settlers" a delightful Reunion, I remain

Your Friend,
W. P. HEPBURN.

CHICAGO DEMOCRAT, }
CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 14, 1885. }

J. H. COLE, Esq.

Dear Sir:—Your invitation to attend a reunion of old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa is received. The idea is a good one, and should circumstances permit, shall be glad to unite with you in the pleasures of the occasion.

Respectfully yours,

HERMAN LEIB, Editor.

COURT OF COMMISSIONERS OF ALABAMA CLAIMS, }
1412 H STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 15th, 1885. }

My Dear Mr. Davis:—I am in receipt, *via* Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, of your kind letter of the 9th inst., inviting me to attend the second annual meeting of old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, at Rand Park, Keokuk, Ia., Wednesday, September 30th inst.

I most sincerely regret that my official duties render it impracticable to make the engagement, and that I am thus deprived of the pleasure of greeting the old pioneers of these three great States of the Union at the time and place named.

Wishing you and them a most enjoyable reunion, I am with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES HARLAN.

C. F. DAVIS, Esq.,

Chairman, Committee of Invitation,

Keokuk, Iowa.

THE CHICAGO MAIL,
CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 15, 1885. }

C. F. DAVIS, Chairman, etc.,

Dear Sir:—Please accept my sincere thanks for your kind invitation to attend reunion of old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa.

I cannot give you definite answer now, but will do my best to arrange my affairs here so as to join you and other friends on that occasion.

With kindest regards, I am

Your friend,

FRANK HATTON.

BUTTE CITY, MONT., Sept. 15, 1885.

MR. J. H. COLE,

Sec. Tri-State Old Settlers' Association,

Keokuk, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—I am certainly very much obliged to you for forwarding me an invitation to be present at the reunion of the old settlers' association of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa at Keokuk, on the 30th of this month, and nothing but the great distance and press of business prevent my being present. I am quite proud of being considered eligible to membership in your association, for although I have lived on the western frontier all my life, I believe this is the only organization of the kind into which I could be admitted. I lived in Hancock county, Ill., in 1838 (it is'n't the date that makes a man an old settler there); I lived in Lee county, Iowa, in 1844; I believe the old settler date there is before 1840; in California in 1850, (there the date is 1849); in Nevada in 1862, there the date is 1860; in Idaho in 1865, there the date is 1863; in Montana in 1866, and here the date for an old settler is a residence as soon as 1864. I have lived nearly two-thirds of my life in territories. In Iowa six years while it was a territory; I don't think California was fully organized as a State when we reached it in July, 1850; I lived in Nevada when a territory three years; in Idaho one year; and in Montana about eighteen years. I have always wanted to be considered an old settler somewhere, and it seems I am entitled to that high distinction in your association of the old settlers of Iowa, Missouri and Illinois. While I never lived in Missouri myself, my wife did and I married her there.

Give my thanks to the good friend who suggested my name for membership in your organization. Yours truly,

HIRAM KNOWLES.

IOWA CITY, Sept. 15, 1885.

J. H. COLE, Sec.

Please accept my thanks for a card of invitation to the "Tri-State Old Settlers' Reunion" to be held in Keokuk, September 30th.

My engagements are such that I cannot hope to have the leisure to attend, although I appreciate, that in the pursuit of other things we are too apt to neglect the social part, without which life is hardly desirable and which these reunions of the people that have developed these States do so much to cultivate.

Respectfully,

PETER A. DEY.

IOWA CITY, Sept. 15, 1885,

HON. EDWARD JOHNSTONE,

Keokuk, Iowa.

My Dear Sir:—It is with pleasure that I acknowledge receipt of your very kind invitation to be present at the "Tri-State Old Settlers' Reunion." I should be very happy to attend and rejoice with the pioneers of the sister States, but I have a duty before me that will render it impossible for me to join you.

I am very busily engaged in preparations for a proper representation of Iowa at the new exposition at New Orleans, and also at the great American exhibition in London, in 1866. My desire is to so represent the State, that when the young men, like myself, join with me in the future years, when we are old settlers in the fullest sense of the term, to celebrate the past, we may have as glorious a triumph to rejoice over as have you good old settlers of Iowa when she was a prairie entirely uncultivated.

Please convey my kindest regards to your colleagues on the committee, many of whom I take pleasure in remembering among my personal friends.

Yours very respectfully,

H. S. FAIRALL.

ELK GROVE, CAL., Sept. 16, 1885.

J. H. COLE,

Dear Sir:—Your invitation to attend the "Tri-State Old Settlers' Association," has just been received.

The organization is a good one. You have our best wishes for its success and prosperity. It is pleasant to know after an absence of almost a life-time our names are remembered among our old friends.

We would gladly be with you at your annual meeting, but feeble health will not permit this year.

Please accept our best wishes to all.

MR. AND MRS. O. S. FREEMAN.

CHICAGO, Sept. 16th, 1885.

HON. EDWARD JOHNSTONE,

President Tri-State Old Settlers' Ass'n.

Keokuk, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—I very much regret my inability to accept your kind invitation to attend the second annual reunion of old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa. Having resided at Oscaloosa, Iowa, nearly ten years, and having lived in this city over twenty-one years, I naturally consider myself an "Old Settler" within the scope of your organization. Nothing would prevent my being present on that occasion but for the inexorable power of a "previous engagement."

Very respectfully yours,

A. F. SEEBERGER.

PORTLAND, OREGON, Sept. 16, 1885.

HON. EDWARD JOHNSTONE,

President Tri-State Old Settlers' Association.

My Dear Sir:—I received your kind invitation to attend the second annual reunion of old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa to be held on the 30th inst.

I am under many obligations for this kind invitation, and would most gladly attend if it were in my power to do so, but age and its attendant infirmities warn me that this is a pleasure I must forego.

In your circular I perceive the names of old and valued friends whom I would like to meet again, and especially on an occasion like the one in contemplation. Were I there, I probably would have the pleasure of seeing Capt. J. W. Campbell, of Fort Madison, who was a pupil in a school which I taught near Keokuk in 1830. He possibly might not be able to recognize his old teacher now.

I was born in Kentucky, and with my father and his family emigrated to Hancock county in Illinois, where he settled. Soon afterwards I started out alone for the "Half Breed Tract," west of the Mississippi, before the territory of Iowa was organized. I was then about twenty-three years of age and of somewhat roving disposition.

"The world was all before me where to choose my place of rest," and I chose the country afterwards organized into the territory of Iowa, and it was there I taught the school, near Keokuk, in 1830 already referred to. This was the first school taught in that vast territory north of the State of Missouri and west of the Mississippi and between that and the Pacific Ocean. Since then, seven or eight states and territories west of the Mississippi have been organized, with a population, probably, of seven million inhabitants, and from the little school in 1830, schools, colleges and seminaries of learning have been established in them all, since I first placed my footstep on the soil of Iowa.

Besides this, emigrants from Iowa to the Pacific coast brought with them the statute laws of that territory, for in 1844, the Provisional Government of Oregon adopted as its Code of Laws, the statutes of Iowa territory passed in 1838, so far as the same could be made applicable to our situation here. Thus you will perceive that Iowa has left the impress of its laws on this distant commonwealth, where I at last have made my home.

You will be pleased to express to the "Old Settlers" at your reunion on the 30th inst., the kindest regards of one who cannot be there, but loves them all.

I am, Dear Sir,

Very truly your friend,

BERRYMAN JENNINGS.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, Sept. 17, 1885.

HON. EDWARD JOHNSTONE,

Keokuk, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—Your favor covering invitation to attend the "Tri-State Old Settlers' Reunion" was received by Mrs. R. during my absence in the East.

Please accept my thanks for the courtesy therein extended with assurances of my regret in view of inability to meet you on the interesting occasion promised, as I am about to enter upon another extended visit to New England.

Allow me to express the hope that the forthcoming assembly of men and women of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, to whose enterprise, energy, endurance and many other virtues were due the successful laying of the foundation for much of the present greatness and prosperity of those States, which excite the admiration of all observers, may be indeed an occasion of abounding pleasure. May the father and the mother of the Tri-States enjoy a genuine "feast of reason and flow of soul" as they commune together at the reunion of the 30th.

Yours truly,

EDWARD RUSSELL,

PORTLAND, Oregon, Sept. 17, 1885.

HON. EDWARD JOHNSTONE,

Keokuk, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—I have to acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend the second annual reunion of old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, to be held at Keokuk on the 30th inst. It would afford me very great pleasure to be present upon that interesting occasion and meet some of my old Iowa acquaintances and friends, but unavoidable circumstances will prevent. Hoping that Heaven may smile upon your meeting, and friendship and good feeling abound,

I am yours very truly,

GEORGE H. WILLIAMS.

FORT DODGE, IOWA, Sept. 18, 1885.

MESSRS. C. F. DAVIS, J. M. REID AND OTHERS:

Gentlemen:—I have your invitation to be present at the old settlers' reunion at Keokuk, of citizens from the States of Illinois, Iowa and Missouri, on the 30th inst. I am thankful for the invitation, but my business will not admit of my absence from home, and I will therefore have to forego the pleasure of meeting with you upon this occasion. I know it will be pleasant and profitable for those who will be able to attend, and I would like to take these old settlers, who have been the factors in laying the foundations of these great States, by the hand, and bid them God-speed for the future.

Yours truly,

C. C. CARPENTER.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 19, 1885.

EDWARD JOHNSTONE, ESQ.

Dear Sir:—I have received the polite invitation which you sent me to be present at the second annual reunion of the old settlers of Missouri, Iowa and Illinois, to be holden at Keokuk on the 30th inst., and regret to be obliged to decline on account of pressing professional engagements.

I lived in St. Francisville, Clark county, Mo., when Black Hawk and the younger Keokuk pitched their wigwams on the Sac and Fox reservation,—on which the contemplated meeting is to be held and should be delighted to meet the men who will meet on the 30th inst., but will have to defer that pleasure to some future reunion.

Very respectfully,

JAMES C. MCGINNIS.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 20, 1885.

HON. EDWARD JOHNSTONE, ESQ.

My Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of yours of August 31st, inviting me to attend the annual reunion of the old settlers to be held at Keokuk on the 30th of September. I have deferred answering up to this time, hoping to give you a favorable answer, but I cannot, my duties require my presence here daily. I warmly favor these meetings,—are fruitful of much good in the cultivation and broadening of that spirit of fellowship and nationality of all men. We are *one* people, and with thanks to God I say, one grand united people, with one hope, one destiny; may the blessing of Heaven rest upon the old settlers,—the old citizens. They have performed their parts well in this life, and may their successors imitate their ennobling examples.

Very Truly,

THOMAS T. CRITTENDEN.

FAIRFIELD, IOWA, Sept. 20, 1885.

C. F. DAVIS, J. M. REID AND OTHERS,

Committee on Invitations to the

Tri-State Old Settlers' Reunion,

Keokuk, Iowa.

Gentlemen:—I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of your invitation to attend the second reunion of the old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, to be held in your city on the 30th.

I regret to say that my expected absence in the western part of the State at that time will deprive me of the pleasure of enjoying the sight of so many old settlers as will most assuredly be present on the occasion. I am proud of the thought of being classed with the old settlers of Iowa, and would be proud of the privilege of inscribing my name upon the roll of honor.

On the 21st day of April, 1844, early in the morning, the steamer St. Croix, on which I was a passenger, landed for a short time at Keokuk, and then steamed up for Ft. Madison, my destination on the river, arriving there about 9 o'clock, and landed during one of the famous rains of that year, being merely an introduction of what followed, and what will be remembered by all old settlers, for the year 1844 is recorded as one of the rainy seasons, but being young and full of western fever those days I did not become discouraged at the prospect, nor become homesick to return to my native home, Pennsylvania. My destination was Fairfield, at that time a town of considerable importance, in consequence of the United States Land Office being located there, besides having the reputation of being settled by a good class of people, and in a county unsurpassed for natural advantages. In that town and county I have lived continuously ever since, with the exception of about a year's temporary absence.

Again regretting my inability to be with you, and wishing that Heaven may smile upon you all, I am sincerely your

Friend and Old Settler,

JAMES ECKERT.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE POSTMASTER GENERAL, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 21, 1885.

HON. EDWARD JOHNSTONE,

Keokuk, Iowa.

My Dear Sir:—Accept my thanks for your polite invitation to attend the old settlers reunion of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, to be held at Rand Park in your city on the 30th of September. I regret that official engagements prevent acceptance.

Very respectfully,

WILLIAM F. VILAS.

ST. LOUIS, Mo, Sept. 21, 1885.

HON. EDWARD JOHNSTONE.

Pres. Old Settlers.

Dear Sir:—Your kind invitation to visit and be present in Keokuk to the meeting of old settlers received. I regret that I cannot be with you. Although not *old* I see by article 2 that I am eligible. It is pleasant and eminently proper for our people to meet and know each other. More reunions of the character of yours would bring a better understanding between the citizens of adjoining States.

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN G. PRATHER.

BOSTON, SEPT. 21, 1885.

HON. EDWARD JOHNSTONE,

Pres. Tri-State Old Settler's Association.

Dear Sir:—It grieves me to find that I cannot be present at the second annual reunion of the old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, to be held in Keokuk on the 30th of this month.

Nature has fitted those three States to be the mothers of all bounties. They were three cherished homes of my boyhood. I have galloped over their prairies and rambled through their woods. Grim destiny drove me from them over thirty years ago. Considering the changes which have since been made, those were almost primeval times. Then and there I found everything that could make a boy's heart glad. There I have paddled and fished in the creeks, ponds and lakes, swam the Mississippi, chased the rabbit and squirrel, roamed through thickets of running oaks, tore my trousers climbing black-jacks, gathering hazelnuts, black walnuts, shell-barks, grapes and plums and ate *green persimmons*, and,—I am ashamed to say,—with other boys hooked watermelons from stingy old farmers.

I wish I could do all those things again. I have never had such happy days since I left those dear old States.

All hail! Missouri, Iowa and Illinois,—though far away—I greet you with good cheer.

Very truly,

S. F. VAN CHOATE.

Helena, Montana, Sept. 21, 1885.

MESSRS. C. F. DAVIS, J. M. REID AND OTHERS, Committee.

Gentlemen:—I regret that the great distance I am off will prevent me from attending the Tri-State Old Settlers' Reunion, to be held at your city on the 30th inst. I presume you will have but few there who were citizens of Keokuk when I first made my visit there. It was in the fall of 1836. There were a good many Indians and half-breeds there, but very few whites. It would be a great pleasure to me to see your great city now and to talk over the olden times with your citizens, but I can do no more now than to wish you a successful and pleasant reunion.

Very respectfully yours,

ALVIN SAUNDERS.

Des Moines, Iowa, Sept. 22, 1885.

J. H. COLE, Sec.

Keokuk, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—Your kind invitation to the Tri-State "Old Settler's Reunion" at the city of Keokuk on the 30th inst., is received, and to express my sincere thanks for the compliment, as well as my regrets at not being able to accept owing to sickness in my family. Nothing would afford me more pleasure than to meet the many old friends and acquaintances of early Iowa that will no doubt be present. I trust your meeting will be one of profit and pleasure. My acquaintance with Keokuk dates back to 1837. I landed in Iowa October 23, 1834.

With great respect to yourself and the Committee with whom you act

I am most truly,

GEORGE W. JONES.

Jamaica Pond Aqueduct Corporation, }
2169 Washington Street,
Boston, Sept. 22, 1885. }

J. H. Cole, Esq.,

Secretary Tri-State Reunion, Illinois, Missouri and Iowa.

Dear Sir:—Your most cordial invitation to make me one of your members on the 30th, it being the second annual reunion of old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa is at hand. Thanking you for your kind remembrance of one who has spent a large portion of his

life in your city and county and who will always look back to those days with pleasure, it is with much regret that I cannot accept your invitation, business only preventing, but hope at some future reunion to participate in your joy and pleasure. Wishing you one and all a happy time, and that you may all live to meet again in 1886.

I am truly yours,

GEORGE STANWOOD.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 22, 1885.

C. F. DAVIS, Esq.,

Chairman, &c.

Dear Sir:—Your kind invitation to meet the old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa on the 30th inst., received by me here after an absence of several days. I am sorry to say that a prior engagement, which takes me to my old home in Pennsylvania on the 1st and 2d of October, will prevent me from being present with you.

Wishing you a pleasant meeting and a happy reunion of old timers,

I am truly yours,

HIRAM PRICE.

MITCHELLVILLE, IA., SEPT. 23d, 1885.

C. F. DAVIS, Esq.,

Keokuk, Iowa.

My Dear Sir:—Your very kind invitation to the Tri-State Old Settler's Reunion to be held at Rand Park, Keokuk, Sept. 30th, was duly to hand, and I thought I might be able to meet with yourself and other old time friends at that time, but I find it will not be convenient for me to be there.

It would afford me great pleasure to greet so many of the early settlers of the three States as will be there. It seems but a short time since I landed at Keokuk in March, 1840, so few short years, where there were but two houses, to now see a grand city and back of it such a magnificent State. Hoping you may have a grand, good time, I am

Respectfully Yours,

THOMAS MITCHELL.

NORTHWOODSIDE, Lake Geneva, Ill., Sept. 23d.

C. F. DAVIS, Esq.,

Chairman Invitation Committee.

Dear Sir:—I thank you for your invitation and very much regret my inability to be with the Tri-State youths this time. Harvard College opens October 1st, and I have to be there with my son, or I should certainly run down to take by the hand my pre-historic friends. Could you not enlarge the scope of the Reunions and in the way of some kind of a fair, let the old and young settlers bring together the evidence of their progress in agriculture, mechanics, art, etc., thus introducing a healthy inter-state rivalry?

The three states represented there, contain more visible and latent wealth and various, almost universal resources, than the whole of any other nation than ours on the globe.

The seven millions of population will be twenty millions, when our sons shall have taken our place as old settlers. I sometimes wish I could arrest this so-called progress in population and wealth. I doubt whether it means more happiness per capita. It were better, I think, to leave to our children possibilities, than wealth acquired for and not by them. But why moralize? We cannot stay the advancing tide if we would. We can help to infuse into all this progress a spirit of social and intellectual life that shall mitigate, if not ward off, some of the greatest evils that accompany our national advancement.

With every good wish for your Association and sincere personal regard for yourself and your committee, I am, dear sir, always

Sincerely Yours,

HENRY STRONG.

THE TRIBUNE.

Chicago, September 23d, 1885.

J. H. COLE, Esq.,

Secretary, Etc.

My Dear Sir:—I have to thank you most cordially for your very kind invitation to attend your old settlers meeting at Keokuk on the 30th of September. It is eminently proper that the "Old Settlers" of the Northwest should meet and talk over the facts of the history made under their own observation. Most of that history—at least that which is worth preserving—has been made by them,

and it can be best preserved by such incidents as will be narrated in their social meetings. Having myself seen the growth of Chicago and the Northwest for more than 37 years, I am deeply impressed with the importance of this subject. Wishing your Association all possible success,

Very Truly,

Your Obedient Servant,
WM. BROSS.

THE MOUND }
HARTFORD CO., MARYLAND. }

Near Jerusalem Mills P. O., Sept., 23, 1885.

J. H. COLE, Esq.,

Secretary Tri-State Old Settler's Association,

Keokuk, Iowa.

My Dear Sir:—The invitation with which I have been honored to attend the Tri-State Old Settler's Reunion, to be held at Keokuk the 30th inst., has been received. Nothing will give me more pleasure than to have it in my power to attend, and I will certainly do so, nothing preventing. It is true, that but few, very few, of those whom I first met in 1834, in what is now the great and prosperous state of Iowa, will be there to greet me. I can now recall to mind but two. My old friends, Gen'l Parrott and Alexander Cruickshank, Esq. Still the pleasure would be great to witness the wonderful changes which have been wrought since those days, then a vast wilderness of prairies, the virgin soil of which, since its creation, had not known the ploughshare, and which was only tracked by the trail of the Indian and the buffalo. Now, this wilderness has become the seat of thousands of thriving and busy cities and towns, and the home of hundreds of thousands of industrious and prospering tillers of the soil. Where the trail was, is now the iron track, and the iron horse drawing to the centre of trade, the rich and varied productions of the farmers' labor. And its great rivers, which then, save the occasional trip of the Scuti Chemon, or fire canoe, (steamboat) of the white man, carrying supplies to some far distant military post, bore upon their waters no other craft except the Chemon or canoe of the Indian. Now, these rivers form highways for an immense commerce, bearing in steam vessels of palatial construction, the products of incalculable value, of the vast region through which they flow, and destined for the markets of the world.

Such are the changes which have taken place since the pioneer of Iowa first began to emigrate to the "New Paradise" and it is to be hoped that under God's providence she may continue to grow and prosper, and in the course of time become one of the brightest stars in the constellation which forms the great Republic of America, which is destined to be, from its inexhaustible resources of every description, and if the people will only be true to themselves, the controlling power of the world. What I mean by the people being true to themselves, is that they will ever continue to cherish and support those principles and institutions established by the Father of our Country, and profiting by the experience of the past, never again engage in another fratricidal contest, let the cause be what it may, but in a spirit of friendship and brotherly love settle all matters of differences without reference to the arbitration of the sword. With great respect,

Very Truly Yours,

JOHN CARROLL WALSH.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, September 24th, 1885.

DEAR SIR:— I have a fondness for the gatherings of old settlers not exceeded by any one, and I always attend them when circumstances will permit, without waiting for an invitation. I am one of the few men now living who, as member of congress, voted to admit Iowa into the union. When I entered congress in 1843 I found your delegate, Hon. Augustus C. Dodge sitting by the side of his father, Gen. Henry Dodge, the delegate from Wisconsin. I was upon the committee upon territories; and at this late day, their able and indefatigable presentation of the wants of their constituents is fresh in my remembrance. I would like to say something to the old settlers of the state of Iowa in commemoration of these two honest, patriotic and hardworking statesmen who entered congress poor, and left it as poor as when they entered. The stigma of trying to make money from public position was never fastened upon their brow. I was with them ten years, and purer men in thought and action I never knew.

Were I able to attend your reunion, I should say something of my Dartmouth College classmate, James Wilson Grimes. He settled at Burlington about the time I did at Chicago. I was with him in the last congress of which I was a member. He was inde-

pendent, fearless and intellectual from his boyhood. He had the same characteristics when a schoolboy that he had when honoring Iowa as a senator.

Regretting that I cannot be with you, I nevertheless thank you for your invitation. I have the honor to be very respectfully your very obedient servant,

JOHN WENTWORTH,
An Illinois Settler of 1836.

Hon. E. Johnstone.

OTTUMWA, IOWA, Sept. 24, 1885.

J. H. COLE, ESQ.

Keokuk, Ia.

Dear Sir:—Your invitation to attend "Old Settlers Reunion" and the offer of a tent for headquarters I appreciate as a most kindly welcome, but it will be impossible for me to avail myself of it.

I regard these old settlers' reunions akin to those of those old soldiers, in supreme enjoyment and pleasure, and would be glad to be with you. I hope the weather will be propitious, that you may have the full measure of enjoyment which I know will follow. My Iowa age is now in the 32nd year (not among the OLD FATHERS, as you observe) but still old enough to enjoy with much zest your reunion, could I be present.

I am a little proud of having been first a Buckeye, and then a Hawkeye.

Yours &c.,

A. H. HAMILTON.

BRIGHTON, IA., Sept. 24, 1885.

J. H. COLE, ESQ.,

Sec'y Tri-State Old Settlers' Ass'n,

Keokuk, Iowa.

DEAR SIR:—Your kind invitation to attend your meeting on the 30th instant was duly received.

Nothing would give me more pleasure than to be able to be with you on that occasion. If my health is sufficiently improved by that time, both my wife and I will be there. We would doubtless

meet many of our old friends that we will never see elsewhere. It is 47 years since we first saw Keokuk, and 45 years the 8th day of last March since we made that our home.

I hope and know you will have a very pleasant and most interesting meeting, and I hope to make one of the crowd.

Truly yours,

L. B. FLEAK.

Dubuque, Sept. 24th, 1885.

To the President, EDWARD JOHNSTONE, ESQ.

And members of the Tri-State Old Settlers Association.

Gentlemen:—I thank you sincerely for the honor conferred on me, in extending to me your very cordial invitation to attend your pleasant meeting, at Keokuk, Iowa. However, I regret very much to state, that it will not be convenient for me to attend at that time. It is hardly necessary for me to say, that it would have afforded me genuine pleasure to be present with you, on that happy occasion, that I might greet old friends, and make many new ones, among men respected and honored for their sterling character and achievements, during the stirring, and at times, exciting scenes of pioneer life, a life of adventure and danger, a life of privation and self-denial,—a class of men I know to be genial and social in their habits, kind-hearted and generous to their fellow-men,—men of deep experience and clear insight. These are the men, who in their youth, left their old homes and dear friends, and turned their backs upon the comforts, social privileges, and the easy pursuits of the older settlements in the far East and South, and struck out for the "FAR WEST," to them boundless and unexplored; there to lay the foundations for prosperous business, and for future homes, not only for themselves, but for their children, and for those who should follow after to the "New Land of Promise."

Their rallying cry was:

Away! away! o'er the broad domain,
This was the free and joyous strain;
There are clearer skies than ours, afar;
We will shape our course by a brighter star;
There are plains whose verdure no foot has pressed,
And whose wealth is for the first brave guest,

We will rear our homes under trees that glow,
 As if gems were fruitage of every bow,
 And sit in the shadows at day's decline
 And watch our herds as they run at will
 Through the green Savannah, all bright and still.

All our own shall the forests be,
 As to the bound of the roe buck, free,
 None shall say, "Hither, no further pass."
 We will track each step through the wavy grass.

We will chase the elk in his speed and might,
 And bring proud spoils to our hearth at night;
 We will give the name of our fearless race,
 To each bright river whose course we trace.

And will leave our memory with torrents and floods.
 And the path of our clearing in the boundless woods;
 And our works into many a lake's green shore,
 Where the Indians grave lay alone before.

And this was literally fulfilled, for the early settlers explored the boundaries of the Great Lakes, navigated the magnificent rivers of our continent, and established commerce upon them, by,—first, the keel boats, drawn up with ropes by hand, and returning floated with the current; they cut their way through forests and over mountains, opening up the roads to the rich productive mines of lead ore, of gold and silver, of iron and coal, rich and unlimited in quantity. They explored the boundless prairies, revealing the deep rich soil, their cooling springs, running streams, their silvery lakes, and their foaming water-fall.

They were often called upon in the hour of danger to defend their humble homes from wild beasts, and from the more than savage Indian warriors, at the peril of their lives. They founded cities, opened up farms in the rich valley, and on the fertile prairie.

When the good news of their success and discoveries reached the old homes, and emigration flowed to the west, the pioneers gladly welcomed the new comers, and joined hearts and hands with them in liberal and earnest measures, and unitedly we have established schools and colleges, law and order, justice and liberty in all this land.

And how graciously has God blessed our labors, and what mag-

nificent results do we behold to-day. Our country, the grandest on the globe, the freest and most prosperous government known to man. We have the best common school system, the largest proportion of prosperous and intelligent farmers, merchants and laborers. We shall reap this season, one of the grandest harvests that God ever vouchsafed to the tiller of the soil not only in its extent, but in its variety of productions. We publish more books and more newspapers, with more appreciative readers, than any country in the old world.

This is the fortieth year of my residence in Iowa; in 1845, after a residence of twelve years in Galena, Ill., I crossed the 'father of waters,' to this city, for my permanent residence. In 1853, I opened a store with a stock of hardware and tinner's stock, which I conducted twenty-eight years.

As the years pass on and I grow older, I value more and more the friendship of the old friends with whom I have fought the battle of life, the effects of which begin to tell on the vitality and energy of my system. We are growing old, I hope gracefully.

And now, as the old settlers draw near the close of a useful and successful life, they can depart with the pleasant consciousness of having done their duty well, leaving to younger men of strong hearts and willing hands a legacy (not to be depised) of a united and prosperous country, with the responsibility resting on them, and the privilege and opportunity to further develope the glorious God-given possibilities of an American citizenship.

Thanking you again for your remembrance of me, and wishing you one and all a most enjoyable time, I subscribe myself,

Your most obedient servant,

J. MACLAY.

GALENA, ILL., Sept. 25th, 1885.

MR. J. H. COLE, Secretary.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

DEAR SIR:—I much regret that I will not be able to meet the old settlers at your place on the 30th inst. I would like well to see the old pioneers that will be there. I passed the Lower Rapids 62 years ago last June in a keel boat on my way to the Upper Mississippi lead mines. I was well acquainted with the gentleman whose name your fine city bears.

Yours,

D. SMITH HARRIS.

FAIRFIELD, IOWA, Sept. 25th, 1885.

J. H. COLE, Esq., Secretary.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have great pleasure in acknowledging receipt of your letter of the 24th, in which you so generously offer THE JOURNAL a tent in "Newspaper Row" during the meeting of the Association.

Your kindness is fully appreciated, and I regret exceedingly that I am unable to avail myself of the privilege, owing to a press of business and important duties at home. I shall entertain the hope that at some future meeting of your Association, I will have the pleasure of being present and participating in the festivities. I have been a resident of this section of Iowa for thirty-five years, have been identified with the newspaper business in this Congressional District for over twenty years, and feel a lively interest in the assembling of old settlers in annual meetings. I trust the 2nd Reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association may be a grand success, and be perpetuated from year to year.

Again thanking you for your kindness and courtesy, I remain,

Very Respectfully,

R. H. MOORE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25th, 1885.

C. F. DAVIS, J. M. REID and others,

KEOKUK, IOWA.

Gentlemen:—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to attend the Second Reunion of the old settlers' of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa to be held in Keokuk Sept. 30th, 1885.

I very much regret that business engagements will deprive me of the pleasure of meeting with you on that interesting occasion. Those who were old settlers when I settled in Iowa more than thirty years since, have passed away. The names of many of them will be remembered as distinguished citizens who did much to lay the foundation for the wonderful prosperity which has attended the State.

I hope to have the pleasure of attending your meeting next year and will arrange my plans to do so.

Wishing great success to the meeting on the 30th inst., I am,

Very truly yours,

CYRUS BUSSEY.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPT. 25th, 1885. }

MR. EDWARD JOHNSTONE,

KEOKUK, IOWA.

DEAR SIR:—I am, in receipt of your invitation to attend the Second Annual Reunion of the old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa to be held in Rand Park, Keokuk, Iowa, Wednesday, Sept. 30th, 1885. If I could do so without disregard of important interests now requiring my attention I should be happy to accept. As I cannot do so, I beg now to acknowledge the courtesy and good will of your Association and to extend to them my grateful thanks.

The pioneers who subdued the wilderness to the needs of civilization can never justly be forgotten. As builders up—rather than destroyers,—making the wilderness blossom as the rose rather than turning civilization into waste places,—they deserve to be kept in eternal remembrance.

The founders of the great states of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa were mighty men in their day and generation, and their works speak nobly for them.

I sympathize cordially in the spirit of the occasion, and express the wish it may be completely successful.

Yours very truly,

SAM. J. RANDALL.

MUSCATINE, IOWA., Sept. 25th, 1885.

MESSRS. C. F. DAVIS, J. M. REID, B. S. MERRIAM and others.

GENTLEMEN:—I am in receipt of your kind invitation to attend the reunion of the earlier settlers of the states of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, to be held at Keokuk on the 30th. It is but another evidence that needed not the proof that time and space do not obliterate from your memories those who were with you in the first settling up of this part of our country. And as these anniversaries return in the autumnal season of the year, when the ripened harvests are being garnered, it is meet that those of us who are in the twilight of our years should come together and talk of the days long ago, when we were "first acquaint;" who were among the first to tread the virgin soil of Iowa long before Horace Greely said "Go west, young man."

In some of our more eastern states they have what they call "family reunions," somewhat limited in numbers, but perhaps in harmony with the contracted limit of their territory, and corresponding with the harvest seasons here and there. Here the heart by nature taught, becomes enlarged, even expanded, taking in a much wider range and more boundless vision. You would gather together not only families, but the marching host of an empire, and would marshal the old settlers and their descendants from a trio of states, than whose beautiful stars none shine more brightly in the glorious diadem of our nation, or glitters with a more resplendent lustre in the blue field of "old glory." How pleasant the thought that we were permitted to march in the light of the "Star of Empire" as westward it took its way, and are now living to enjoy with so many others, the rich fruits and the golden harvests of the seeds we then planted, and rejoice in the sweet songs of the "harvest home" and the mutual congratulations of these soul-stirring reunions.

As old soldiers like to call their grand-children around them and fight their battles over again, so we must, to call up the reminiscences of a half century ago. None of us in our wildest dreams would have dared to have foretold such a magnificent future for our adopted land, our new homes; a more charming, delightful inheritance was never given by the great Giver to his children.

May we then, hand down, to our children's children, this glorious heritage, as untarnished as it came from His hand to us.

Regretting exceedingly, that I must be deprived of the pleasure of meeting with you at this time, I felt that an acknowledgment of your very kind invitation was due you.

I am sincerely and truly yours,

JOSEPH BRIDGMAN.

ST. LOUIS, Mo. Sept. 25th, 1885.

MR. C. F. DAVIS,

Chairman Invitation Committee,

Dear Sir:—I am much obliged for your invitation to attend the Reunion of old settlers to be held at Rand Park in Keokuk. It would give me great pleasure to do so. I have many most pleasant recollections connected with my residence in Keokuk from 1850 to

Jan'y, 1862. There were lots of "fair women and brave men" there in those days, and there was an amount of good feeling and friendly interest in each other that does not seem to exist in these fast and selfish days.

It is possible I may be able to come, but I am not certain.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES PARSONS.

DES MOINES, Ia., Sept. 25, 1885

C. F. DAVIS, Esq.,

Chairman.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

DEAR SIR:—The compliment of an invitation to attend the second annual reunion of the "old settlers" of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa to be held at Keokuk on the 30th inst., is received and highly prized.

Nothing could afford me greater satisfaction than to meet the men who pioneered into this grand country, and have contributed largely to reclaim it from barbarism and start it on the gallant march to civilization, educational, industrial and commercial supremacy, did not indisposition of family and other engagements prevent my attendance.

Trusting that the occasion may be crowned with a spontaneous out-pouring of the sturdy pioneers of the three grand commonwealths, and that the social and intellectual entertainments will exceed your most sanguine expectations, I am,

Your obedient servant,

WM. H. MERRITT.

MUSCATINE, IA, Sept. 26, 1885.

C. F. DAVIS, Esq.

Chairman Invitation Committee.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

DEAR SIR:—Your kind invitation to be present at the Second Annual Reunion of the old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa,

to be held in your city on the 30th inst. was received. Our court commences on the 29th, and I am afraid I will be unable to leave. If I can possibly get off, I shall endeavor to be present on that occasion, and participate with you on an occasion so full of interest and gratification.

Very truly yours,

W. F. BRANNAN.

UNITED STATES SENATE. }
WASHINGTON, D. C. Sept. 26, 1885 }

MY DEAR SIR—On my return from Montana, I find yours of Sept. 9th, inviting me to attend the old settlers reunion at Keokuk on Sept. 30.

I very much regret that my engagements will prevent my attending, but I desire to return my sincere thanks for your kind invitation.

Very truly, &c.,

G. G. VEST.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26, 1885.

C. F. DAVIS, Chairman, etc.,

My Dear Sir:—I have your kind invitation to your home if I attend the "Tri-State Old Settler's Reunion" on the 30 inst. It is impossible for me to express my regret at not being able to attend your meeting and accept your kind invitation. My affection and love for the old settlers is that of the love for brothers and sisters that I have been long separated from. I have looked forward with great hope of meeting many of the few now left by time's sickle, but I must wait another year, and if my life is spared that long, I will be with you, if able to get there. There is no pleasure on this earth that I would prize more than to meet the old settlers, and especially the Executive Committee of the Association.

I met W. N. Grover first, nearly fifty years ago, at Louisville, Kentucky, on the return of a visit to my father in Kentucky. We came on steamboats together to Warsaw. I formed a warm attachment then for Grover, which has remained ever since. Thos. C. Sharp was the great leader of the Anti-Mormon fight against

Joe Smith's legion. I see fully daguerreotyped in my mind's eye Sharp, who was one of Gen. Brockman's aids in the Nauvoo battle, quietly sitting on his horse, apparently unconcerned, in the middle of the fight, and the bullets about him as thick as a company of sharp-shooters could fire them. All the rest of the committee are old friends. To meet them and talk of old times and incidents would be a pleasure, indeed. In 1836, Col. Wm. Patterson and I went over into Clark County to visit some old friends, and stopped over night with Capt. McCoy, who lived then about half way between St. Francisville and the then County seat. I recollect our host there telling us about the duel between Tom Benton and Lucas, in which Lucas was killed; he was a great friend of Benton's and was present at the duel.

I want you to remember me to the old friends. If I cannot be with them in body, I will be in spirit, and if I can in any way serve any of them here, I will be glad to do it.

Your Friend,

HAWKINS TAYLOR.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE. }
CHEYENNE, WYOMING, Sept. 26th, 1885. }

C. F. DAVIS, Chairman.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your very kind and special invitation to be present at the old settlers' reunion received. I had been apprised that the enjoyable event was contemplated, through the columns of the daily press of Keokuk and also through the invitation of J. H. Cole. Esq.

I recognize with gratitude this special invitation, as I assure you I appreciate the kind recognition of the committee, of one who has been a citizen of Keokuk for 24 long years and has enjoyed the good-will and regard of its citizens and of those who sojourn in its neighborhood.

How pleased I would be to be with you on the 30th. How happy I would be to look into your genial and well remembered faces and take each by the hand and enjoy a pleasant "welcome home." When thinking of your gathering, I am frank to admit it, it makes me homesick.

Perhaps at some distant day I may be one of you again, and may the influence of old associations, friendships, conflicts, frictions, recognitions and social life all tend to cement and strengthen what *there is in a man*; to bind closer together those who for many years have been side by side in the walks of life. I wish, hope and pray the Reunion will be a success, and while I cannot be there in person, I will in spirit. I can but say, sincere regards to all and everybody.

Truly yours,

HENRY W. ROTHERT.

VICKSBURG, Miss., Sept. 27th, 1885.

MR. EDWARD JOHNSTONE, President.

MY DEAR SIR:—Sometime since I received an invitation to attend your Reunion at Keokuk to be held the 30th inst. I had determined to attend that meeting and revive the memories of the past, but along this journey of life we are subjects of disappointment. I left my home in Chicago, Ill., on the 12th inst., for Jackson, Miss., to take care of a suit in the Chancery Court, involving a large amount of money, with an attachment on 250,000 acres of land. I expected to have been through with that, in time to be at your Reunion, but fate and the law's delay determined otherwise. I did not get through with my suit till last evening—and came here this morning. I find myself "stuck" here for the day and shall not get home in time to visit you on that occasion when there will be a happy meeting of old settlers and old friends. There are no friends like OLD friends. How I shall *miss* the *pleasure* I had anticipated and hoped for, I cannot tell you. I want to tell you of many things, past long years since. I came west in the summer of 1835, fifty years ago, half a century, can it be possible? How time flies! "We take no note of time, but from its loss." Yet I have kept some note of things; a journal, daily, for over sixty years (that shows me what most men call an old man,) 74 years old, and NOT ASHAMED of my past life.

I took possession of "Old Fort Des Moines," ten miles north of your city, on the 1st of June, 1837, when the United States troops left for Leavenworth, leaving me there alone, so far as white men were concerned, with about three thousand Indians around me—the Sac & Fox Nation, I soon formed the acquaintance of Old Black

Hawk (called Muk-e-tah-Mosseka-ka) and his wife (Mo-a-e-quah) and his son Nash-eash-kuk; and old Keokuk, (Pash-c-pa-ho) and others, Frank Labessier, the half-breed, &c., &c. Then came in the Kilbournes and Colemans, and many others who proved fast friends during eight months of fighting troubles with the border ruffians sent by the Reddick ring from St. Louis to dispossess us under the "Spanish Claim."

That fall we laid out the town of Keokuk, and the town of Montrose. The WRIGHTS will never forget the hog-stealing cases tried before old justice Gaines, of Keokuk, who now lies buried in your cemetery, and who was a well meaning man, but much governed by the early practices of that early period. They, (the Wrights) will not forget the whiskey jug that stood by the seat of justice, and the tin cup passed from time to time to the jurors called to try the "thieves," (for they were not examining for a probable cause to bind over to a higher tribunal, but the J. P. claimed and exercised the power to TRY and punish all malefactors.) Do the Wrights remember the occasion? The good old man (Wright) has gone to the happy home above, but I believe some of the family still live north of and near your city, and I hope will be at your meeting. I cannot say more now, but hope to meet your association at some future time.

Please express to your Association my regrets that I am unable to be with you at this meeting.

I enclose you my *resemblance* of the 50 years ago and now, that you may see how the young man looked when he emigrated to the west and fought prairie fires, and how he looks now, while yet hale and hearty, and still fighting "the world, the flesh and the devil."

With kindest regards, I am truly,

Yours,

HENRY S. AUSTIN.

HASTINGS, NEBRASKA, Sept. 27th, 1885.

J. H. COLE,

KEOKUK, IOWA.

DEAR SIR:—I have just received your kind invitation which was forwarded to me at this place. I met with a serious accident about a month ago, which will prevent my attending the meeting at your place on the 30th, much to my regret.

I thank you very much for your kind invitation, and if it were possible, I would surely be there. Give my best respects to all the "old settlers" and friends.

I would like to respond to the toast assigned me, as I run the first steamboat up the Iowa River, and the first up the Des Moines, to my best recollection.

I hope to meet all the old friends at the annual meeting. With best respects to all, I am,

Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM PHELPS.

CIRCLEVILLE, O., Sept. 28, 1885.

Hon. J. M. REID, Com. Invitation:

Dear Sir:—I received your very kind invitation to be present at your Tri-State Reunion on the 30th. I fully proposed to accept in person, Mrs. W. also desiring to go and visit old friends, but, I find myself to-day, so pressed with delayed business in court that I am obliged to send my regrets,—the more sincere, for the great reason and desire I have to once more see the places and faces I have never forgotten to love and respect. If I should add another word, it would be to you for the extreme kindness of an invitation that I am not forgotten. Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

A. T. WALLING.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., Sept. 28, 1885.

Messrs. C. F. DAVIS, J. M. REID, SAM. KLEIN and others.

Committee:

Gentlemen:—Thanks for invitation to attend Tri-State Old Settler's Reunion on the 30th prox., at Rand Park, Keokuk, Iowa.

Press of official duty will not permit me to be with you; but allow me to express the hope that you will have a good day, and that the old settlers may have many reunions and live long to enjoy the blessings which a good providence has vouchsafed to them and to their children.

Let me add a further reflection,—I came to Keokuk in the year 1854; it was the west then—the far west—and though not an old man, yet your three states of Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri, are now

no longer on the frontier, but are great Commonwealths in the very heart and center of this great Country.

May they in their wonderful prosperity and increasing power and influence be and always remain STEADFAST to the Union, the Constitution and the Laws.

Very Respectfully, JOHN BRUCE.

BUFFALO, IOWA, SEPT. 28th, 1885.

HON. EDWARD JOHNSTONE, J. H. COLE, AND OTHERS,

Gentlemen:—Upon my return home I found your kind invitation to myself and family to be with you on the 30th inst. And be assured nothing would give me more pleasure than to be with you on that occasion, to again hear talked over our many trials, toils and joys in the first settlement of the "Black Hawk Purchase." And here, where I now sit to write, it was, that the first actual settlement was made between Flint Hills (Burlington) and Dubuque, and to-day I reside on the soil I claimed in the spring of 1833. I think that not another such case exists on the river between Keokuk and Dubuque, where the "Claimant" continues to own the property and lived for nearly fifty-three years.

I am glad to say that it is not my infirmities, but other matters that prevent me the pleasure of being with you on that day. My dear friend, Johnstone, I have known you for forty-six or seven years. It is always the pleasant thought of my life to think of, as friends, our departed and much lamented Gen. A. C. Dodge, J. W. Grimes and others, as well as yourself and many others among the living. And again thanking you for your kind remembrance, I remain,

Yours Very Truly,

W. L. CLARK.

MONMOUTH, ILLS., SEPT. 28th, 1885.

MESSRS. C. F. DAVIS AND OTHERS.

GENTS:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your kind invitation to attend the reunion of the old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, to be held at Rand Park in Keokuk, on Wednesday, September 30th, 1885, for which I beg you to accept my

thanks. And while other and existing engagements will compel me to deny myself the honor and great pleasure a compliance with your invitation would afford me, I need hardly assure you that my heart and best wishes will be with you on that day, and I trust that you will believe me true when I assure you that right dearly would I love to be present in person and join in a review of the past, and recall the memory of the labors, toils and hardships incident to the settlement of a new country, and enjoy with you the ripe fruits of our common toil, which has converted the wild home of the Indian and wild beast into happy habitations for the proud and predominant race of human kind. I came to Illinois first in summer of 1834, but returned to Kentucky, my native state, and again came to Illinois in the spring of 1839, so you can say that I looked upon the wilds of this great Northwest at a very early day, when the signs of savage life were still apparent on every side,—indeed the sand had scarcely settled in the moccasin track of the savage.—But under the aggressive influence of education and civilization this state of things is greatly changed, and on and across the fertile and then neglected broad acres, now are spread out to the utmost verge of human vision, magnificent farms and stately dwellings. The dim Indian trail has given place to the majestic Railway; the shambling pony has given place to the mighty and wonderfully constructed engine, drawing by its irresistible force the lightning train with its palace cars. Few intelligent persons were then seen in these states, and few indeed, were the demands for transportation, but now many of these railways are of necessity double tracked to transport the constantly increasing current of mankind to and from the busy marts of trade and commerce, and the rich and abundant products of honest and intelligent labor.

Again thanking you for your kind invitation, I have the honor to be

JAS. W. DAVIDSON.

PRINCETON, Ills, Sept, 28th, 1885.

J. H. COLE, Esq., Secretary:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend the Second Annual Reunion of Old Settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, to be held at Rand Park, Keokuk, on Wednesday, Sept. 30th, 1885. And while I have been hoping I

might be able to accept the kind invitation and be present at your reunion, I regret very much now to say that I cannot do so. If I could, it would give me much pleasure to be present and meet the old settlers of the States mentioned who may assemble on an occasion of so much interest, as I trust that of your Reunion may be, but circumstances are such as to prevent me from doing so, and thanking you sincerely for the invitation and wishing your Reunion may be successful and interesting, I am,

Respectfully yours, &c.,

THOS. J. HENDERSON.

BURLINGTON, IOWA, Sept. 29, 1885.

C. F. DAVIS, ESQ., Chairman.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

MY DEAR SIR:—Accept my thanks for your kind invitation to attend the "Tri-State Old Settler's Association" in Keokuk on Sept. 30th. Nothing would afford me more pleasure than to do so, but I am so situated at this time that it is impossible for me to be with you in person, but rest assured that I will be with you in spirit. Hoping you may have a good time, and that we may meet at many such reunions in the hereafter,

I am yours always,

LYMAN COOK.

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, }
WASHINGTON, Sept. 29th, 1885. }

HON. EDWARD JOHNSTONE,

President, Tri-State Old Settlers Association.

Dear Sir:—The invitation to attend the meeting of the association on the 30th, (to-morrow) has followed me from Washington to Block Island and back again, and is now just received. If it had come to hand earlier, the necessity of discharging official duties, delayed during a summer vacation, would forbid me joining you on this occasion.

The satisfaction I had in attending the meeting of the association last year adds to the sharpness of my regret at being unable to do so now.

It is fitting that these three states of Missouri, Illinois and Iowa, no longer the younger children of the great republic, but its full grown offspring, now in sturdy manhood with their united population of more than eight millions, occupying the central position of the country, on each side of the most important navigable river of the world should call together the men yet living who were pioneers in the early settlement and witnesses of the growth of these states. No such progress is to be found anywhere in all that makes the usefulness and happiness of man.

In wealth, in education, in morality, in political power, in all the elements of social happiness, these states have shown in the last half century a growth so wonderful, yet so quiet and steady, that it may be doubted if history has its equal.

When, therefore, this association brings together the scattered remnants of those who were the real pioneers of the settlement of these states, the men who later led the tide of progress in social, political and religious advancement, and those who to-day in the various departments of human progress, social life and public service of all kinds contribute to uphold and push on the standard of improvement, it is an occasion for congratulation, for enjoyment and reflection.

My heart, Mr. President, is with the purpose of this meeting, and my warmest feelings with those who, with better fortune than myself, are present. I am, with thanks for the kind invitation,

Your fond friend,

SAM'L. F. MILLER.

STATE OF MISSOURI
OFFICE OF
RAILROAD COMMISSIONERS. }

CITY OF JEFFERSON, SEPT. 29th, 1885.

GENTLEMEN OF THE INVITATION COMMITTEE:—Please accept my thanks for your kind invitation to be present at the "Tri-State Old Settlers' Reunion" to be held in Rand Park Sept. 30th. It would afford me much pleasure to meet with my brother pioneers, but official duties will prevent me from enjoying such a pleasure at that time. Your invitation awakened many memories of the days "lang syne" and I have ventured to jot down a few incidents which I hope will not be uninteresting.

I am one of the oldest settlers of North-east Missouri, my father having moved there seven years before the county of Scotland was organized, and eight years before the town of Memphis was surveyed. During the winter of '36 the old Fox Chieftain Keokuk paid us a long visit. Now his faults are buried in his grave, and time has obliterated all traces of savagery from his nature, and he lives to-day in the hearts of your people as "Noble Warrior" and sort of "patron Saint," of "guardian angel" of your beautiful city, but fidelity to truth compels me to state that at that time he was a typical red men, and endowed with all their traits. During his stay with us he became very much attached to two of our finest horses, and when he left, the horses were also missing (he could not bear to part from them.) As soon as their flight was discovered, we started in hot pursuit and succeeded in overtaking them at an Indian agency near where the city of Ottumwa now stands. At first the old chieftain was loth to part with his dumb friends, but a little moral suasion together with a plentiful display of firearms, soon convinced him of the error of his ways and he bade the weeping horses a tender farewell and went on his way sorrowing.

We lived in the most primitive style during that time. In the winter of '36 I went to mill for the first time; previous to that we had pounded the corn in a mortar, or ground it in a coffee mill; that was literally "earning our bread by the sweat of the brow." After the panic of '37 we had very little money in circulation, and the taxes were paid in wolf scalps, deer skins and wild honey. I have in my possession now, notes given then which read "One year after date I promise to pay W. G. D. twenty dollars in trade at trade rates, for value received."

Our means of transportation were very limited; much of travel was over land on foot. I remember in the month of November '38, I drove a large number of hogs from Sand Hill to the little town of Benton in Wisconsin, sixteen miles from Galena, a distance of 400 miles. Such a story of pedestrianism may seem marvelous to our dainty modern youths, but we old men were made of tough material and such feats were not uncommon. In 1844 I bought 2,000 hogs, fattened them during the summer on mast, which was very plentiful, and in the winter months killed and packed the greater part of them, and when the river opened I hauled the bacon to Smoot's Landing, two miles below Canton, and shipped it to St. Louis. Finding absolutely no sale for it

there, I re-shipped it on the steamer Uncle Toby to Galena. Again I was disappointed in finding a sale for it; so I gave it to Capt. Cole of the steamer Toby for fuel, and thus my speculation in hogs ended in "smoke."

We old land marks could tell many such stories of hardships endured and privations suffered, but when we look around and see the results of our labors in the thriving towns that cover our broad land, we do not regret a day of the past, and many of us in our inmost hearts sigh for the good old days of yore.

Yours Truly,

W. G. DOWNING.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, Sept. 30th, 1885.

EDWARD JOHNSTONE, ESQ., President.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

Dear Sir:—I had fully intended to honor your kind invitation to attend the Tri-State Old Settlers Association Meeting to be held this day in your beautiful city of Keokuk, but am sorry to say that pressing business engagements forbid it. I am heartily in accord with you in this very laudable enterprise, the object of which is two-fold; 1st, to bind us who came to this western wilderness to grow up with a new empire and make it what it is now seen about us, and to lay plans for its further advancement to bind us, I say, who have done this in the bands of true friendship, that as years roll by us, we may know each other better and become a sustaining power to each other; 2d, to preserve the history of the past and hand it down to posterity, and to preserve ever the memory of those who have gone before us. A noble band whose deeds are engraven on every step which the civilization about us has taken toward perfection.

I send you with this, a copy of the Iowa Historical Record, with my humble effort in it to define truthfully the meaning of the name of our state.

I am very respectfully,

Your humble servant,

C. W. IRISH.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, Sept. 30th, 1885.

HON. C. F. DAVIS, Chairman.

Committee of Invitation.

DEAR SIR: Storrs-stayed a distance from home, I find it impracticable to reach Keokuk, to-day. I passed by your city on the Illinois side, by land in Sept. 1839, on my way to Iowa. I crossed to Fort Madison, where I met the Rev. James A. Clark, who built the Presbyterian church and a brick parsonage, floating the joists and rafters from the island above. After many toils and trials he returned to Connecticut, having been a pioneer missionary in Iowa.

Thence I went to Denmark, Lee Co., spending a Sabbath and preaching for the Rev. Asa Turner, agent for the home missionary society. He carried me and my trunk on the back end of his buggy with his wife and baby on the only seat, drawn by the faithful "old Jerry." He and his wife gave me very warm hospitality. My bed was on loose boards in the loft over the kitchen stove. Sabbath I preached for him. On Monday, he forwarded me to Burlington, where I preached the next Sabbath to the Presbyterian Congregation. With Mr. Edwards, editor of the "Hawkeye," Wm. H. Starr, James W. Grimes, I took an excursion to Wapello, where he (Mr. Grimes,) attended court. I rode his Indian pony, fording creeks, as there were no bridges at that time. There had been considerable sickness and several deaths at Burlington. I went up to the graveyard in the oak opening, where all the graves looked new, and as I was not ready to die yet, I took a stage the next morning for Chicago, though solicited to remain at Burlington. I preached at the First Presbyterian Church, seven Sabbaths and was the guest of the mayor, B. W. Raymone, Elder Wright, Wm. H. Brown and others. On my way to Galena, I preached three Sabbaths to Guiteau, the father of the assassin of President Garfield. In the month of February, 1840, I preached to Brown in his bar-room surrounded by a company of banditti, who in the spring of the same year had a fight with sheriff Warren in which eight men were killed, four of whom were citizens. Brown and his gang were resisting the sheriff.

Mr. Chairman, I wish to offer the following toast at your entertainment, with many regrets that I cannot be there to respond to it: "The pioneer ministers and missionaries of Iowa."

Respectfully yours,

SAMUEL STORRS HOWE.

(Written by an amanuensis, as I am nearly blind.)

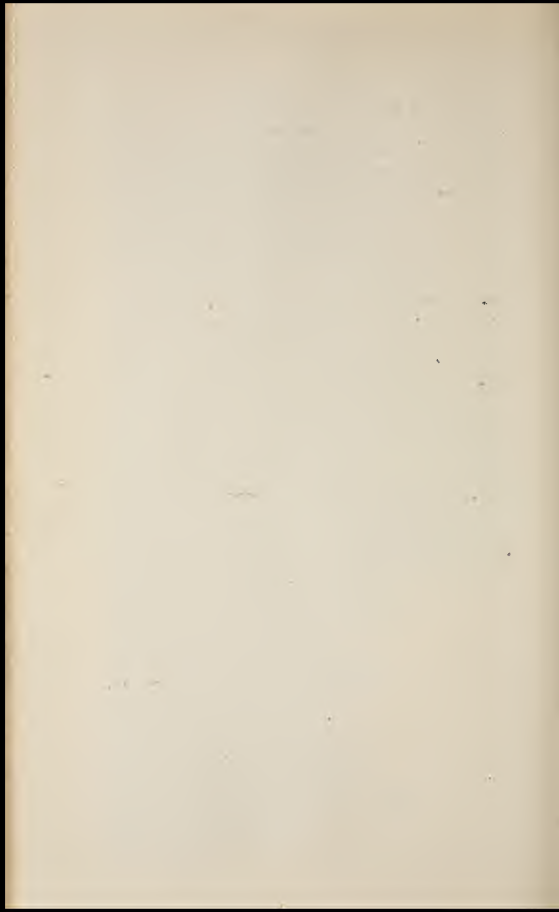
S. S. H.

ADDITIONAL RESPONSES

Were received from the following:

- J. H. Hooper, Esq., Chicago, Illinois.
- Hon. Oliver Mills, Lewis, Cass Co., Iowa.
- Hon. N. E. Worthington, Peoria, Ills.
- Mayor L. H. Condit, Canton, Missouri.
- Hon. W. N. Neece, Monmouth, Illinois.
- Capt. L. Parkhurst, Davenport, Iowa.
- S. S. Vail, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.
- Geo. C. Furman, 229 Broadway, New York.
- John Lorrain, Esq., Galena, Illinois.
- Alexander Cruikshank, Esq., West Point, Iowa.
- Fitch B. Stacy, Stacyville, Iowa.
- Judge E. S. Burton, Ottumwa, Iowa.
- Rev. L. B. Dennis, Knoxville, Illinois.
- Hon. E. H. Conger, Des Moines, Iowa.
- Hon. L. H. Weller, Nashua, Iowa.
- Hon. S. McPherson, Red Oak, Iowa.
- W. H. Barnes, Esq., Jacksonville, Illinois.
- Hon. H. C. Bulis, Decorah, Iowa.
- Chas. W. Hine, Esq., Ft. McKinney, Wyoming Ter.
- Hon. J. D. M. Hamilton, Ft. Madison, Iowa.
- Hon. John N. McClanahan, Corydon, Iowa.
- J. M. Asher, Esq., El Cajoun, San Diego Co., Cal.
- Lieut. Gov. J. C. Smith, Chicago, Illinois.
- Edward H. Stiles, Esq. Ottumwa, Iowa.
- Judge P. M. Cassidy, Des Moines, Iowa.
- Rev. Thos. E. Corkhill, Oskaloosa, Iowa.
- B. Miles, Esq., Houghton, Iowa.
- W. F. Merrill, Esq., Burlington, Iowa.
- Mrs. Moses F. Shinn, Omaha, Neb.
- Hon. A. G. Adams, Burlington, Iowa.
- Dr. G. S. Bailey, Vernon, Iowa.
- C. Gibson, Esq., Northern Minnesota.
- T. S. Parvin, Esq., Iowa City, Iowa.
- E. D. L. Sweet, Esq., Chicago, Illinois.
- F. N. Chase, Esq., Cedar Falls, Iowa.
- Col. John Adair McDowell, Chicago, Illinois.
- Major R. W. McClaughry, Joliett, Illinois.
- Hon. Barlow Granger, Des Moines, Iowa.
- Hon. John M. Wood, Kahoka, Mo.

Judge James J. Lindley, St. Louis, Mo.
 Hon. Robt. T. Lincoln, Chicago, Illinois.
 Hon. James Hagerman, Topeka, Kansas.
 Hon. Chas. P. Swigert, Springfield, Ills.
 Hon. W. G. Donnan, Independence, Iowa.
 James Barker, Esq., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Col. W. H. McDoel, Louisville, Ky.
 Hon. D. B. Henderson, Dubuque, Iowa.
 Hon. Henry Rabb, Springfield, Ill.
 W. J. Young, Esq., Clinton, Iowa.
 Judge David Davis, Bloomington, Ill.
 H. Swimmer, Esq., Quincy Ill.
 Hon. Sam'l J. Kirkwood, Iowa City, Iowa.
 Hon. Hoyt Sherman, Des Moines, Iowa.
 Hon. Geo. W. McCrary, Kansas City, Mo.
 Judge C. C. Cole, Des Moines, Iowa.
 Hon. C. E. Whiting, Whiting, Iowa.
 Hon. M. M. Ham, Dubuque, Iowa.
 David Parsons, Esq., Detroit, Mich.
 Prof. S. N. Fellows, Iowa City, Iowa.
 Capt. Jno. A. T. Hull, Des Moines, Iowa.
 Hon. Wm. Larrabee, Clermont, Iowa.
 Hon. John H. Gear, Burlington, Iowa.
 Hon. Lafayette Young, Atlantic, Iowa.
 Hon. Franklin McVeagh, Chicago, Ill.
 Hon. E. H. Gillette, Des Moines, Iowa.
 Hon. H. W. Clendenin, Springfield, Ill.



INDEX.

	PAGE.
Appointment of committee to nominate officers.....	27
Adjournment.....	59
Allison, W. B. letter of.....	66
Austin, Henry S. letter of.....	96
Ballingall, Hon. P. T. response to "State Militia".....	41
Belknap, Gen'l Wm. W. response to toast "Volunteer Soldiers.".....	42
Beardsley, Hon. Charles letter of.....	65
Bell, Casper W. letter of.....	67
Brown, A. letter of.....	71
Bross, Hon. William, letter of.....	83
Bussey, Gen'l Cyrus, letter of.....	90
Bridgman, Maj. Joseph, letter of.....	91
Brannan, Judge W. F. letter of.....	93
Bruce, Judge John, letter of.....	98
Constitution.....	4
Committees.....	5
Carr, Clark E. address of.....	27
Clute, Rev. Oscar, letter of.....	65
Cockrell, F. M. letter of.....	67
Collum, Gov. S. M. letter of.....	68
Carpenter, Hon. C. C., letter of.....	77
Crittenden, Hon. Thos. T. letter of.....	78
Clark, W. L. letter of.....	99
Cook, Lyman, letter of.....	101
DeCailly, Rev. address of.....	8
Drake, Gen'l F. M. address of.....	30
Dean, Henry Clay, response to toast "Pioneer Preachers" ..	32
Davidson, Gay, poem—"This Trinity.".....	60
Dey, Hon. Peter A., letter of.....	74
Davidson, Jas. W., letter of.....	99
Downing, W. G. letter of.....	102

Executive Committee, Appointment of.....	59
Edwards, A. G. letter of.....	64
Eckert, James, letter of.....	78
Foote, Dr. Geo. W. response to toast.....	47
Fry, Smith D., letter of.....	68
Fairall, Hon. H. S. letter of.....	74
Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. O. S. letter of.....	75
Fleak, L. B. letter of.....	86
Gregg, Thomas, response to Pioneer Press	52
Gordon, Samuel, Address of.....	55
Historical	3
Hillhouse, Capt. Wm., address of.....	43
Hargadine, W. A., letter of.....	65
Hatch, Hon. W. H., letter of.....	69
Hogan, John, letter of.....	69
Hepburn, Hon. W. P., letter of.....	72
Harlan, Hon. James, letter of.....	72
Hatton, Hon. Frank, letter of.....	73
Hamilton, A. H., letter of.....	86
Harris, D. Smith, letter of.....	89
Henderson, Thomas J., letter of.....	100
Howe, Sam'l Storrs, letter of.....	105
Iowa—Origin of Name.....	30
Irish, C. W., letter of.....	104
Johnstone, Edward, address of	7
Jennings, Berryman, letter of.....	75
Jones, George Watkins, letter of.....	81
Kulp, Wm. O., letter of.....	71
Knowles, Judge Hiram, letter of.....	73
Littleton, Jacob, letter of.....	64
Logan, John A., letter of.....	69
Leib, Herman, Letter of.....	72
Morehouse W., Gov. A. P., address of.....	21
Marshall S. T., response to Pioneer Women.....	39
Marmaduke, Gov. John S., Telegram.....	41

Militia State—Toast, by P. G. Ballingall.....	41
Manning, Hon. Edwin, Reminiscences.....	48
Murphy, Hon. Jerry, letter of.....	70
McGinnis, Jas. C., letter of.....	78
Miller, Justice, Samuel F., letter of.....	101
Mitchell, Hon. Thos., letter of.....	82
Maclay, J., letter of.....	87
Moore, R. H., letter of.....	90
Merritt, Wm. H., letter of.....	93
Noble, General John W., letter of.....	70
Officers and Executive Committee.....	59
Oglesby, Gov. Richard J., Address of.....	16
Programme—	2
Phelps, William, letter of.....	97
Proceedings—	7
Patterson, J. T., Poem.....	62
Parsons, Charles, letter of.....	92
Price, Hon. H., letter of.....	82
Prather, John G., letter of.....	80
Pratt, George Cooley, letter of.....	66
Pioneer Preachers, response.....	22
Press, Pioneer, response.....	52
Poem,—“This Trinity,” by Gay Davidson.....	60
Resolution of Thanks.....	59
Russell, Edward, letter of.....	76
Randall, Hon. Sam. J., letter of.....	91
Rothert, Hon. Henry W., letter of.....	95
Regrets, letters of.....	106
Second Reunion.....	3
Stanard, Gov. O. E., address of.....	11
Sherman, Gov. B. R., address of.....	13
Street, Wm. B., response of.....	37
Seeberger, A. F., letter of.....	75
Saunders, Hon. Alvin, letter of.....	81
Stanwood, George, letter of.....	81
Strong, Henry, letter of.....	83
Townshend, R. W., letter of.....	70
Taylor, Hawkins, letter of.....	94

VanChoate, S. F., to Judge Johnstone.....	80
VanChoate, S. F., letter from, to W. A. Brownell.....	63
"Volunteer Soldiers" toast, response by Gen'l W. W. Belknap,.....	42
Vilas, Hon. Wm. F., letter of.....	79
Vest, Hon. G. G., letter of.....	94
Women, Pioneer, response by S. T. Marshall.....	39
Wright, George G., letter of.....	64
Wilson, Hon. James F., letter of.....	66
Williams, Geo. H., letter of.....	77
Walsh, John Carroll, letter of.....	84
Wentworth, Hon. John, letter of.....	85
Walling, Hon. A. T., letter of.....	98

REPORT

—OF THE—

THIRD REUNION

—OF THE—

TRI-STATE

Old Settlers' Association

—OF—

ILLINOIS, MISSOURI AND IOWA,

—HELD—

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13th, 1886,

—IN—

KEOKUK, IOWA.

RESOLUTION OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

RESOLVED, That Dr. J. M. Shaffer and J. H. Cole, Secretary, be authorized to have the proceedings of Third Reunion printed in form similar to the report of September 30th, 1885.

KEOKUK, IOWA.
Tri-State Printing Co.
1887.

REPORT

THIRD REGION

1890

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

1890

1890

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY
OF AMERICA
WASHINGTON, D. C.

INDEX.

Adams, A. G. address of	15 to 18
Afternoon Meeting	25 to 26
Ainsworth, J. C. letter of	55 to 56
Asher, J. M. letter of	63
Armstrong, P. A. letter of	65 & 79
Additional Responses to Invitations	86 to 88
Bush, Col. address of	45
Belknap, Wm. W. Genl. address of	51 to 52
Babb, W. I. letter of	77 to 78
Bogen, Joseph Rev. letter of	84 to 85
Constitution of Association,	11 to 12
Committee to Recommend Officers,	54
Cleveland, Grover Hon. letter of	53
Cartwright, W. H. letter of	65
Crittenden, Thos. T. letter of	79
Duffield, Geo. C. address of	48 to 51
Diggs, D. W. letter of	67 to 68
Dey, Peter A. letter of	74
Dennis, L. B. Rev.	81
Davidson, Gay letter of	82 to 83
Exercises, Program of	5
Fulton, A. R. letter of	68 to 69
"Gate City," Extract from	8 to 9
Griffith, I. W. address of	46 to 47
Graves, J. K. Senator letter of	58 to 59
Historical, 1st, 2nd and 3rd Reunions,	7 to 10
Hutchinson, A. C. letter of	73
Hillhouse, William letter of	74 to 75
Henderson, D. B. Col. letter of	79 to 80
Hogan, John letter of	83 to 84
Johnstone, Edward, address	14 to 15
Jones, Geo. W. letter of	81
Love, J. M. address of	18 to 25
Logan, John A. Genl. letter of	60

Lindley, James J. address of	- - - -	64
Lewis, Jndge address of	- - - -	34 to 65
Murphy, J. W. extract "Burlington Post,"	- -	9 to 10
Matheny, Jas. H. address of	- - - -	27 to 33
Moore, Col. David, address of	- - - -	47 to 48
Miller, Sam'l F. Jndge letter of	- - - -	59 to 60
Merritt, Wm. H. letter of	- - - -	64
Maclay, J. letter of	- - - -	65 to 67
McClanahan, J. N. letter of	- - - -	69
McKinny, T. I. letter of	- - - -	73 to 74
Officers, List of 1886	- - - -	13
Officers, Elected for 1886-7	- - - -	54
Programme,	- - - -	5
Phillips, John F. Letter of	- - - -	61
Parvin, T. S. Hon. letter of	- - - -	62 to 63
Parkhurst, L. letter of	- - - -	76 to 77
Pratt, Geo. Cooley, letter of	- - - -	78
Pettengill, Sne Clagett letter of	- - - -	56 to 58
Responses to Invitations,	- - - -	53 to 85
Remarks, Concluding	- - - -	89
Salter, Wm. Rev. Dr.	- - - -	45 to 46
Skinner, D. D. letter of	- - - -	61 to 62
Singleton, Jas. W. Hon. letter of	- - - -	62
Springer, Francis	- - - -	67
Thompson, Rev. Aaaron Prayer	- - - -	25 to 26
Taylor, Hawkins address of	- - - -	46
Vest, G. G. Senator letter of	- - - -	60 to 61
Welcome address of J. M. Love	- - - -	_____
Wright, Geo. G. address of	- - - -	35 to 45
Wells, Gny address of	- - - -	48
Walch, John Carroll letter of	- - - -	75
Woolley, J. J. letter of	- - - -	76
Welsh, H. P. letter of	- - - -	80 to 81
Zwart, Barnard letter of	- - - -	69 to 73

«PROGRAM.»

Association called to order at the Speaker's Stand, at 10 A. M.,
By Hon. Edward Johnstone, President.
Prayer, - - - - - By Rev. I. P. Teter, Ottumwa.

MUSIC BY KEOKUK MILITARY BAND.

Introduction of Hon. A. G. Adams, of Iowa, - President of the Day.
Address of Welcome, - - - - - By Hon. J. M. Love.

MUSIC BY MARTIAL BAND.

Responses to Welcome, - { By Hon. James H. Matheny, of Illinois.
By Hon. John Hogan, of Missouri.
By Hon. Geo. G. Wright, of Iowa.

MUSIC BY KEOKUK MILITARY BAND.

Appointment of Committee to Recommend Officers for the Ensuing
Year.

RECESS FOR DINNER.

«AFTERNOON.»

RE-ASSEMBLE AT 2 P. M.

Prayer, - - - - - By Rev. Aaron Thompson, Illinois.

MUSIC BY MILITARY BAND.

Volunteer Addresses not to exceed ten minutes, on topics appropriate
to the occasion.

Report of the Committee to Recommend Officers.

Music at Order of President of the Day.

WILSON

THE
WILSON
PUBLICATIONS
COMPANY
NEW YORK
1914

HISTORICAL.

The Tri-State Old Settlers' Association of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, owes its origin to the earnest desire on the part of many old citizens of Keokuk to meet their friends of earlier days and renew old friendships and acquaintances, and to form new ones. To this end the organization known as the Citizens' Association was asked to take the preliminary steps toward establishing, on a permanent footing, an association that would bring together, in annual reunions, the pioneers of the three States.

Accordingly, the Citizens' Association invited the citizens of Keokuk to meet together on the evening of July 3rd, 1884, at the U. S. Court Room in the Estes House, to determine the question as to whether such reunions should be held, and if so, the time, place, etc.

A large number of citizens responded, and it was resolved unanimously to organize a Tri-State Old Settlers' Association. The following Executive Committee was selected: J. M. Reid, Geo. F. Jenkins, J. O. Voorhies, D. F. Miller, Sr., J. B. Paul, S. E. Carey and J. H. Cole. September 4th, 1884, and Rand Park, were agreed on as the time and place for holding the first reunion.

At a subsequent meeting the Executive Committee reported the Constitution, which was adopted, the programme of exercises, and October 2nd, 1884, as the date for the first re-union, on account of the local fairs being held in surrounding counties in September.

SECOND REUNION.

A Committee on Invitation was appointed, who sent out about 3,500 special invitations. Responses to many of these were made in person and to some by letters, which may be found in their proper place.

September 28th and 29th, 1885, preceding the day of the Second Reunion, were cloudy and dark, with nearly constant

drizzling rain; 30th, the same rains with not a ray of sunshine. Tents had been secured for headquarters for Missouri, Illinois and Iowa for the officers and the press and were erected in Rand Park, where the programme was to be carried out. The weather rendered this impracticable, and the exercises were held at the Keokuk Opera House.

THIRD REUNION.

This meeting was anticipated with great desire by the hosts of pioneers and younger people who had pleasant memories of the preceding occasions. It was regarded a great delight to meet many whose labors had laid the foundations of the great prosperity attained and enjoyed by the people of the three states. The older ones to recall their privations, and the younger to rejoice in the glad time in which they find themselves, would be a pleasure, and an incentive to go forward in the march of progress.

"It was a greater success than any of its predecessors, or at least equaled them in attendance and enjoyment. Sore was the disappointment of those who arose yesterday morning and discovered the sky overcast with ominous clouds. For a time the rain poured down in torrents and for several hours there were intermitting showers, which seemed to foreshadow the failure of the reunion. Towards noon the clouds broke, the sun peered brightly through the vaporous rifts and there was promise of a pleasant afternoon. Notwithstanding this inclemency, the merchants on Main and other thoroughfares displayed attractive decorations, which enhanced the appearance of the city."

The annual meeting and exchange of greetings and reminiscences is of far more import to the old settlers and pioneers than to those who did not share in the hardships of early life. From the resources of a native wilderness those advance couriers of progress have evolved the living monuments of enlightenment and modern civilization. As the gray-haired patriarch gazes upon the paved streets and marble halls his heart throbs with strange and tender emotions. He has witnessed a marvelous transformation. Amid the uncultivated wilds of boundless

territory have sprung into existence magnificent cities as if by magic and waving fields of grain supplant the interminable forest. In a few years the pioneers will have passed away and old settlers' meetings will live only in the dust-laden tomes of tradition. Those who faced the dangers of frontier life and hewed a path of progress to the golden sands of the Pacific are worthy of the highest consideration; let there be honors for the living, prayers for the dead.—(Gate City.)

In anticipation of the meeting J. W. Murphy, of the Burlington (Iowa) Post, wrote: The old settlers are dying off at so rapid a rate that in a few years there will be none of the first generation of Iowans remaining. Missouri, which is much older as a state than we are, has even fewer of the settlers within her borders. But while southern and central Missouri were settled at comparatively an early day, the memory of the "wolf's long howl," as it echoed across her waving prairies of green wild grass, is yet distinct in the minds of many people still living in northeastern Missouri. Even the young men in that country now living there saw much of the primitive civilization of the state, and can remember when the government was selling the land to the settlers for a dollar and a quarter an acre. Fresher still is the memory of the wild game in that region, of the huge breaking plows pulled by ten yokes of oxen, of the little groves of red brush that dotted the prairies everywhere, where wolves and deer could lie by during the heat of summer and the cold of winter, of the long drives to mill, and the trips across country in the deep snow to postoffice and grist mill. Then there are men in Missouri who came west as early as 1829. We remember an old man at Saint Francisville, named General Harrison, who anchored at the Yellow Banks that year and bartered with the Sac and Fox Indians in that neighborhood. He is still a resident of Clark county, or was a few months ago, and he ought to be present at this reunion. Some of his experiences dating back 60 years ago have value, and bear to be related in the presence of all the old settlers and new comers. We do not know that Mrs. Harriet Conway, of Alexandria, is still living, but if she is she ought to come and tell about an experience of hers when she gave a dinner to the great chief Black Hawk and 400 of his braves just after the closing

of the war up on Rock River. The table was spread in the grove near the residence of Samuel Bartlett, at Saint Francisville. Mrs. Conway and Mrs. Louisa Biggs were the cooks at this interesting festival, assisted by a number of squaws, among whom was Keokuk's old wife—his new one, some thirty years younger, having the place of honor at the table. Then Major I. N. Lewis ought to come over from Peaksville and tell the story of the old Boundary war, and James Jordan might add zest to the occasion by coming down from Iowaville and telling of the great battle between the Omahas and the Sacs, many years ago, when the former were surprised in their camp, and were everyone slain. Their graveyard is in sight of his front door. Indeed, there are enough of these items of the early settlement of the West to fill several good sized volumes, and in the future it will be eagerly sought by the local historian and antiquarian. Now is the time to gather up and preserve all of these facts and incidents and the old settler associations are doing a great work in that regard, and one that will be more generally appreciated and recognized later on.

CONSTITUTION.

WHEREAS, Sociable and friendly relations are desirable amongst all men, but more especially with those who as neighbors and friends have shared the adversities and hardships of a pioneer's life; therefore, in order to promote and maintain amongst the people of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa the most intimate and friendly relations, and for the purpose of keeping alive and perpetuating the record of the old settlers and pioneers of these States, and to cultivate the heretofore existing social relations, we do adopt the following Constitution :

Article 1. The name and title of this organization shall be the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association.

Art. 2. All persons who were residents in either Iowa, Illinois or Missouri prior to 1860, or who shall have resided in any of these States for twenty-five years, or who having been born in either of them and remained until their majority, or who may be elected at any meeting an "honorary member," shall be eligible to membership and become members on signing this Constitution.

Art. 3. The affairs and business of the Association after its first meeting shall be managed by an Executive Committee of nine members, to be chosen at said first meeting, and annually thereafter at the yearly reunions; said committee to hold their office until their successors are elected and organized as hereafter provided. Three members of said committee shall be selected from each of the three States represented in the Association. From their number the Executive Committee shall select a President, and one Vice President from each of the three States, and from the members of the Association, select a Treasurer, a Secretary, and such other officers and committees as may be necessary to promote the objects of this Association. The officers named above shall be deemed the officers of the Association, and perform the usual duties of such officers until their successors are elected.

Art. 4. The place for holding the reunions shall be at Keokuk, Iowa, at such dates as may be fixed by the Executive Committee. Until its first reunion, its affairs and business shall be managed by an Executive Committee of seven, consisting of J. M. Reid, J. B. Paul, D. F. Miller, Sr., Geo. F. Jenkins, S. E. Carey, J. H. Cole and J. O. Voorhies.

Art. 5. This Constitution may be amended, altered or changed in any way at any annual meeting.

Adopted at Keokuk, Iowa, July 31st, 1884.

Attest : SAM'L E. CAREY, President.
J. H. COLE, Secretary.

LIST OF OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES

FOR THE YEAR 1886.

Hon. Edward Johnstone, President; Sam'l E. Carey, Treasurer;
John H. Cole, Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

ILLINOIS.

Hon. S. R. Chittenden, Mendon; Col. Wm. L. Diston, Quincy;
Dr. Geo. W. Foote, Galesburg.

MISSOURI.

Hon. E. O. Stanard, St. Louis; Hon. W. G. Downing, Memphis;
Hon. I. N. Givin, Peaksville.

IOWA.

Hon. Hoyt Sherman, Des Moines; Capt. J. W. Campbell, Ft.
Madison; Hon. Wm. Bradley, Centerville.

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.

Hon. A. G. Adams, Iowa.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

Judge N. Givin, Missouri; Col. Barlow Granger, Iowa; Col.
Clark E. Carr, Illinois.

MARSHAL AND AIDS.

Chief : Capt. Israel Anderson.

Aids: W. S. Sample. Col. Richard Root.

Capt. J. Q. A. DeHuff.

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES.

Finance, J. F. Daugherty.	Invitation, C. F. Davis.
Music, H. H. Clark.	Grounds, James B. Paul.
Ice Water, Hugh Copeland.	Reception Rooms, P. Gibbons.
Transportation, G. Gerber,	Guests, James C. Davis.
Decoration, Frank Starke.	Reception, Samuel E. Carey.
Programme and Printing, J. M. Shaffer.	

PROCEEDINGS.

Third Reunion, October 13th, 1886, Gibbons' Opera House,

11 a. m.

Hon. Edward Johnstone, President of the Association, in calling the meeting to order, said :

Ladies and Gentlemen : The old settlers of Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri have ever had a firm and implicit trust in the paternal care of the Divine Being; therefore, on this occasion, it would seem proper that the Divine blessing should be invoked on this assemblage. We will be led in prayer by the Reverend I. P. Teter, of Ottumwa.

Rev. Teter: "Our Father, who art in heaven, we bless Thee that Thou hast taught us to call Thee by this endearing name 'Our Father.' And we bless Thee that Thou hast been to us a father; that Thou hast so tenderly cared for us and that Thou hast said if we give good gifts unto our children, how much more wilt Thou give good gifts unto us. Thou hast been with us through years of toil and conflict, and hast graciously preserved us until this blessed hour, and we are glad that we have faith in Thee and in Thy infinite power; and we pray thy blessing upon us. We pray Thee that Thou would'st bless those men who have laid the foundations of government in these States; and we bless Thee for the prosperity that has come to us as members of this great Commonwealth. We have seen these states grow up from a few hundreds of people to millions; from weakness to power. We have seen the schools, the colleges and the universities grow up all over these States, and we thank Thee to-day for our high civilization and for the blessings we enjoy as a free people. We pray Thee to bless us who are growing gray; our lives are drawing to a close, and we pray Thee that Thou wilt help us to so live that we may be a part of the grand reunion of neighbors and friends, of husbands and wives and children in that great eternal future that is soon to come upon us. Hear us in these our supplications this

morning. We thank Thee that we are permitted to come and take each other by the hand this morning in fraternal love; and while we shall be permitted to linger together, may the cords of friendship grow stronger between us as citizens of these sister states. We now commit ourselves and our country into Thy hands. Thou hast wonderfully delivered us; Thou hast preserved us as a great Republic, and we thank Thee for all Thy blessings. Hear us, forgive us our faults, and save us in Eternity, through Christ our Lord. Amen."

At the close of the prayer, Judge Johnstone said: Under the instruction of the executive committee I take pleasure in presenting as President of the Day, Hon. A. G. Adams, of Burlington, Iowa, a gentleman without reproach and so well known to the old settlers of this region, that it is needless to say a word of introduction in his behalf.

ADDRESS OF HON. A. G. ADAMS.

Pioneers, Old Settlers and Young Settlers.

The first duty of a presiding officer is to state the object for which a meeting is called. As I understand from the invitation everybody is invited to participate in all the enjoyments that they can discover.

At first it is expected that all the Old Pioneers shall be looked up and looked over; if they seem to be "stuck up" a little, don't be afraid of them, for while they are justifiably proud of their position, they can be interviewed without danger.

The Old Settlers will next be the most attractive display. They can tell you all that the old pioneers have forgotten. After surveying these wonderful productions you are at liberty to join the festive throng and enjoy the programme to the best of your ability.

I am more than pleased to be one of your number to-day. I recognize before me many familiar countenances, some of whom I have known for nearly fifty years. In looking over the many smiling faces in this great assemblage, I conclude that you have left behind you all care and sorrow and have come to this hospitable city for purely one motive, and that is—enjoy-

ment to the fullest extent, even to eating and drinking everything that generous Keokuk throws in sight. These are happy occasions when we Old Settlers come together and renew old friendships and strengthen newer ones; rejoice in each other's joys and sympathize with each other in sorrow and affliction; banter each other about politics; exchange personal experiences of cyclones, earthquakes, crops and prohibition; compare the present with the days when the old settlers struck out from their comfortable homes and endured the privations and hardships incident to the making of a new home in the Black Hawk Purchase. Each had his log cabin to raise, which was always adorned with a latch string outside, his pre-emption to protect until the government, by charging him one dollar and a quarter per acre relieved him of his anxiety.

Pioneers remember the days when Tippecanoe, and Tyler too, ruled this great nation. A few of the old girls and boys remember Little Van, and a precious few were in these wilds when Old Hickory doled out his "by the eternals." The government has happily survived the mistakes of these rulers and their successors, and we, the representatives of these great and growing States are permitted to sit under Keokuk's big fig tree and tell of the escapes "by field and flood" that finally landed us on this territory of beauty and promise. Look back with me only a little over fifty years when the Indians inhabited this beautiful country.

Justice was not meted out for a consideration. Schools did not educate lawyers to defeat the ends of justice. They did not have to play sick to get a little fire-water. For a dance a little house paint served as good a purpose for adornment as diamonds, sapphires or rubies; they did not require a hundred dollar orchestra with refreshments, or work on a salary and spend their last five dollars to take their best girl; they could stimulate their heels with essence of sod corn at a cost of twenty-five cents a gallon with more satisfactory results than can be obtained now with fizzing Jersey cider at five dollars a vial. Then life was full of enjoyment; when hungry they could sharpen their teeth upon venison, turkey and quail; when sleepy, having their bed clothes with them, could select the best room and use it without having to interview an awe-inspiring hotel clerk or make salaams

to the gorgeous head-light on his manly bosom. I have seen them give a good dance, war or peace, take your choice for a quarter, and with that money judiciously expended in whiskey, lay out half a dozen of their bravest. Sometimes they adopted a novel way of making an equal distribution: Selecting one of their number who was known to be a good honest "Injun" they made him commissary guard. Seated on the ground in a circle this select "Injun" would fill his mouth with whiskey and then squirt it into the mouth of each member of the corporation in turns. The little that leaked down his throat between the squirts paid him well. You can see, my friends, that an honest reputation even among Indians is not to be despised. The Indians and Henry George and his followers would have pulled well together at that time. The land was held in common and would have remained in "commons" up to this year of our Lord if some old settlers had not bought it with the title guaranteed from the government. The pioneers then built their homes, planted vines and made everything blossom with beauty, relying on the strong arm of government for their protection. We can hardly realize the fact that this beautiful city was once the home of the half-breeds. Its present inhabitants show but few of the characteristics of their noble ancestors, yet I have detected among a few of my friends some traits that prove that conclusively that there is still a little Indian blood coursing through their veins. By a careful examination of some of these you will notice that they have either high cheek bones, straight black hair, or a non-prohibition smell. In some cases the latter peculiarity is about the only evidence left of their ancestry. I thought when Keokuk, in her ambition to excel all other places in the old settler business, first originated the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association, that the project was too big, and that it would be like Burlington's three days' Fourth of July that it originated two years ago. There were too few people whose physical constitutions were capable of so long a patriotic pull. The first day proved a success, everybody very patriotic and enthusiastic. The second administration of patriotism, with some headache. The third and last day, but little Fourth of July sentiment and increase of headaches, everybody disgusted, and if it had not been for the assistance of a cyclone which closed

up the third day and leveled several houses with the ground, it would have been a fizzle. This ended Burlington's ambition to excel in that direction. But I must acknowledge my mistake—Keokuk has demonstrated the fact that it can not only originate a big thing, but it has the inherent strength and energy to make it successful.

Now, my friends, I think that I have fully stated to you the object of this meeting; if I have not I will arrange with the able gentlemen who follow me to do so.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY HON. J. M. LOVE.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—A grateful task has been assigned me for this occasion. I am instructed to extend a cordial greeting and welcome to our friends assembled here to-day from the three states, which may be seen at a glance from these surrounding hills. It gives me great and sincere pleasure to discharge this duty. I bid you one and all a cordial welcome to this the third Tri-State Reunion of Old Settlers of Missouri, Iowa and Illinois. I welcome you here, not as strangers, not as aliens to the soil, but as fellow-citizens and fellow-countrymen—as men and brethren, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. We to-day are not Missourians, we are not Illinois, we are not Iowans; we are Americans, one and all! There is nothing to divide us but a geographical line. But what signifies a boundary line to men of the same race, speaking the same tongue, cherishing the same patriotic traditions, worshiping at the same altars and tracing their blood and lineage to the same glorious ancestry? What significance ought there to be in geographical divisions to men whose brave fathers marched shoulder to shoulder through the revolution and mingled their blood together on many a glorious day to make us what we are; a free and independent people?

By God's law and by man's law we are one and indivisible. Nature has herself by the very physical conformation of the land stamped unity upon this great empire of co-equal states. It is God's work, and what God has united let not men ever attempt to put asunder!

It has often happened in the course of time that people of the same race but of diverse nationalities have been drawn together and united by great achievements and glorious memories common to them all. Thus the hostile and warring states of Greece were for a time at least united by the grand achievements of the Persian war. German unity was cemented by German blood upon the great day of Sedan.

Our own widely separated and somewhat discordant states were after the revolution held together by the hallowed memories of their common sacrifices and common sufferings in the great cause of independence. How, indeed, could they have severed and divorced Bunker Hill from King's mountain and Saratoga from Yorktown? And who will say that the people of these states have not a common ground of sympathy and fraternal union in one of the grandest civic achievements of all time—their conquest over the stubborn forces of nature in the settlement and civilization of this valley. Never was there in the "tide of time" a nobler work of peace! Never has the mighty energies of man been displayed more signally or upon a grander scale! To future ages it will seem incredible that such marvelous results as we behold should have been achieved within the memory of a single generation.

I know of no achievement in recorded time more memorable and more important to the human race than the settlement of the Mississippi valley. It presents, indeed, to any thoughtful mind a truly grand and wonderful spectacle! What was the aspect, what were the conditions of this great valley at the advent of the settlers about one hundred years ago? It was one vast solitude; indeed, to a very great extent a howling wilderness!

The Indians who roamed over its great plains or lurked in its boundless forests were indeed but as a few drops of water in a great ocean. They were, however, sufficiently numerous to make the settlement by white men a deadly peril. How could the stout-hearted emigrant, when he raised his humble habitation on the frontier or on the wild prairie, know that the smoke that rose above his cabin to greet the morning sun would not prove a signal to bring the deadly tomahawk gleaming at the door?

I have often thought of it as a most strange and inscrutable providence that this magnificent valley, with its teeming natural fertility, should have lain for countless centuries a dismal waste, wholly unknown to civilized men. Here was a region of prodigious extent and boundless resources laid open to man by the finest river system under the sun, yet lying wholly unproductive through all the ages of the unknown past, while civilized men were toiling and striving to extort from the unwilling earth; from the stony and ice bound soils of many comparatively sterile lands the needful bread of life.

Until the coming of the settlers no voice or footstep of civilized man; scarcely a sound of human industry, had been heard within the immense region drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries and fenced on either side by the two great mountain walls of this continent. A dismal silence had brooded for unknown ages over this vast territory. A solemn and deathlike stillness had reigned over its hills and valleys, its plains and mountain sides, its beautiful lakes and its far flowing rivers.

That sun which hangs over us to-day came day after day in his eternal round offering his genial heat to fructify the soil, but civilized man was not here with his implements of husbandry and the cold earth was unfruitful under the sun's life-giving beams.

The same starry canopy of the night which we behold with wonder and intelligent curiosity had been through all the centuries spread out nightly like a scroll all over the great valley, but never had there been within its vast extent a living soul with competent intelligence to read that scroll and interpret its cabalistic characters to human reason. The wild Indian, sitting at the door of his wigwam, had doubtless gazed from age to age with vacant wonder and superstitious awe at the glory of the night without the least intelligent comprehension of the grand panoramic march of the "starry host."

Our great river, the Father of Waters, winding like a huge serpent through the valley, and collecting in his course numberless tributary streams, had all through the immemorial past poured down his rhythmic waters to the all-embracing sea, and not a sound had been heard through the ages to disturb the

silent solemnity of his far curving shores and voiceless hills save only the dissonant cries of wild animals and the wilder orgies of the red men celebrating their barbaric rites.

Such was this great valley a hundred years ago. Such doubtless it had been through all the centuries of the antecedent past.

To me I confess that there is something awful in the thought of this mighty desolation; this utter solitude; this silence of ages pervading so vast a region.

But at length the settler came. He came to break the silence of ages. He came to disturb the solitude of centuries with the glad sights and sounds of human industry. He came to convert the wilderness into a cultivated land. He came, in short, to put civilization in the place of barbarism. He brought with him the ax and the plow, and "lo, the desert smiled."

And how wonderful is the change which has been wrought here within the memory of living men by peaceful human labor. How marvelous the transition from savagery to the humanities; from the tomahawk and the scalping-knife to the implements of husbandry; from pagan darkness to the light of christianity; from brutal barbarism to schools, colleges and public charities; from the slavery and utter abasement of woman to the opothoe-sis of the mother, wife and daughter; from tribal violence and cruelty to regular government and social order; from the code of revenge and blood to the "gladsome light" of a merciful jurisprudence; from a pathless wilderness to a cultivated land; from the wigwam to the farmer's homestead; from the Indian village of reeds and mud to the great commercial city; from the canoe to the steam vessel; from the Indian trail to the railway; from the dog stew to turtle soup; from the simple vestment of the Indian maiden to the gorgeous toggery of the full-rigged and much painted city belle.

In short, from the dull, listless, brutal life of the savage to all the amenities and activities and all the knaveries and vanities of our social state; to commerce and manufactures; to law and government; to art, science and literature; to steam and electricity; to gas-lit cities and gas-lit men; to great monied corporations and sublime stealing.

But let us not flatter ourselves by this retrospection that civilization is an unmitigated blessing. It is no such thing. Its balance of good is no doubt enormous; indeed incalculable, but after all it is only a great balance since there are many great evils inseparable from civilization that must be placed on the other side of the ledger. Good and evil are indeed curiously blended in the whole scheme of human things. There is rarely any human good without some incidental evil, and not often any evil without some slight compensating good. It is the nature of civilization to increase both the good and evil of human life. It augments and diversifies almost indefinitely the passions and appetites, virtues and vices, desires and wants of men.

There is, therefore, infinitely more happiness, and more misery, more pleasure and more pain, more enjoyment and more suffering, better government and higher taxes in civilized than in savage life.

As in physical nature, the course of development is from the simple to the complex, so in the evolution of society all things seem to lose the simplicity of nature and take complex forms. Our dress is complex, our pies, puddings and sausages are complex, our patent medicines and doctor's bills are complex; ergo, our diseases are complex, our laws are complex, and our taxes and debts are very complex.

It has been said that no one ever heard of a business Indian making a general assignment or going into bankruptcy because he could not pay his wife's milliner and dress maker. I grieve to say that the same cannot be truly said in commendation of many highly civilized white business men, called often cultured gentlemen, in these degenerate days. These cultured gentlemen do not, however, go into bankruptcy; they go into Canada.

It would be painful indeed, to conclude from these examples that the finer the culture, the greater the rogue!

But it is not my purpose to dwell particularly upon the unexampled scene of human activity and progress which the pioneers of civilization inaugurated here. Suffice it to say that no parallel can be found in the history of the human race to

the moral and material progress which we have witnessed in these states. There is nothing elsewhere in human development comparable to what we have seen in the growth of towns and cities, in the founding of states, governments, and institutions, and in the progress of education, agriculture, commerce, manufactures and all the useful arts. What in former ages was the work of numberless generations has been achieved here within the lives of men who still survive.

And you, the surviving pioneers of this great movement, have surely enjoyed a rare and unexampled experience. You were here assisting at the very beginning of the great work of transplanting civilization to this valley. You were eye-witnesses of its origin; you have watched its progress; you now behold it in its present advanced development. You saw the beginning of cities which, though now still in their first century, surpass in wealth and population Rome and Carthage in their eighth century and London and Paris in the sixteenth century of their existence. You have seen a trackless wilderness covered all over with cultivated farms as with a many-colored garment. You were present at the birth of these great commonwealths. You stood by them in their infancy and weakness; you supported their tottering steps; you now behold them in the fullness of their strength and glory. Happy indeed is your lot in this respect compared with that of the Irish patriot and orator who, with touching pathos, exclaimed, "Short-lived indeed was Irish independence; I sat by its cradle; I followed its hearse." You have yourselves been a part of this great progressive movement, and you have seen with your own eyes a work accomplished here which would in past ages have taxed the skill and labor of many centuries and numberless generations. And now, in the calm and tranquil evening of your days, when your sun of life almost touches the western hills; when you have well nigh reached the "butt and very sea-mark of your upmost sail," you have abundant reason for the profoundest satisfaction with the great work which you helped to inaugurate here; for it has been a work of unmixed beneficence, achieved by peaceful labor. It has not been blackened by the crimes and cruelties of war; it has no stain of blood upon it. It has not been heralded to men and nations by cries

of anguish from crushed and bleeding hearts. Look around you; survey this great work of peace on every side; behold its innumerable blessings for which morning and evening you may well give thanks to God. And assuredly you have ample ground for faith in the permanency of the great results which you have aided in achieving in these states. Why should not achievements of such beneficence and such usefulness to man stand the sternest tests of time and criticism? Why should not the institutions which the early settlers founded here upon the immutable principles of justice and equal rights endure forever? Who will ever again, on this continent at least, stand forth among men to impugn the declaration of independence, which the first comers here placed at the basis of all our institutions? I have, myself, little faith in the stability of any human institution, dogma, opinion or achievement which is wanting in the elements of truth and justice. All such are perishable. Whatsoever among men is false, whatsoever is unjust, whatsoever is achieved by unlawful force, or any form of wrong-doing, will inevitably be, in the progress of opinion, first questioned and impugned, then condemned, and finally rejected and overthrown. "Peace" says England's great republican poet, "hath her victories no less renowned than war." And may I not add that the victories of peace are often far more enduring than those of war? The blood-stained footprints of the mighty hosts led by the great Napoleon to victory and conquest have long since been washed out from the shores of time, but the code of the great conqueror, his work of peace, remains; and it is to-day the law of the great country which he assumed to rule with despotic sway. And that great monument of peace, the civil law, the work of Roman jurists, still exists. It survived the wreck of the mighty empire; it is to-day the common law of continental Europe. It forms the basis of jurisprudence in by far the greater part of the civilized world. But where now may we look for the work of the invincible legions? What now remains of all their mighty conquests? A broken column, a ruined wall, a history! What!

"Are all their conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?"

I am indeed persuaded that when all the vain monuments of human ambition; monuments raised from the most part to

commemorate the evil deeds of war; monuments of oppression and spoliation—pyramids, obelisks, colossuses, pantheons, arches of triumph; shall be “level with the waters”—when the cry of nations” shall be heard in the “sunken halls” of proud cities built by the spoil of the vanquished; when, peradventure, the bard of the future shall in the far off ages sing the requiem of “dead empires” amid voiceless ruins, broken arches and silent temples, the institutions founded here upon the solid rock of justice and equal rights, will stand unshaken by the storms of revolution and by the surging waves of everchanging opinion. Such, at least, is my faith, and if it be not a true faith then surely there must be something radically wrong in the moral government of the world!

At the conclusion of Judge Love’s address, which was listened to with marked attention, President Adams announced the following committees to recommend officers for the ensuing year: C. F. Davis, Iowa; Joseph McCoy, Missouri; W. N. Grover, Illinois.

Adjournment was then taken, to meet at Rand Park at 2:15 p. m.

AFTERNOON MEETING.

People assembled at Rand Park at 2:15 p. m. The rains of the forenoon made the drives and walks delightful, and the sun shone on as happy a crowd as one could wish.

The meeting was called to order by President of the Day Adams, introducing Rev. Aaron Thompson, of Illinois.

PRAYER BY REV. THOMPSON.

Our Father in heaven, we desire to hallow thy name by recognizing thee as our creator, preserver and benefactor, and also as the ruler supreme. We come into thy presence from various points of the compass to implore thy blessing upon us. We rejoice in the hallowed influences under which we are permitted to meet, and we pray that everything may be conducted

so as to promote thy honor and redound to thy glory in time and in eternity. Grant thy blessing, we beseech thee, upon those who shall speak to us of their thoughts, and grant that these may be so presented to the minds of others that they may be educated and blessed while they thus speak before us. And grant, while we come from various parts, old and young and those who occupy positions between these two extremes, wilt thou grant to bless each one with the richest of thy blessings. In the bestowment of thy mercies, thou hast told us when we eat and drink to do all in the name of Jesus and give thanks to God, and thus render to God the homage and praise due from us as creatures. Fill our hearts with gratitude for every expression of thy mercy and goodness to us, and we pray that in the enjoyment of these blessings we may go forward to higher steps of civilization until we shall become that happy people, owned and accepted by the Chief Ruler of the universe. Grant that all the interests of the several States represented here to-day may lead us to serve thee in stronger bonds of love, and may these blessings be handed down from generation to generation. Bless those here to-day largely that are advanced in life and whose career will soon end, but who have accomplished a great work in the transitions which have taken place in these States; and grant, our Father in heaven, to bless and direct them and their lives in their great work and duties and responsibilities, and especially prepare themselves for thy glory hereafter. Praying thy blessing upon us all, by day and by night, through all our years, and when life is over bring us to thyself, through the blessing of Christ, in thy name, and thou shall receive everlasting praises. Amen.

Mr. Adams: Illinois has its Chicago, and it also has its Springfield. The gentleman who will address you is from Springfield. While the penitentiaries of that State are more popular and better attended than either of the other of these three States forming this Association, yet it has as many good people to the square inch as can be found in the Union, and the gentleman I have the honor of introducing to you is a good representative, and will respond to the welcome.

JUDGE MATHENY.

Old settlers, I want you to understand distinctly, and no mistake about it, that I am not the man you expected. I am not the man you sent for to represent Illinois in this gathering and it is very fortunate that I am not the man you expected. You expected Governor Robinson. If he had come here he would have had a national reputation to sustain, for he is one of the best speakers in the State. I come at no such disadvantage; you never heard of me before, and I expect you will be sorry you ever heard from me at all. (No! No! Go on.) Let me give you a little illustration: Do you remember the darkey's text? It was about this way: "Blessed are the ones who don't expect nothing, for they won't be disappointed." As I was coming along up here last night on the train, a couple of old gentlemen were sitting on the seat in front of me and describing the difficulties they had in coming to the State of Illinois. No roads, no bridges, no medicine, no doctors, and the thousand and one difficulties and discomforts they endured, and I thought I had the advantage of them greatly. I never came to the State of Illinois at all. The state came to me. I was born in the territory. I was, for two or three days very vociferously putting forth my rights before Illinois was born. I was born in the territory and have grown up with the State; I have known its successes and I have known its defeats; I see that state great and grand. I saw it when it was a wilderness so far as people are concerned; I saw that state like a little shrub that could scarcely resist the gentle breezes of evening, I see it now a tall and mighty oak, laughing at the storm; I saw that state as a little stream, scarcely able to make its way against the pebbles that obstructed it, I see it now a broad and glorious river, bearing upon its bosom thousands of precious lives and unbounded wealth and prosperity; I saw that state when it was but a little pottering child, I see it now in all the pride and beauty—glorious beauty of manhood; I saw those men as the child and boy; I saw those great heroes who left their homes in Virginia and Kentucky and the Carolinas and came out single-handed and alone to found an empire in the western wild. I saw their strugglings, their sufferings and their endurance; they were brave, gallant and glorious men.

the very men to build up an empire in the wilderness. They were strong and truthful and administered squarely. They administered to every man his rights and administered squarely. They hewed to the line no matter where the chips might fall. They understood that they had their grand work to do and they did it well. There was no howling then about eight hours labor, but their hours were from sun up until sun down. They saw they had the best land God ever made, the brightest and greenest carpet to walk upon and the best soil given by the Creator; they saw all this, but they knew that they had their own work to do, and they did it well.

Let me illustrate the condition of these old pioneers by a story told about a camp meeting that they were holding out east of Springfield. The Methodist brethren there had dug a well and fenced it in. One day a gentleman drove up in his buggy to water his horses, and a boy was there pumping. After watering the horses the gentleman was turning away and the boy said "five cents, mister." "What," said the man, "five cents, do you sell water? Why I never heard of the like of charging for a little water. Don't you know that the water is the gift of the Lord, that He distributes it through the clouds of heaven, a free gift to man?" "Yes, I know that," said the boy, "I know the water is the Lord's, but then you see the Lord don't do the pumping." These pioneers knew they must do their own pumping. Since then—and the life of one man is not very long—I have seen all these many changes in the great State of Illinois. I have seen it when there was nothing in the world scarcely more than what the mere physical want demanded; I see it now, the home of wealth, intelligence and learning. I see it now as one of the grand empire States of this great American Union. I saw it when there was not only no Illinois, but no Iowa or Missonri. How changed in all the particulars of life! Our friend, the judge, to-day referred to the great change in farming. What great labor they had in making corn! But you growl now about the price of corn when it is forty or fifty cents a bushel, but I have known thousands of bushels sold for five cents a bushel, or burned for fuel. I was riding along the other day and saw a man plowing. He was breaking up ground for wheat. It was one of those hot days, one of those excessively

hot days. He was riding on a cushioned seat, an umbrella over him, a cigar in his mouth and reading a dime novel, and I thought if some cute Yankee would attach a soda fountain and ice cream arrangement I would buy me forty acres and go to farming. Listen to the comparisons of the present with the past in the matter of traveling. You have all heard the old darkey's description of the railroad, haven't you? (Voice No.) Somebody asked a darkey standing on the streets of Springfield; "Sam, how far is it to Jacksonville?" He answered, "If you go afoot its thirty miles; if you yon go in a buggy its ten; if you go on the cars, you'se dar now, you take your seat in the cars and you'se dar now." You can pass from one end of that great state to the other in a few hours. Some of us old fellows complain that times are not as good as they were in those good old times, but I thank God for the change. I don't believe those old fellows were more honest—I am sure they did not know as much as you can now, but you ought to know more, you have better chances to know. When I was a boy we had no schools at all, or, the only ones we had were when some old Yankee pedagogue who was hard up would come along and take up a school and charge our daddies three dollars a quarter for it. I never went to school any more than six months in all my lifetime. But they made some impressions on me, but they were on my back mostly. Now you have schools everywhere, and what is remarkable to me, and I can't understand it, is how that change has been brought about, how the children love to go to school. That was not the way it was then. I was happy if I could mash my finger, or if I could make my dear old mammy think I was sick, but when my boys were eight and nine or ten—the're all grown, now—it used to surprise me that they wanted to go to school so badly. Their mother, kind hearted woman, would sometimes imagine they had a little cough or croup, and try to keep them at home, and they would cry and fight to go. I didn't understand that. But everything has so changed that all the children want to go to school, and fifty years from now this American people will be the happiest people since Adam left paradise. The people have changed. I sometimes think there has been a great change in weddings lately. What do you think about it? The old time

weddings! There was no parade, not much fuss about it, no circus. John and Kate would make it up and they would know the evening the old Methodist circuit rider was coming around, and there would be a gathering of friends, and after the few words were said, John would take Kate by the hand and lead her out and pass over the hill to where John had built a cabin, and there they would begin the battle of life, and they always won. But things have changed nowadays. I heard a story about a fashionable wedding in Chicago. When the bride came into her parlor the morning after the wedding and was looking over the cards she had received, she found one inscribed "John Jones, Attorney at Law. Divorces obtained promptly and secretly." The bride was very indignant, but her mother said "Keep it Kate, you may need it." But you follow Kate and John through. They went to work, and they and such as they were are the great mass of people; they are the class of men and women that peopled the great state of Illinois and made it what it is. They struggled and the sunshine of love breathed on their humble fireside, and they fought the battle through. Now and then sadness would come to them, sons and daughters would be stricken down, but still they fought the battle of life grandly and gloriously, until at last the storm passed away, and their wondrous prosperity beamed upon them, and their sons and sons-in-law, their children and their children's children were gathered around them. Suppose I go to one of those such as Kate was? I think of one now; and, suppose I go to that old woman and ask her to dissolve that bond she took fifty years ago; she would look at me in scorn, and she would take John's hand, and with a smile just as sweet and just as trustful as it was on her bridal morn she would say,

"John Anderson, my jo John,
We've clam the hill to-gither,
An' m'ny a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;

Now we maun totter down, John
But han' in han' we'll go,
And sleep to-gither at the foot,
John Anderson, me jo.

The state of people who commenced with nothing and won this battle! My friends, this people went to that land while it was a wilderness and all classes combined to make it what it is

now—the home of intelligence and piety. But there is one particular class that I have the right to speak of, and that I always speak of gladly, that helped to make that land blossom as the rose. That is those old Methodist circuit riders, with their saddle bags and hymn books. They did their work and they did it well. They planted the seed of civilized society in that country. They tell a curious story about one old man over there. The story is that when he was about of age he became converted as they call it, and requested leave to preach. They gave him a license and he left his home and came west and labored and toiled and struggled until worn out. His brother, who had staid back at home, became immensely rich, and this brother wrote to him and said: “Brother Jim, come home, you have done enough. The Lord ought to be content with your labor. Come home and spend your last days in quiet and peace.” The old preacher knew he was old and worn and almost useless, and the good wife was worn out and exhausted, and he said “I will go. I have done all I can for my Master.” He took the cars and went back to the old town, which had now grown to be a great city. He went to his brother’s house and staid all night. He got there Saturday, and the next morning, Sunday morning, his brother took him to a fine cottage, where everything was with the modern improvements, and said to him: “Brother Jim, this is yours, now. I give it to you as a home the balance of your days.” “But,” says the brother, “the people are at the church waiting for you and expect to hear you preach.” However, his brother gave him the deed and he looked with pride around him and thought that at last he was the owner of a home. But finally the church bell startled him. He struck out over the path worn through the sod; but when he came to the church it was no longer the old church, but a palace in its stead. He walked down the aisle covered with fine carpet and went up into the fine pulpit. There lay a fine gold clasped bible and hymn book. He sat down and looked at them and the congregation. There were no familiar faces; all his friends were gone. He was a curious sort of an old man, he had never been able to bear the idea of a written sermon. He would not even take a text, but the first verse he came to on opening his bible, that he would preach from, and

the hymn he selected by taking the one at the top of the left page at which he opened the book. He looked at the fine hymn book and didn't like it. He took out his old hymn book, and put his finger on the first hymn he came to in his usual way, and said, "Now, brethren, sing from your hearts, 'No foot of land do I possess;'" and, says he, "Hold on, brethren, for God's sake don't sing." Down he went to his brother and says he: "Brother, take back your deed, I would not be prohibited from singing that blessed old hymn for all the land in Kentucky." That's the kind of men were here preaching then and doing the work to which they had appointed themselves. They have passed away, but they have left a grand, lasting impression upon this country and this country's institutions. They did not fail in the grand purpose to which they devoted themselves. They left a noble record and their heroic achievements are now seen in the churches, schools and everything tending to elevate mankind in the scale of being. Do not understand me as advocating these things now. Those old preachers would not do now. If one of those old men, with his old fashioned clothes and heavy brogan shoes was to walk into one of the churches at Springfield now, they might not laugh at him, they would try to treat him respectfully, but still it would not do now. They were grand men, but they have had their day and passed away. Let me conclude by saying that in all the pages of history you cannot find so grand and glorious a set of pioneers as those that moved to this country fifty years ago, leaving all the comforts of life, leaving their fathers and mothers, to come to the wilderness and struggle along as they did to build up this wondrous country. The great changes I refer to, to remind our young friends how different it is now from the time when I was young, and I am not so very old, either. You have got your magnificent buggies and your splendid high steppers to take your sweethearts out riding; we did not have any such thing as buggies. When we wanted to go to a dance or a corn shucking, we went on horseback; we would bring out our horse and saddle, and notify Sally we were coming; and we didn't find Sally sitting in the parlor or hiding (or pretending to hide), but we would find her sitting at the gate waiting for us. We would ride up and she would jump

on behind and away we would go. And don't you old fellows remember how you would put in the spurs and make the horse kick up higher so Sally would hug you tighter? These men built up an empire that shall exist while humanity does. They have elevated mankind in the scale of being—physical, intellectual and moral, and you young men can do no better than to emulate their example. Just such men have made the world; such physical bodies and mental qualities—until it seems to me that mankind has mastered nature with all its mysteries. Who would have thought that in this glass of water there is a little demon, a little giant which has been there ever since Adam left paradise, but not until these last few years has been harnessed and made to do the work of the world—that little monster steam, driving the palace ship bearing thousands of precious lives across the angry waves of the ocean—all the immeasurable power of the age. Then think how mysteriously we are talking through the telephone. By the way, this telephone business, I am afraid of it yet. It's a kind of ghostly affair to me. And then the telegraph by which we can send a message around the world in twenty minutes. All these are but the results of the spirit that moved your ancestors. They came here and founded an empire, but

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They the true-hearted came;
 Not with the sound of the stirring drum
 And the trumpet that sings of fame;
 Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear—
 They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.
 Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard and the sea;
 And the sounding aisles of the dim-wood rang
 To the anthem of the free.

Mr. Adams: I am sorry to say that the Hon. John Hogan, in consequence of illness, is not with us here to-day. He is only here in spirit as an old settler, but we have an excellent substitute for him, and I have the honor of introducing Judge Lewis, of Peakesville.

JUDGE LEWIS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I must tell you the truth. I came here unprepared to make a set speech. I saw Judge Wright was to speak for Iowa, and another gentleman for Illinois and Hogan for Missouri. Usually at our former meetings gentlemen have held up the grandeur of their respective states. But I have come with no statistics to speak of Missouri. I don't know that she needs any. She is there, a grand empire, and I am proud that my lot has fallen to live among the men with whom I am associated. We are living among the grandest men that ever did live. No generation has ever seen the mighty progress, the display of energy and of progress that we have seen since we came into existence. We have seen an empire grow up, and I am proud of our institutions. We are here representing Illinois, Iowa and Missouri. Three grand states—which will be the greater, time alone can tell, but they are all great in power, in wealth, in resources—perhaps beyond those of any other three states, and it has been our privilege to contribute to this great result, and if there ever was a people which could lay down its existence contentedly it is this people. This people have accomplished in forty years what before took the world centuries, fifteen centuries to accomplish. These states are marching on to greatness, and Missouri is unsurpassed by either of the others. She has a greater educational fund, perhaps, than either of the other states. Thus she is offering a liberal education to all her sons and daughters, and she is becoming a mighty state. In that late unpleasantness of upward of twenty years ago, Missouri was divided, and yet she furnished more than her quota of union soldiers, and on the other side—for some of them thought they had the right to secede—so she was well represented in the confederacy, and that left her a state of soldiers. She had more soldiers during the war and I shall expect her to go higher than either Illinois or Iowa. I am proud to meet with these Illinoisians and Iowans, though we are all mixed up here. I like to see the great farmers and stock raisers of Illinois and the great farmers and stock raisers of Iowa, and Missouri. But we are all together, and I suppose we are all great men. Thank you for your attention.

Mr. Adams: Ladies and gentlemen: It affords me great pleasure to have this opportunity of introducing to you a gentleman whose name is as well known as any other in the state of Iowa, if not better. A man who has served the people in a number of the highest and most elevated positions in the land, and a man who has discharged the trusts that he has had faithfully to the state and in a manner creditable and honorable to himself. Gentlemen, I have the pleasure of introducing to you Judge Wright, who will respond to the words of welcome for the State of Iowa. Judge Wright, ladies and gentlemen:

Judge Wright: If it was not an old story I would tell it. (A voice; go on.) While our most excellent president was talking just now, I remembered the story of how that once upon a time the celebrated Ben Hardin, of Kentucky, was a candidate for congress. Ben was unlike most everybody else, he was accustomed to praise all the babies wherever he went. One day he stopped where there was a baby remarkable all over that part of the country for its homeliness. He called to the boy and said: "Come here, my boy, you are a smart boy, a fine looking boy;" and the boy went to his father and whispered in his ear, and Hardin asked, "What does the boy say?" and the father answered, "He says: Ask the man to say that again, I like it." (Applause. uproarious laughter.)

ADDRESS ON THE PART OF IOWA

BY HON. GEORGE G. WRIGHT.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Happy am I that this is not a Tri-State, (I suppose in obedience to modern methods I ought to say Tre-State. I however consulted with that highest classical authority of this city, Colonel Shelly, this morning, and he, a graduate of the "Old North State," and I of the "Hoosier" university, determined that we did not very cheerfully take to tre-color, tre-angle, tre-pod and the like, and that hence I should insist upon saying Tri-State); and so, I repeat; happy am I that this is not a Tri-State oratorical contest. Fortunate is it too, that Iowa, of the three, is not dependent upon any poor words of mine for her relative or comparative position. For, if so, I fear, in view of the better words we have heard, that her flag would be for the first time lowered, and the

youngest of the trio compelled to take subordinate rank. Iowa, however, needs no words of eulogy. The first free child of the Missouri compromise she stands peerless in the sisterhood, not of the three alone, but of all the thirty-nine. Rich in domain; unexcelled in products; climate invigorating and life-giving; "a school house on every hill top" and (theoretically at least, and soon it is hoped to be practically so) "no saloons in the valleys;" a school system which, thanks to the wisdom of its founders and due appreciation thereof by the people, gives us a lower rate of illiteracy than any State in the union; substantially out of debt; wise and just in legislation, in her almost half century of history scarcely more than a breath of suspicion that any State official had been false to his oath or the obligations resting upon him; increasing almost beyond parallel in wealth and population, without large cities, but strong in an intelligent, active, law-abiding, rural population; with medium sized towns and cities, where good government is the highest aim of their citizens, and the general welfare the strongest and dearest hope of their people; a land of proud men and noble and fair women; favored as few others in the high character of its hardy and adventurous pioneers, those who, from year to year, without doubt or fear, are turning over the grand work by them so auspiciously commenced to a new generation, schooled in their virtues, educated by their examples, and impressed by lessons never to be forgotten; a people "whose affections, like the rivers of her borders, flow to an inseperable union"—such is Iowa—Iowa as a State, not yet forty years old; and as such she needs, I repeat, no words of praise from me, or others. Her history, though comparatively brief, is her own best eulogy. The past, at least, is secure. Her future will be what we and those who follow us shall make it. To show upon what and how we have built, however, may I be permitted a word by way of confirmation. And first, of its soil and productiveness, and this, by way of incidents.

Some thirty-five years since, the late Dr. John D. D. Elbert, of Van Buren county, known to many of you as a grand and noble specimen of southern and western manhood, was spending a few days with a friend on his large plantation in Virginia, not far from Washington City. This friend, each morning

before going with him to the Capital, would drive over his lands and was constant in his praise of their locality, beauty and advantage. The Doctor, an owner of more than a section of Iowa soil, was not slow—he never was—in maintaining its wonderful productiveness, and, indeed, of all Iowa's acres. Finally, his friend said, "well, Doctor, if your farm is as rich as you say, and was as near the National Capital as mine, and you could command the prices here readily paid for our products, how much do you think it would be worth an acre?" "An acre, sir," said the Doctor, "Why, bless your good soul, I would not sell it by the acre at all but peddle it out by the cart-load to enrich the balance of your State."

Once more in the same line. At the Centennial Exposition a Jerseyman called on Captain Fulton, I think it was, at the Iowa Agricultural headquarters, and was about to impress upon him the advantages of a fertilizing agent of which he had the exclusive proprietorship. "Well," said the Captain, "before talking further look at these," pointing to the fifteen or twenty, eight feet high columns, which many of you doubtless remember, standing near, filled with dirt. "What are those?" said the agent. "They represent," said the Captain, "eight feet of earth taken from the top downward in as many different places in Iowa." "Why," said the agent, "you do not pretend to say that your soil is as deep and as rich as that." "Yes," said Fulton, "there is one I took from my own farm in Jefferson county except that when I had gone down four feet, I struck three feet of solid manure, which I threw out, fearing that some one would doubt the showing." "How much is that land worth?" said the agent. The answer was: "that as good as this, unimproved, could be bought for one dollar and a quarter an acre, and fairly improved farms for ten and fifteen." The man of Camden & Amboy said, "I paid one hundred and sixty dollars an acre for sixty acres in my state last week, and I must spend five to ten dollars an acre each year in fertilizing, and I guess you do not need my fertilizer in Iowa," in which the Captain concurred and they dropped the subject.

Once more: Humorously, some rhyme maker has told more and covered with apt words the whole subject. What I shall read is not new to me—nor to you, perhaps—but, as editors do,

I "scissored" it, and, though the lines fall far short of the truth, are remarkable for the absence of everything like extravagance. I beg to read what a modest Iowa poet, and very moderate admirer of our State, its people, and their advantages has to say:

I was born myself in the Hoosier State,
And she aint no slouch, you bet;
Nor she, nor I, so far as I know,
The circumstance regret.

And I'll state right here in language plain,
In my usual modest way;
If I had my choice to be born again,
I'd chance it in Iowa.

For of all the States of the thirty-nine,
North, South and East and West;
She has more soil to the acre and mile
And the richest and the best.

She can get more fat on her cattle's ribs
In the shortest possible time;
And her corn makes hogs so fat and big,
They're lard on foot, A prime!

And the wool on the sheep's so close and thick
No need of its fiber to spin.
They shear off coats and vests and pants,
All ready to crawl therein!

And cows—why! the milk's so rich and strong,
That drive as slow as you please,
The milk can't stand more'n an hour or two
Till it turns to butter and cheese.

And oats and corn—why! a man must own
Not farm alone, but two,
Or he'll have no place to store them all;
And it's facts I'm giving to you.

You may talk to me of your hilly lands,
And of crops, you boast with pride;
Our Iowa man gets a crop on top,
And one on the under side!

Its coal I mean; and if timber's scarce,
The sunflower grows so tall,
That a few of them and corn stalks big
Make fuel enough for all!

* * * * *

Our rivers are chuck so full of fish,
If of bridges we have a loss,
You chuck in a handful of bran or meal;
On their backs you can wade across!

And when it comes to churches and schools,
We've got 'em on every hill.
And we've swopped the saloon for a lot of 'em more,
And ain't done huldin' still.

There is more learning packed away
In the average Iowa head,
Than you could crowd in the skulls of another State,
If inside and outside you'd spread.

We're a shining light on the prairies broad,
Growing brighter year by year;

The Millenium dawn will soon shine out,
 And we'll all go up, I fear!
 And her women—it aint no use to talk!
 Her prose and rhyme are weak;
 I've had one myself these twenty years,
 And know whereof I speak!
 At home, abroad, in the church, the law,
 For the Right they lead away,
 God bless them, our mothers, daughters and wives,
 The women of Iowa.
 As I previous said, in the Hoosier State
 I was born, and I don't forget,
 I reverence her, and am proud of her,
 And I love her still, you bet!
 But I state right here in language plain,
 In my usual modest way;
 If I had my choice to be born again,
 I'd chance it in Iowa!

But of confirmation in this direction I will not add more, however abundant the proof. And this the more readily, since rich acres alone do not constitute a State. As I have said, the past, at least, for Iowa is secure and the future what it shall be made.

Reasoning from the past—what we have done—the foundations upon which our building rests and who made them, it requires no prophetic vision to tell of the future. The greatness of a State, as I have suggested, is not found by any means in its rich acres, natural advantages, or wealth of its people. All these it may have and yet be poor indeed. Poor, because true greatness is based upon something higher, nobler and truer than mere material prosperity. Wealth may be sadly abused and the highest natural advantages perverted to uses most base instead of elements of greatness. They may be but instruments of oppression and wrong in the hands of incapable and unwise stewards. The church, the school-house, good laws, benevolent institutions for the unfortunate of all classes, an upright and fearless judiciary, intelligent, moral and honest citizens, obedience to law, the full protection of every man in all his rights, natural or acquired—in a word, good government; these are the evidences of greatness in a State; and where found, life, liberty and happiness are secure, peace will be within her borders and prosperity in her homes. State competition—that ambition which struggles for the success of a commonwealth and its supremacy over others, finds its fruition not in material victories and success, but rather in the asser-

tion, contention for and triumph of those principles which insure man's advancement, and the better security of the citizen in those rights which governments were instituted to insure and protect. Broad acres, rich cities, herds upon a thousand hills, millions invested in private corporations, many, ever so many miles of railroad, the most elegant State structures, do not either, nor all combined, give the diploma certifying true greatness and success. What do the people of a State believe—what do they do—what do they practice—what are the principles upon which they build; these, if in the right direction, are what speak of and insure pre-eminence. All vital contests or struggles—whether of individuals, nations or States—are not of men, but of ideas. The true and real life of a State is evidenced in its ideas, and it builds well or ill, not upon the number of its people or its wealth, but as its ideas flow out in the right or wrong direction. The gathered hosts of Germany or Russia may overcome those of France or England, but the triumph of men is of no value to civilization, save as the true ideas of good government are thereby promoted. The few in the field may not triumph over the many, but if the right is thereby overthrown, there is moral defeat to the victors; the cause of humanity is just that much retarded, and then comes moral death. The recent great struggle in this country was not a contest of men, but of ideas. The nation lived or died in the opinions or ideas entertained by each individual. Each man being the custodian of power in this free Republic, gave life or death to the national heart as his thoughts ran out in the right or wrong direction. Though a hero here or there was struck by death in the field, hospital or march from the more than thirty million roll, the nation did not die in them nor live in their survivors so much as in the triumph or overthrow of the principles or ideas for which they were contending—the ideas or principles dominant or otherwise in the hearts of the people. If these were right and were a part of the national conscience, then presidents, cabinets, armies, all departments of government were its subjects—this omnipotent power spoke and they obeyed. So it is in all conflicts between nations and men—of all governments, in their legislation or otherwise for their own interests and those of the people. Beecher, in his "Norwood,"

says that at Gettysburg two battles were fought in one: while men were battling on the ground, principles were contending in the air, and when on the night of that fourth of July the one army sullenly withdrew from the fair fields of Pennsylvania and retired to the south, it was not alone a triumph of the national arms, but an overthrow of those principles which had inspired and given moral significance to the rebellion. So, I repeat, it is of all contests and all the transactions of society and governments for the upbuilding and protection of the people. Upon these foundations alone is it that greatness comes to a State.

Has Iowa built upon principle? Have the ideas of its people gone out in the right direction? Have those in control, whether in the education of her people, the fashioning of our institutions, or the making of our laws, kept in view those ideas of government and the social compact which tend to advancement, growth, and present and future greatness? When I look around me, think of the past and reflect upon what we have done, and the grand and true men, living and dead, who made our laws, framed our constitutions and filled our offices, while I admit there may have been grave mistakes—though I make no claim to perfection—I still feel justified in saying that, as a rule, we have builded well and been actuated by true and correct principles. Where in my State will you find men controlled by higher notions of duty, truer to those principles which ennoble society and give strength and security to a commonwealth than Lucas and Dodge, Grimes, Lowe, Hempstead, Baldwin, Hall, Isbell, Curtis, Stockton, Carleton, Howell, Knapp, Mason, Williams; Revs. Clark, Summers, Bell, Cowles, Post, Arrington, Hare, Ripley, Turner, Gaylord, Lee, Jameson, Woods, Hazgardt, Shinn, Barton, and the Longworthys, Day, Shields, Dibble, Price, Leighton, Hamilton, Hubbard, Emerson, Greene, Faville, Coolbaugh, the Hedricks and Cooks, Reid, Kilbourne, Fisher, Stewart (H. G.), Foster, Weed, (I speak only of the departed, omitting the living), and many, very many, others, who worked with such fidelity and unwavering faith and trust in giving us a State and institutions of which all are so justly proud?

Pioneer lawyers, farmers, merchants, ministers, men of business from New England, the Middle States and the South, the land of the Wabash and Ohio, the Illinois and Missouri, the Kentucky and Miami, the Lakes and the Gulf; these men and their compeers made our laws, framed our constitutions, represented us in the national assemblies, filled our State offices, opened our farms, educated us to a higher rank in the great field of agriculture, organized our school system, carried the gospel of "peace and good will" into the cabins, groves and primitive churches of the long ago—in a word, organized society, the Territory, the State; and what we are is largely due to them, and to them we owe a debt of gratitude which grows with the years without possibility of liquidation. With such men as builders we know the completeness of the edifice, the strength of its foundations, the beauty of its proportions, how inviting its every apartment, that it may, indeed, be an "Always Home"—a home the brightest and cheeriest to all now or to come within its walls. Yes, they built well, and those following and to follow will be untrue to the highest obligations ever resting upon any people if they abuse a trust so sacred and so high. But think not that I would exalt the State for which I have the affection of a child, the devotion of a worshiper and the admiration of an enthusiast, above others, and especially those here so happily and ably represented. True, I might complain a little of our Missouri friends in that they, about fifty years since, so fell in love with Iowa that they sought to add a few miles of her southern border to their many thousand rich acres. And so I might refer to that bloodless contest between the patriotic hosts in the County of Clark. That was when Lucas was Governor and Boggs was in the chair of State. I was not here at the time, and hence did not aid in making that history. Nor do I know much about it. John Fairman, that prince of jokers, was postmaster at Keosauqua when I settled there in 1840. (And, by the way, I always had a profound respect for John; and this because, among other things, he let me have my letters, twenty-five cents unpaid postage each, on credit; a very great favor, for I was without money, and was anxious to hear from the boys—and girls, too—I left behind). Now, Fairman was accustomed to tell that at the

time of the contest there was snow on the ground; that the Iowa boys had shoes, but the Missourians were without; that we also had the most whisky, and that hence the enemy deserted to our camp and surrendered at discretion. I never quite believed the story, though always disposed to have the greatest faith in the good postinaster and his wonderful stories.

And as for our Illinois friends, I feel a little sore because they once had a prophet (at Nauvoo) and were thus ahead of us. And because, too, their goodly land was in the pathway to ours, and many true and desirable families were induced to stop there, not knowing that paradise was just beyond.

But since we preserved our territory intact and Missouri is a good commonwealth anyhow, and since thousands of good people got across the "Sucker" State and found the promised land, I forgive all these things and forget, and can say in the full exuberance of joy: Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, the grand trio of this great valley. Did God's bright sun ever shine upon a territory richer and more beautiful than is found in these one hundred and eighty thousand square miles? Rivers the largest, soil the most productive, cities and towns full of enterprise, many thousand miles of railroad, universities, colleges, academies, schools, churches, benevolent institutions, a people educated, a land where the humble laborer can come "with the firm step and erect brow of the free American citizen, from his field, which is his freehold to his cottage which is his castle;" homes on prairie and woodland, on mountain side and in valley, homes where wife, mother, children, all are happy, free, under wise and just laws, a land where peace reigns, order is enthroned, where the flag is honored, where the Union, one Union, and one Nation is enshrined in the hearts of all—a land where we find eight million people struggling for their own well-being and that of their respective States, devoted to the unity, supremacy and perpetuity of that government which was enfranchised by Washington, fashioned by the brain and patriotic efforts of Adams, Jefferson, Hamilton and Henry, and made doubly sacred by that blood which has made us for all time one nation—one, and forever indivisible—from the Rio Grande to the Lakes, and from the "rock-bound coast of the stormy Atlantic to the golden shores of the peaceful sea on the

west." One people, one country, one hope, one ambition, one aim, one destiny. Illinois of 1818, Missouri of 1821, Iowa of 1846, who shall set bounds to our progress? who estimate our influence upon the nation's advancement? who tell what a century may develop in this grand empire? who dare suggest that here in these States, with this people, shall not be found the men, the principles and the influences which shall lead all just political reform and conserve the national welfare? the people who shall be its truest defenders against all enemies, whether at home or abroad? Yes, we in the "Hawkeye" land love Iowa; you of Illinois and Missouri most justly love your own States better than others; and well you may, for you, too, indeed, have grand records and grander possibilities. The nation and the west have also been enriched by the splendid services of your able men in field and council. While we point with pride to our grand men, you can do the same with possibly even greater satisfaction while you refer to Benton and Douglas, E. D. Baker and Bates, Young and Lynn, Atchison and Brese, Gayer and Cyrus Walker, Davis and Leonard, Edwards and Polk, Blair and Reynolds, Duncan and Gamble, Browning, Lovejoy and Rollins, and to these two, nobler than all, Lincoln and Grant, limited in fame to neither State, nation, continents or hemispheres—who, though of Illinois, will live not there nor in Iowa nor Missouri alone, but throughout the habitable globe, while liberty has a friend, civilization an advocate, and the cause of free government a voice for its advancement and defense on the earth.

And so, while you of Illinois and Missouri love your own noble States and we love ours, let us this day brush aside the State lines; forget whatever, if anything, of the past, should be blotted out, remembering that we have a common country, a common destiny, that the grandeur of one State or the success of another redounds to the grandeur and success of all, and that as we meet around this common "campfire" at these annual reunions, we come as members of a common home, protected by the same flag, under the same national chart or constitution, striving for the better and clearer shining of the same bright "star"; and let us resolve that if harm shall come to that flag, to that constitution, to that Union, to those stars, it shall not

be from any act of those who live in States so favored of heaven—who inherit a patrimony so rich as that bequeathed to us by the pioneers of this central home of the richest and grandest valley of the world, never forgetting that those gone before did swear, those of the present do swear, and those to come will swear, “that though all things else may perish the Union and the constitution shall live”.

And now, with a sincere prayer that this vow may be kept inviolate while time shall last—that this government of, for and by the people may not perish from the earth, I bid you all welcome to this happy reunion, to the hearts of the people of this ever hospitable city, as also a most hearty “God speed”, and for myself a most reluctant good-bye.

The following short addresses were made, and were a very pleasing part of the exercises :

Col. Bush, of Pittsfield, Pike County, Illinois: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to claim your protection. I also want, as our ball players say, to claim a “foul,” and I want to refer it to you. I was living down there in Pike County when I received an invitation to come here and attend this Tri-State Reunion. I supposed I was invited simply to come and see and hear what was going on ; and did not expect to be pressed into the work myself. I am so much more in the habit of letting what I have to say trickle through my fingers than off my tongue, that I cannot expect to make much of a speech, therefore, for that reason also, I claim a foul. And also on another score, on behalf of my friend Judge Matheney, on this ground : That Matheney never understood that this was to be a bragging match between the states ; if he had been posted on this question, I am satisfied that he would have carried the banner, for he is good at bragging on our pretty girls and on those old fellows who settled our state. What champions they were. What energy and vigor they displayed in building up all these states. Thus claiming the foul, I bid you good day.

Rev. Dr. William Salter, of Burlington : Dr. Salter remarked that the history of this region is intimately connected with some of the official acts of the founders of our national government. Patrick Henry and Thos. Jefferson were

active in securing this land, and what was not thus secured was secured by the purchase from Napoleon in 1803. In 1804 the first government of this country was established under the laws of the United States, with William Henry Harrison, at that time governor of the Territory of Indiana, as governor. This was the arrangement for one year, but it was not satisfactory to our friends at St. Louis. They wanted a home government, and congress established a new territory, calling it the Territory of Louisiana. Thus we see the history of this region is intimately connected with the founders of the government—with Henry, and with Jefferson, the writer of the Declaration of Independence, the founder of religious liberty in Virginia, the founder of the University of Virginia, and the author of the purchase of the magnificent province of Louisiana, out of which were carved the States of Iowa, Missouri and Illinois. So I bring to you the memory of the departed, the memory of the founders of the union as properly belonging to this celebration.

Mr. Hawkins Taylor, of Washington, D. C., said: My friends, it is an outrage to call on me for a speech. I am too old to make a speech, and would not now say a word, but I want to put in my protest against all these great improvements. I think people were happier forty or fifty years ago than they are now. I never used to have a lock on anything, and I don't believe anybody ever stole anything from me in those good old days. Now, I don't think you could leave a saw buck out with any safety. While I was coming here yesterday I got to Chicago, and I went into the depot to try and get a little information about the trains. I found some dudes there and no one seemed inclined to give me any information. Why, years ago, there was not a citizen in Iowa, Missouri or Illinois who would not have given that information. There is more money now, but people don't have any better manners. People hate to die now worse than they did thirty or forty years ago. Then they were satisfied, for they thought that they had had their day out. However, I suppose these bragging speakers are all after office, so let them brag.

Col. I. W. Griffith, of Des Moines: Ladies and gentlemen,—This is one of the happiest days of my life. I love to

take my old friends by the hand as I have done many of them here to-day. Day before yesterday completed my forty-eighth year as a resident of the Territory and State of Iowa. I crossed the Mississippi on the 11th of October, 1838, at Fort Madison, and became a resident of Lee County, then part of the Black Hawk purchase. I first voted for Col. Patterson, Hawkins Taylor and Jim Brierly, and have been voting for them ever since, and expect to vote for them. We had no politics then. We were on an equality, and voted for the best man. If the State of Illinois is well represented, so Iowa has also always had the best of everything. As to the little unpleasantness between Iowa and Missouri, that was settled by the Supreme Court of the United States, and we have the best of feeling for each other now. We can take the citizens of Missouri as cordially by the hand as we can the citizens of Illinois. I come here from our capital city, where I have been a citizen for a number of years, and I want to return you my sincere thanks for the favors you have conferred upon me, in times gone by, and I hope you may live many years to enjoy the blessings of this free country. We have but a few more years to live, and let us so live that when we come to leave this world, we may be prepared to meet each other in a better eternity.

Col. David Moore, of Canton, Mo.: Ladies and gentlemen: It is insisted that I say something, but I am not in the habit of talking very much. However, I can always say a little something in the presence of an Iowa audience, because I always regard the people of Iowa as my old friends, and have always expressed that kind feeling wherever I have met them. But you have had so many eloquent and appropriate speeches here to-day, you can't expect me to say much. I heard one of the gentlemen say it was a bragging match. I don't propose to brag about Missouri; but I do say the old State of Missouri has become a very populous State within the last twenty-five years. The State has increased very rapidly in population, until now she has over two millions of inhabitants. The great resources of Missouri can scarcely be equaled in the west. She is possessed of some twenty-six thousand square miles of stone coal lands, mountains of iron and large quantities of lead and other

minerals, and the whole country is overlaid by a most magnificent agricultural soil, equal to any, perhaps, in Iowa or Illinois. And again, upwards of twenty years ago, Missouri introduced public schools into the State, so that she has now a temple of learning on almost every hill in the State. She has fine colleges and universities, so that all the youth can be educated. In fact, she goes upon the principle that every child should be educated at the expense of the State, for the security of the State. She has a large city and an increasing number of smaller cities, and some of them are even beginning to ape St. Louis. St. Louis is a great city; she has a great bridge and a great river. In perhaps only a few years she will extend her boundaries to eighteen or twenty miles up and down the river, with fine buildings and gas-lighted streets. She is on the Mississippi, as is your city, and she has greater advantages than perhaps your city has. But even here, if old Keokuk should arise, I think he might well ask, "How many centuries of peace and prosperity have been necessary to erect all these?" This is a hospitable city, it is a grand city; it has good business men and beautiful women in it. It is a beautiful city and it has a great future before it. But we may say the same thing of Quincy, Peoria and Chicago—Chicago, the Garden City. I was in Chicago about fifty years ago; I was also in St. Louis about fifty years ago, and the changes in those places astonish me. I am not very old yet, I am still a youth, and yet these places have extended over the plains and are inhabited by thousands upon thousands of population.

Mr. Guy Wells, of Duluth, Minnesota: Ladies and gentlemen, I can't make a speech, but I'm glad to be here. I am glad to look at you. Since I have been here, I have looked at many familiar faces, and it has done me good. I came five hundred miles to see you, and I'm glad to see you. Good-bye.

George C. Duffield, of Pittsburg, Iowa, said: Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: It gives me great pleasure to be here to-day to meet and greet so many of the pioneers of Iowa, Illinois and Missouri. And here let me thank my good friend C. F. Davis for the kind invitation to be present with you to-day.

As I look over the audience before me and see so many that I know to be old settlers, I cannot help thinking that at this

time they are drawing the contrast between the cabin of forty or fifty years ago, that stood in the lonely forest or far out on the prairie, to the now populous States dotted over with cities and fine mansions.

I have always attended Old Settler's gatherings when I could do so.

This is the fiftieth year of my residence in Iowa. I have a right to the proud title of old settler. I drove the ox team that broke the first piece of prairie that was put in cultivation in Van Buren county on the west side of the Des Moines river. I moved with my parents from Jefferson county, Ohio, to Fulton county, Illinois, in 1833, and from there to Van Buren county, Iowa, in the spring of 1837. I spent part of 1848 and 1849 in Minnesota, and from the summer of 1849 to 1853 in California. Iowa has been my home for almost fifty years.

Well do I remember when fifty-three years ago my father settled in a lonely forest in Fulton county, Illinois, where he lived in a log cabin twelve by fourteen, through the dreary winter of 1833 with the nearest neighbor three miles away. Well do I remember the time when he settled in what is now Van Buren county in 1837 with but one neighbor on the west side of the Des Moines river, and no human being west of us save the wild Indians.

And now as I grow older I like to call up the reminiscences of half a century ago. None of us would have dared foretell such a magnificent future for our adopted land.

The good thing for us to do is for the old settlers to get together and have a good time. Let us tell our young friends of our privations and hardships, of our pleasures and joys, our sorrows and our trials. How little we got for what we raised and had to sell, and what a vast amount of trading we did with our produce in the absence of money. How we purchased rye for coffee. Grated, pounded and planed the corn for bread. How we wore one pair of buckskin breeches for four years without a change. How they just reached down to the top of the first boots I ever wore. I killed two deer when I was thirteen years old; an old Mormon by the name of Judd tanned the hides, mother cut and made my new buckskin pants and I thought

as much of them, and felt as important in them, as the President does to-day.

I have not the time to go into detail or speak of the privations of the early pioneer life, but I will here relate one or two instances of the privations and hardships some of us had to endure :

After we had become heartily sick and tired of home made corn meal, father concluded to go to mill, which was one hundred miles away and the Mississippi river to cross. I went with him. We had an ox team, and slow at that. We got along finely going, but while there the weather changed very suddenly to cold and freezing, snow and ice formed in the river, swept the boat away, and we were compelled to remain there until another boat was built. We were gone just five weeks, with a family alone in a wilderness among the Indians and but little to live on but corn, and it not sound at best. I never could imagine what the anxiety of that father could have been while we were on that trip.

That first year's crop failed to ripen and we had to look after seed corn. Father and I started for Missouri to hunt some. How he ever knew the course or found Sand prairie in Missouri I never could imagine. We traveled through the prairie without the sign of a road all day. Late in the evening we came to a small log house where a Mr. Wilson lived, who kindly kept us over night. Next day we found corn at a Mr. Hill's, near Alexandria, and in three days from that time we reached home with a load of corn and corn meal, rejoicing in our success.

When we look back over the short space of one generation and see the great and good work we have done, we have cause for rejoicing. Times have changed since we went to Illinois with an ox team to get some corn meal to live on, or since we had to spend five days in going to Alexandria and return. Then we carried the mails on horseback or on foot. Then we paid 25 cents for a letter. Now our mails fly across our broad prairies at the rate of 40 or 50 miles an hour, and our letters cost us the small sum of two cents. I well remember the first letter that came to the office in Iowa for my parents. There were 25 cents due on it. There were no 25 cents to redeem it with. It lay in

the office three days, when my brother and I made fifty rails for a neighbor for 25 cents. We hastened to the office, got the letter and took it home in triumph.

Just think of it, when I came to Iowa. Burlington was the seat of government of all that is now Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota.

When my father moved to Iowa, Black Hawk and Keokuk, with their tribes, were our neighbors. I was personally acquainted with both of them. Black Hawk died in 1839 within seven miles of our home. He frequently visited at our house.

I love to dwell on the memories and pleasures of our life on the frontier. In our rude cabin the music of the spinning wheel was heard. The patient mother was seen to move about the tidy cabin with as much ease and as much care for its looks as the lady of the finest mansions of to-day.

May blessings rest upon the pioneer mothers.

Gen. W. W. Belknap spoke as follows: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—Although not a pioneer, yet as an old settler of 1851 I am glad to be greeted by the pioneers and their descendants. And it is pleasant, too, to greet those men and women who, though their heads are silvered by the frosts of many winters and their faces marked by the advance of time, are yet glad to recall the memories of those early days, when in the midst of privation and burdened with care they laid the foundations of this imperial region. Happy must their hearts be as they watch the progress of the people now, while they dwell upon the recollections of the days when rest was the only luxury that came. From farms, and hamlets, and towns have grown cities with all the appointments of modern life. From the roads of mud and dust and tiresome travel have come the iron pathways which enable this great gathering to be here to-day, while the words they speak go to their homes in an instant, and the night, once darkness, is made as bright as day. But with all these progressive changes, happy will we be if we have preserved the honor, the willingness to work and the generous demeanor which marked those grand people of that early day.

The State began with them. The soldiers of the west, for whom I have been asked to speak to-day, fought to preserve the union of these States which these pioneers worked to create and keep. Over twenty years have passed since the war, and in the varied walks of the world the men who fought for the nation's life tread in the paths of peace. They did their work well. The land which the early men of the northwest opened to the blessings of good government was in that Union which the soldiers fought to preserve. They staid there and faced the attacks of a brave enemy on many fields. They left homes of affection and firesides of ease for the trials and privations of march, and camp and field. Under the flags which told the story of their country's greatness they moved hopefully to the front. Across the continent the resounding tramp of the moving divisions was heard as they marched from the Mississippi to the sea. Standing upon the sands washed by the breakers that broke at their feet, they looked across the billows of the blue Atlantic and told the nations far beyond the sea of the coming end of the rebellion. And those same flags, soiled and shot and torn and tattered, but surrounded by the halo of the same old glory were furled in final triumph. In many homes are memories of the heroic dead. By many firesides the mother's faded face tells of the sorrow brought to her by the loss of those she loved. But the triumph of the right gave them sustaining hope when hours were darkest and placed the names of the departed heroes among their cherished household words. But passing years make old men of the boys who fought the fight for the Union. Here and there is an open place in the line of those veteran heroes. One by one they join that great throng gathered in their final camp, beyond the river which none of us have crossed. Those who were nearest to us in our line fall from our side without a warning.

"Each night we pitch our moving tents,
A day's march nearer home."

But in the memories of the past the soldier of to-day can join with the pioneers of Iowa, and Illinois, and Missouri in blessing the heritage which they established and which he fought to preserve, for it will last until the end of all things.

Mr. Adams read the following letter from the president :

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, October 2, 1886.

C. F. DAVIS, Esq.,

Chairman, etc.

Dear Sir :—I have received your invitation to attend the third annual reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers Association to be held at Keokuk on the thirteenth day of the present month. I should certainly be very much pleased to accept the kind invitation, but my official duties will not permit me to do so.

The occasion cannot fail to be full of interest which gives opportunity for the assembling of those who in the day of small things, amid hardship and deprivation, were the pioneers of the wonderful development and growth which they have lived to witness.

While they happily may congratulate themselves upon the result of their intelligent labors, and devoutly commit to those who succeed them the further care and advancement of the rich heritage which they have planted, it should be with its solemn consecration, during all the years to come, to peaceful industry, the contentment of happy homes and the glory of true American patriotism.

Yours very truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

OFFICERS FOR 1887.

The committee appointed to nominate officers, reported the following :

PRESIDENT.

HON. EDWARD JOHNSTONE, Keokuk.

SECRETARY.

DAVID J. AYRES, Keokuk.

TREASURER.

SAMUEL E. CAREY, Keokuk.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

ILLINOIS.

S. R. CHITTENDEN, Mendon.

JOSEPH M. BUSH, Pittsfield.

BENJAMIN WARREN, La Harpe.

MISSOURI.

CHAS. PARSONS, St. Louis.

RUFUS L. ANDERSON, Hannibal.

HON. I. N. LEWIS, Peaksville.

IOWA.

HON. HOYT SHERMAN, Des Moines.

CAPT. J. W. CAMPBELL, Fort Madison.

HON. LYMAN COOK, Burlington.

The exercises at the park concluded at 5 o'clock and the vast assemblage of people departed for their homes well pleased. Without exception visitors expressed themselves as having been handsomely entertained.

Adjourned *sine die*.

JOHN H. COLE,
Secretary.

The following letters were received:

J. C. AINSWORTH, OAKLAND, CAL.

OAKLAND, CAL., Oct. 3rd, 1886.

Invitation Committee of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association:

MY DEAR SIRs:—Your kind invitation to be present at the annual rennion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' association to be held in your city on the 13th inst. came to hand yesterday evening, just after I had spent most of the afternoon with Capt. Wm. G. Brown, an old resident of Keokuk, and the first to visit California from that place. I had not seen him for twenty-five years, and of course we talked of old times in Iowa, and of those that remain of our mutual friends and associates, and I think we both feel younger for the few hours we spent together in reviewing the days when we were young, "and the world was all before us" and of the incidents that occurred during our voyage together en route for California in 1850.

I often meet old friends from Iowa, Missouri and Illinois, who, while visiting the Pacific coast, hear of my California home and come to see me. It is needless to say that to all such I give a hearty welcome.

Of those who have thus called I will mention Gny Wells and wife, Hon. Wm. Graham and wife, and Mrs. H. T. Reid, all of Keokuk; Mr. Thomas Pope and wife, of Quincy, and Mr. Oliver Garrison and wife, of St. Louis.

It was my intention to be with you at your last rennion, but circumstances prevented, (though I was east of the Mississippi at the time). This time duty (that is with us always) outweighs my inclination, and again I must forego the pleasure. I am not without hope, however, that I may yet be present at some future rennion, and that I may have the pleasrue, long desired, of taking by the hand some of the friends of "Auld Lang Syne." Be assured, my dear sir, that I have a pleasant recollection of Keokuk and the many friends I valned during my residence in that city. When I left Keokuk on May 7th, 1850, I intended to return in three years. I have never seen it since.

During my thirty years' residence in Oregon I was not idle, as perhaps you know. During my six years' residence in

California, I claim to have retired from business, but I still find much that requires the experience of the past to prevent mistakes of the present. And now, my dear sir, accept my very best wishes for a prosperous and happy reunion. Please make my greetings to all who may be present, and especially to those, if any, who knew me in years gone by.

Very respectfully, &c.,

J. C. AINSWORTH.

[The writer of this article, Capt. John C. Ainsworth, was one of the pioneer citizens of Iowa, and steamboat men on the upper Mississippi. He started the first packet line between Keokuk and Rock Island. It consisted of one boat called the "Kentucky," which made semi-weekly trips between the points above named. The captain was a jovial, big-hearted man, and the few remaining old settlers of 1846-7 will remember with delight the enjoyable parties, "to fiddle music," given on his boat, and be rejoiced to know that after a busy and eventful life he is quietly enjoying the fruits of his labors in his magnificent home in Oakland, California. He at one time owned and lived in the house now occupied by Adam Hine.]

SUE CLAGETT PETTENGILL, PORTLAND, ORE.

PORTLAND, OREGON, Oct., 4th, 1886.

Chairman Invitation Com. Tri-State Old Settlers' Association:

DEAR SIR:—My mother joins with me in regrets at our inability to attend the annual reunion of your association. I shall, however, sympathize with those who will enjoy the pleasure denied to us in the memories it will revive, and the impulses it will stimulate. I believe in the value to our American people of quick and strong susceptibilities of impression from occasions of this kind. We have as yet no heritage of ancient things in the old world sense, no heirlooms, household or national, that have come down through many generations; and the danger has been that nothing with us would ever become old—so regardless of the past, so confident of the future, so unsparing and recklessly progressive is our disposition as a people. It is little more than a century since we achieved our national existence, and yet how few and how slightly regarded are the visible monuments of that momentous struggle which remain to us. And, what is most to be regretted, how little pains we have taken to preserve and cherish an exact recollection of scenes and events which, as they are magnified in the lapse of time, already begin

to possess a mysterious, impressive and almost sacred interest. If patriotism has its root in personal loyalty and devotion in one's private attachments, in the love of home and the memories that cluster around it, linking themselves with every familiar thing, surely it is fostered by transactions which, while they remind us of our common interests, the relations of the individual to the community and of different communities to each other, at the same time symbolize or commemorate those grand junctures which, merging the lesser interests in the greater, have made numbered thousands work together in a common cause as one man. In the silent eloquence of old and tender human associations we have one of our strongest protections against the reckless spirit of the day. It is doubtless true that the first events in the history of those communities which have grown into States since the union of the original thirteen, will never be invested with the charms of equally heroic associations, for these newer communities have been established by transplanting the institutions that were formed by the master builders of States. And yet, there is something peculiarly impressive in the resolute purpose of the men and women who "Buffeted the west with uplifted faces," while it was still a wilderness, remote from homes that were inexpressibly dear to them, rooting up, in many instances, not "without blood," the "terribly fixed foot" of their household gods. They set out to be, and became, the architects of their own fortunes. And, though their civil work was a reproduction, rather than original building, it was performed through the same agencies, and inspired by the same spirit as the original. The really formative period of our colonial history, the period between 1740 and 1790, when the civil character of the first States was developed, was marked by the influence of lawyers. They, rather than the clergy and unprofessional men of affairs, have been the master builders of state constitutions and bills of right, while, in less conspicuous stations, they have done as much to mould the character of communities for many generations. In the settlement of Kentucky the influence of the lawyers was undoubtedly great and, indeed, as it seems to me, predominant. Among that class of influential men was one whom I, in this connection, particularly revere

as possessing an enlarged public spirit and an intelligent appreciation of the higher interests of the social body as well as a just recognition of what is due from the individual to the community of which he forms a part. It may be said that the old settlers came here to establish a town for the purpose of trade; but he to whom I refer, and others whose names will be recalled with equal reverence, never forgot those higher conditions on which the welfare of every community depends and without which material prosperity is only an invitation to vice and a precursor of ruin. The work of the old settlers had better never been done if their objects had been selfish only. If a material prosperity were all that this city where so long I dwelt had to show for their labors it would show little to satisfy the craving of generous natures for noble things. It is not, however, on the material or civil achievements of the old settlers that I now dwell with the fondest recollection but rather upon the gentler and more winning social virtues of the olden time virtues, which find small place on the page of history, but which form so large a part of all that gives dignity and happiness and blessing to human life.

I am, sir, most cordially,

SUE CLAGETT PETTENGILL.

J. K. GRAVES, DUBUQUE, IOWA.

DUBUQUE, Iowa, Oct. 7.

Chairman Invitation Com. Tri-State Old Settlers' Association:

MY DEAR SIR:—Accept my sincere thanks for the kind invitation to be present at the third annual reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association to be held at Keokuk on the 13th inst. I regret that absence from the State will prevent my being with you on that interesting occasion. In the midst of the hurry and push of every-day life, it is well to devote at least one day in each year in a retrospective glance over Iowa's history, to note the progress and change which time has wrought, and to grasp in fraternal greeting the warm hands of kind and valued friends, who, as pioneers of this great State, have done so much to shape its destiny and insure its great prosperity.

Your card of invitation gives ample assurance of a feast of reason and a flow of soul on the day you celebrate, and I picture to myself the many familiar faces which will grace the gathering. The courtly, dignified and scholarly bearing of the President of the Association will be ably supported by eminent and honored men.

Judge Love—one of the ablest and best jurists in the Union, as was fittingly remarked by a member of the United States Supreme Court at Washington—will be present to welcome the gathering.

Judge Wright, who has so interwoven his life with the history of Iowa, and whom to know is to admire, will respond for Iowa both eloquently and truthfully. Genial, active and patriotic General Belknap (though saddened at the recent death of his warm friend and comrade General Hedrick), will be present with the industrious Parsons, who left us in '56—and Lyman Cook, the careful and conservative—these gentlemen will all be there to reflect the pleasant smile which Col. Shelly always wears when extolling the beauties of Keokuk.

These, and other friends who will gather there, create in me an earnest wish that I might share with them the happiness of the hour, and I deplore that I cannot attend. Your presiding officer, A. G. Adams, has advertised Burlington co-equal with the C. B. & Q. R. R., and made one of the best mayors that or any other city ever had. I admire the foresight which called him to the front for the 13th instant.

That your celebration will be both successful and happy is beyond question, and I need but tender my best wishes for the health and happiness of each and all who may be in attendance.

Yours truly,

J. K. GRAVES.

SAMUEL F. MILLER.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN, NEW YORK, July 24, 1886.

Hon. Edward Johnstone, C. F. Davis, and others:

GENTLEMEN:—Your very kind letter of the 5th instant was received in Washington a day before my departure for this place and was very gratifying to me in its expression of esteem

and the urgency of its requests. I have delayed an answer in the hope that I might make it an affirmative one, but after full consideration, and finding myself unable to accept your earnest invitation to be present and make an address on the occasion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Meeting in September next, I must reluctantly decline.

I have an engagement of nearly two years standing, to preside over the Unitarian Conference at Saratoga, which occurs late in that month, and this, with the travel of the summer already gone through and yet to be performed is as much as I can well take from the rest needed to recruit me for the winter's work.

I know of how much pleasure I deprive myself by this decision. The meeting which I attended two years ago was one of the most agreeable occurrences of my life, and I should enjoy beyond expression the one this fall. But justice to the official duties of the long winter term of the court requires me to avail myself of the few weeks rest which vacation gives for that purpose.

I am, gentlemen, very truly and gratefully your friend,

SAM'L F. MILLER.

JOHN A. LOGAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 1, 1886.

Edward Johnstone, President, &c.:

MY DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your letter of the 27th ult., and sincerely appreciate your kind invitation to attend the meeting of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association next fall. But I regret that I cannot give you a favorable answer. My plans for the fall are so unsettled that I can make no promise at this time.

Very truly,

JOHN A. LOGAN.

G. G. VEST.

U. S. SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C., May 13, 1886.

Edward Johnstone, Esq., President:

MY DEAR SIR:—Yours of May 7th has just been received. I desire to return my sincere thanks for your kind invitation to

address the Old Settlers' Association at its next meeting, but it is not possible for me to comply with your request. My engagements are such for the coming summer and fall as to preclude the possibility of my making any other engagements at the time you mention. Please convey my sincere thanks to the Association for the honor conferred upon me, and believe me

Very truly, &c.,

G. G. VEST.

JNO. F. PHILIPS.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., August 6, 1886.

Edward Johnstone, Esq., Pres't Tri-State Old Settlers' Ass'n:

DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge, through you, an invitation to represent the State of Missouri at the approaching annual meeting of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association of Illinois, Iowa and Missouri. I appreciate most highly this compliment, and feel a strong desire to accept unconditionally. The chief embarrassment in the way is my official obligations as a member of the Court of Appeals of this State, which court will be in session at the time of the celebration, and should we then be hearing cases at argument my absence might create trouble. I will say, however, that I shall try to arrange matters so that I can then be with you. I promise not to trespass long on the audience if I come, believing that what is worth saying on such occasions should at least be brief to be appreciable and agreeable.

With great respect, yours truly,

JNO. F. PHILIPS.

D. D. SKINNER, DES MOINES, IOWA.

DES MOINES, IOWA, Oct. 9th, 1886.

C. F. DAVIS, Esq.,

Keokuk, Iowa:

DEAR SIR:—Your kind invitation to attend the Old Settlers' re-union of Iowa, Missouri and Illinois, to be held at Keokuk, October 13th, was duly received. I had hoped to attend but regret that present circumstances render it impossible. My father, William Skinner, was one of the first settlers at Keokuk,

having landed there in March, 1834, when 3 or 4 cabins constituted the town where your magnificent city now stands. I could give a great many incidents connected with the first settlement of Iowa, and very much regret that I will not be present at this meeting to hear others.

Very truly yours,

D. D. SKINNER.

GEN'L JAS. W. SINGLETON, QUINCY, ILL.

SINGLETON PARK, QUINCY, Oct. 12th, 1886.

HON. W. W. BELKNAP, AND OTHERS:

GENTLEMEN:—I have enjoyed for several weeks a very pleasurable anticipation, growing out of a mental promise to be present at your celebration on the 13th; and I continued until to-day to indulge the hope and expectation on being with you on so felicitous an occasion as the assembling of the old settlers of Illinois, Iowa and Missouri, but within the past two days I contracted a cold, which to-day assumes a form which obliges me to resort to medical treatment and admonishes me to remain at home. Regretting the unavoidable deprivation of what would be to me a most enjoyable visit and wishing you all the prosperity which brings comfort and happiness, and gives zest to social gatherings among neighbors and friends.

Respectfully, &c.,

JAS. W. SINGLETON.

T. S. PARVIN, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, Oct. 9th, 1886.

HON. C. F. DAVIS, Chairman Invitation Com.,

Keokuk, Iowa:

Your kind invitation to be present at the Third Annual Rennon of the Association Tri-State Old Settlers' at Keokuk, the 13th, has been before me several days. Greatly disappointed by reason of absence from the State upon the two former occasions, I had fondly hoped I could join you this year. In this I am again doomed to disappointment this time by illness. I have

been laid aside from labor the past ten days by indisposition and am not able to meet you, as I could greatly wish.

I have rejoiced at the success that has attended your efforts heretofore and much prized the published proceedings with which you kindly favored me.

I am sure from the program and the distinguished gentlemen who are to participate in the exercises, that you will be successful in your great expectations.

I met during the summer Mr. White, of Oregon, the first settler and founder of Burlington, 1834, hale and hearty, while so few of the men of those early days are left to tell us of the things that were.

May success attend you and the weather be propitious, is the wish of

Sincerely Yours,

T. S. PARVIN.

J. M. ASHER, SAN DIEGO, CAL.

EL CAJON, SAN DIEGO CO., CAL., Oct. 4, 1886.

Gen. W. W. Belknap, Keokuk, Iowa:

DEAR SIR:—I feel greatly honored to receive this, the third invitation to attend the meetings of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association. Am sorry that I cannot be with you this time, but hope to at some other time. In your card of invitation I see the names of many that I remember well, but presume some of them have forgotten me. Judge Love, J. M. Reid, W. A. Brownell, J. M. Shelley, S. E. Carey, Chas. Parsons, Gen. Bridgman, and J. C. Parrott are familiar names.

I would like to be a member of your Association, but the signing of your constitution seems to be in the way. Hope your meeting will be a grand success.

We consider this neck of woods about the pleasantest in Uncle Sam's domains, and if any of my KKK friends should ever wander so far from that pleasant city we hope they will call on us.

Your friend,

J. M. ASHER.

COL. WM. H. MERRITT, DES MOINES, IOWA.

DES MOINES, IOWA, Oct. 11, 1886.

C. F. Davis, Esq., and others, Committee of Invitation:

GENTLEMEN:—An invitation to be present at the third annual reunion of the old settlers of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, at Keokuk, on the 13th instant is received.

To meet the men who have contributed largely to the building up of this great empire of the west, with its boundless commercial, agricultural and educational resources, would be both an honor and a pleasure, but circumstances over which I have no control will prevent my attendance.

Trusting that the occasion will be honored with a large attendance of the old pioneers from the three great commonwealths in the west, and that the entertainment may be such as to increase the interest in, and promote the advancement of the Association, I beg to subscribe myself

Very respectfully,

WM. H. MERRITT.

JUDGE JAMES J. LINDLEY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

ST. LOUIS, August 31st, 1886.

Edward Johnstone, Esq.,

Keokuk, Iowa:

DEAR SIR:—On my return home from my summer vacation I find your very kind invitation to deliver an address October 13th before the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association.

I regret exceedingly that engagements at that time will absolutely prevent my compliance with your request.

It would give me great pleasure to be present and meet the old settlers among whom I would meet many old friends. The engagements, however, to which I have referred, command my time and services imperatively, and not only my own interests, but those of others are involved.

I must, therefore, ask you kindly to excuse me this time.

Very truly

Your obedient servant,

JAMES J. LINDLEY.

HON. P. A. ARMSTRONG, MORRIS, ILL.

MORRIS, ILL., Sept. 29, 1886.

Hon. C. F. Davis, Esq.,

Keokuk, Iowa:

Your beautiful card of invitation to me, inviting me to be with you at the Tri-State Old Settler's Association at Keokuk, on the 16th prox., is at hand. Thanks. I shall endeavor to attend, and anticipate a very pleasant time. God bless the old settlers for the impress their pure characters and good habits left as a heritance to their children and society in general.

Very truly, &c.,

P. A. ARMSTRONG.

W. H. CARTWRIGHT, MEDIAPOLIS, IOWA.

MEDIAPOLIS, IOWA, Oct. 11, 1886.

Hon. C. F. Davis,

Keokuk, Iowa:

DEAR SIR:—On my return from a three months absence on the Pacific coast, &c., I find an invitation to the third annual reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association.

My residence of over fifty years in Des Moines County, Iowa, clearly marks me as an old settler, and it would afford me great pleasure to meet with the pioneers of the great west. But previous engagements make it impossible this time. Hoping to be able to do better in the future, I remain,

Fraternally yours,

W. H. CARTWRIGHT.

J. MACLAY, DUBUQUE, IOWA.

DUBUQUE, IOWA, Oct. 11th, 1886.

C. F. Davis, Esq., Chairman Invitation Com.,

Keokuk, Iowa:

DEAR SIR:—In responding to your kind invitation to attend your reunion on the 13th inst. permit me to say that I very much regret that hindrances in my way leads me, though reluctantly, to forego the opportunity offered me to be with you. I

promised myself last fall that when your invitation should reach me this year I would gladly do myself the honor to respond in person, to unite with old friends and new ones, and take the place assigned me at your festal board to enjoy a "feast of reason and a flow of soul," in listening to the brilliant responses to toasts, in flashes of native genius, eloquently interspersed with wit and humor.

I covet your enjoyment while looking into the faces of the pioneers and early settlers of the three great States of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, than which there are none more flourishing and progressive in all that constitutes wealth, loyalty, justice and honor. The old settlers' can look with pride on all the overwhelming evidences of advancement in improvements and developments of the past in which they have taken so active and important part, honorable to themselves and their descendants. Our States are populated by an intelligent, cultivated and progressive citizenship; by refined and educated women, and men far advanced in science and law, beyond any age or country in the past. States that sixty years ago, when we were boys were in all their native wildness, roamed over by the savage Indians on the "war path," pursuing the wild beasts to satisfy his hunger, or stealthily skulking in the woods, with jealous eye watching the "pale face" who was advancing to occupy the "beautiful land" of which marvelous stories of richness in soil, in mineral, wide expanded prairies, beautiful lakes, magnificent rivers and grand waterfalls, inviting the adventurous and sturdy pioneers to come on and take possession. I am pleased to see that the occasion will be honored by the presence of such men as Genl. Belknap, Genl. Bridgman, Genl. Parrott and Col.'s Reid and Shelly, and other honored guests who did themselves great honor in taking a prominent part in our great struggle for the life and prosperity of our now glorious Union, under such Generals as Grant, Sherman, Logan and others, in the ranks of the largest, bravest and most successful army that the world ever saw, whose achievements, attained amid hardships, suffering and unselfish sacrifices, will never be too highly appreciated and commended by a grateful people. We who were not in the field did our utmost to loyally support the cause in the North and encourage the officers and "boys in blue" in cheer-

fully aiding in furnishing the sinews of war in a hopeful spirit during the darkest hours of our countries peril, supporting our countries flag until victory crowned the Union cause.

In closing allow me to express my earnest hope that at some favored time in the near future I may be permitted to enjoy the great pleasure of meeting with you and take part in the very interesting proceedings had at your meetings.

Wishing you a very enjoyable occasion on the 13th inst., I subscribe myself

Yours truly and sincerely,

J. MACLAY.

JUDGE F. SPRINGER, COLUMBUS JUNCTION, IA.

COLUMBUS JUNCTION, IOWA, Oct. 12, 1886.

Hon. C. F. Davis, Chairman Invitation Committee,

Keokuk, Iowa:

DEAR SIR:—On my return from a three weeks ramble in the southwest, I find awaiting me your elegant card of invitation of September 20, to the third annual reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association, to be held in your city on the 13th (to-morrow). In reply I beg to say that, but for the fatigue of my jaunt, I should be glad to be with you on an occasion so rich in interest, and to exchange greeting with members of the "old guard" who may be present, worthy founders of a noble trinity of States, who, like the Sibylline leaves, deserve to be, and doubtless will be, held in the greater value, honor and respect as they diminish in number.

I have the honor to be very truly yours,

FRANCIS SPRINGER.

D. W. DIGGS, MILBANK, DAK.

MILBANK, DAK., Oct. 11, 1886.

C. F. Davis, Chairman,

Keokuk, Iowa:

MY DEAR SIR:—I acknowledge with thanks the invitation to the reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers. I assure you it would afford me great pleasure to be present on what I know

must be an occasion of great interest to every participant, but the distance is great, and my time is so fully occupied with the fall business that it is impossible, but if honored with an invitation next year I hope to be able to be with you.

My memory goes back to the early days of the village of Keokuk, when it consisted of old "rat row," a range of frame buildings on the levee, with a few scattering buildings on the hill. Van Fossen's store, on Second street between Maine and Johnson, was the most pretentious of these.

My first acquaintance with the place was in 1845. My parents resided on the Des Moines bottom a few miles below St. Francisville. My father had a contract building levees at Keokuk, and it was my business, as the oldest boy in the family, then eight years old, to ride to town with him, "on behind," Monday mornings, to take the horse home, and return to bring him home Saturday nights.

The first money I ever earned was for picking cobs from the corn shelling machine for B. A. Williams, and the first week's wages were invested in a Mitchell's Geography and Atlas. I remember with what pride I walked into the little school-house with my new purchase under my arm.

The first brick building erected in Keokuk was a two-story about 20x30, on the opposite side of the street (Johnson) from where my parents then resided, and opposite where the Ivins House afterwards stood. How the reminiscences of other days and old friends, many of whom have passed to their rest, crowd upon my memory!

Wishing you a very pleasant time, and that I may have the pleasure of being with you when next you celebrate the occasion,

I am very truly,

D. W. DIGGS.

HON. A. R. FULTON, DES MOINES, IOWA.

DES MOINES, IOWA, Oct. 12th, 1886.

Hon. C. F. Davis, Chairman:

DEAR SIR:—Your kind invitation to attend the Third Annual Reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association, was

duly received. I had looked forward with the hope of availing myself of this opportunity of meeting many of the surviving pioneers whose acquaintance I have had the honor of making during the twenty-six years of my residence in Iowa. I have always been interested in hearing those grand old people who laid the strong foundations of these great Western States, recount the reminiscences of their pioneer struggles. I now regret exceedingly that circumstances prevent my attendance, and oblige me to forego the pleasures of the occasion.

Yours Respectfully,

A. R. FULTON.

MAJ. J. N. McCLANAHAN, CORYDON, IOWA.

CORYDON, IOWA, Oct. 11th, 1886.

C. F. Davis, Esq., Chairman Invitation Com.:

DEAR SIR:—I am compelled to write and say that it is entirely out of my power to attend the reunion the 13th, notwithstanding I wrote you I should do so. Sickness, however, prevents me, and I am sorry I cannot meet with you, as I had contemplated, well knowing that it would be most pleasant, as well as socially very profitable. Accept my regrets with the hope that I may be able to be present the next time.

I assure you it is with the deepest regret I fail to be present.

Truly Yours,

J. N. McCLANAHAN.

B. ZWART, IRONTON, MO.

IRONTON, Mo., Sept. 30, 1886.

Col. J. M. Reid,

Keokuk:

MY DEAR SIR AND FRIEND:—By to-day's mail I am in receipt of your invitation to attend the Tri-State Old Settlers' Reunion, which is to meet in your city on the 13th of October next.

Whilst I appreciate this mark of distinction and should be happy to be able to make a favorable response, yet I feel compelled, by reason of professional engagements, to ask to be excused from attending at that time, as our fall terms of court

have just begun to be held, and I could not, without sacrificing the interests of clients, absent myself from here. It would be a real pleasure for me to come if not prevented, for I should be happy once more to meet yourself and other friends amongst the old residents of your city and vicinity, and to rehearse and hear recounted the many interesting incidents resulting from the old decree and settlers' controversy, and the several hair-breadth escapes of the noble old pioneers of those times, who stood out in favor of enforcing the majesty of the law, pre-eminent amongst whom were Cols. Hugh T. Reid and Perry, as they were several times in danger of losing their lives in their efforts to vindicate their rights under the decree. Twice did I witness the attacks of the settlers, and I well remember how once they followed Col. Reid, pistol in hand, all the way from the plank road towards the river, along the river to his new residence at the corner of High and Third streets, when, whilst the mob was violently demanding admittance to his residence to make search for him, my father, Mr. Lambert J. Zwart, came up to the place in company with old Mr. Peter Eichar, and on my father's suggestion that they had better appoint a committee to search the house, such a committee was appointed, and my father and Mr. Eichar, were made members of it, and whilst the search in the house was being made the colonel made his escape on a fleet horse towards Buena Vista, and he escaped without any further loss than the loss of his hat, which was perforated and thrown from his head by a well aimed shot, but not close enough to injure him.

Those days were exciting ones indeed, and such occurrences remain in memory as long as life lasts. Mr. Perry's danger was not so great, but he was taken off his horse, put in a farmer's wagon, and taken to the end of Concert street, about where now Sixteenth street, I suppose, crosses it, there to be ridden on a rail, and they forced him then and there to sign a deed for the land in dispute on a compromise basis, which was executed in the little grocery at the time standing on the line of the plank road nearly opposite the gas works. I also witnessed several incursions of the old settlers into town when they failed to meet the men they were after, and then the frolic would usually wind up with a speech from old Dr. Galland. At

many of his speeches I was an attentive listener. Thinking over these matters at this late day, many other prominent gentlemen come to my mind, to all of whom your city is indebted for its present excellent condition, and the rapid strides to prominence it was then making.

I well remember the excitement in those days attending political meetings, how every citizen considered himself a committee of one to advocate the principles of his party; but generally every canvas ended without trouble and in the best of humor, though sometimes the meetings were full of personalities, and apt to cause hard feeling. I remember some ludicrous circumstances, or rather occurrences, such as the troubles between attorneys and judges of court. And thinking further on, at the time that the campaign ending in the election of James Buchanan was progressing, the meetings that used to be held in Fourth Street at the Market House, and whereat our old friend Charlie Moss on one occasion was the speaker. After the war I met him once, and he was astonished to see me. I reminded him of the burden of his speech on that occasion, but he said, "Hush, all that is passed and let us forget it;" but his speech in the campaign and his actions then, were so diametrically opposed to each other, that I could not help having a good laugh over it with him. The old saying is, "Politics make strange bed fellows," but how much more is this true in war: what a change in the country, in the peoples tastes, actions and everything. This is especially true of this section of country, Southeast Missouri, for it the war has proven a real God-send, as it has brought a class of industrious people here, many of whom are blessed with means to help develop the immensely valuable mineral resources of the country. I am writing this in the lovely Arcadia Valley, in the center of which the City of Ironton is situated, its western boundary is the Sheppard Mountain, which contains several deposits of very rich magnetic ore. Many carloads of this ore were, during the war, shipped to the large cities to be made available at sanitary fairs for the benefit of the army and the brave soldier boys in the field. The northern boundary line of Ironton lies at the foot of the world-renowned Pilot Knob, containing, according to geologists who have made a thorough examination of its

mineral deposits, iron ore enough to supply the world with iron for two hundred years to come. Over six hundred men are working in the mines on that mountain day and night, without intermission, except from 12 A. M. Saturday night, till the same time Sunday night. Five tunnels are run into the very bowels of this mountain, and several shafts are sunk, all of which are made available for the bringing of the ore to the surface, to be loaded on cars on the railroad track at the foot of the mountain.

For the last 4 years immense progress has been made in the development of this deposit of Iron Ore, under the able management of Mr. James C. Simpson, General Manager of the Pilot Knob Department of the St. Louis Ore and Steel Co., and too much praise cannot be given him for his persistent efforts, in the face of the most discouraging circumstances, to demonstrate the real value of this immense Iron Mountain. Seven miles further north is the American Iron mountain, which is also a most remarkable deposit of very fine iron ore. Between the two Iron Deposits and a little to the West, we have the celebrated Granite Quarry, the Granite wherefrom is so extensively used by the Government in the construction of public works; this is also a real natural wonder, immense boulders lying on top of other ledges, and, at a distance, looking as if they were about to roll down the mountain, as they are resting on a surface of not more than 5 inches in diameter in some cases; other boulders again are of huge dimensions, and inspire one with awe at the wonders of creation; one especially, a very large one, from a distance has the appearance of an elephant in front; the head and ears, the snout, the curvature over the back, the hips, it looks as though it were an elephant indeed, and is one of the most imposing natural objects. Besides these we have, about twenty miles to the east, the celebrated "Mine La Motte," where the purest of lead ore is taken out of the ground, besides also other minerals of same character, such as Cobalt and Nickel. Besides the foregoing there are many other mineral deposits which makes this part of the country one of the richest on the Globe. The valleys between the highlands are a gravelly rich black soil, producing largely, and for all the produce a market for cash in hand, at our very doors. All we want is more people to develop the country, let them come.

Well, I presume you are about tired out, and I shall close this already too long letter, with my best wishes for your continued welfare and happiness and that of all old settlers.

Truly Yours,

B. ZWART.

A. C. HUTCHINSON, BURLINGTON, IOWA.

BURLINGTON, IOWA, Oct. 12th, 1886.

Hon. C. F. Davis, Keokuk:

Your kind invitation to be present at the Third Annual Reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association, was duly received, and I have delayed reply, in the hope that I might give myself the pleasure of being with you and participating in the pleasures of the occasion, but I find myself unable to do so. Thirty years ago Keokuk was my home, and it would give me much pleasure to take advantage of this reunion to renew old friendships made in early manhood, but cemented and made strong in my two year's residence in your beautiful city.

I regret exceedingly that business engagements are such that it is impossible for me to be with you. I hope the day may be full of enjoyment for all.

Sincerely Yours,

A. C. HUTCHINSON.

GEN. T. I. MCKENNY, OLYMPIA, W. T.

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON T., Oct. 9th, 1886.

C. F. Davis, Chairman Invitation Com.:

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND:—Your kind invitation to attend the Tri State Old Settlers' Association has been received. Please accept my sincere thanks for the same. I regret much that it will be impossible for me to attend. I do assure you that nothing would give me more pleasure than to meet my old and tried friends in Keokuk, the city where I spent the early part of my life and where I formed friendships and attachments never to be forgotten. My thoughts often very often revert to my old and tried friends, many of them now no more. I could fill a much larger page than this with the names of as true men as ever drew the breath of life, some now living and others dead

that I claim as my friends, and while speaking of Keokuk's noble men do not think that I have forgotten the noble and true women of the good old city.

With many wishes for the success of your association,

I remain your friend,

T. I. McKENNY.

HON. PETER A. DEY, IOWA CITY, IOWA.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, Oct. 11th, 1886.

Hon. C. F. Davis, Chairman, Keokuk:

DEAR SIR:—I was called east last week rather unexpectedly and on my return find calls upon my time that will prevent my accepting your invitation to the meeting of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association for to-morrow.

I regret this very much, as I would have been glad to join you in greeting the old settlers that are here and doing homage to the virtues of those that are gone.

Very Respectfully,

PETER A. DEY.

CAPT. WM. HILLHOUSE, BURLINGTON, IOWA.

BURLINGTON, IOWA, Oct. 11th, 1886.

C. F. Davis:

MY DEAR SIR:—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to attend the Third Rennion of Old Settlers' to be held at Rand Park, in Keokuk, Wednesday, Oct. 13th, 1886.

I very much regret that engagement on the registry board in our city this week will deprive me of the pleasure of meeting you on that interesting occasion. Many who were old settlers when I settled in Iowa forty years ago, have passed away.

As I was in attendance at the treaty of the Sac and Fox Indians for that portion of Iowa west of the Black Hawk purchases, was well acquainted with all of the Indians. I was engaged in the trading post and sold them goods daily for three years. Conversed with them in their dialect well at that time; familiar with their notions and ways; eat many a meal with the

Black Hawk family and chased the elk and buffalo all over the broad prairies of the State of Iowa in company of old Chief Keokuk and his band of Indians. I am the only white man left out of seven that was in that hunting expedition the summer of 1842.

Very Truly Yours,

WM. HILLHOUSE.

JOHN CARROLL WALSH.

THE MOUND, Hartford Co., Md., }
Near Jerusalem Mills P. O., Oct. 9, 1886. }

C. F. Davis, Esq., Chairman, Keokuk, Iowa:

MY DEAR SIR:—The invitation kindly sent me to attend the meeting of the Tri-State Old Settler's Association, to be held at Keokuk on Wednesday, 13th inst., has been received, and nothing would give me more pleasure than to be able to attend.

To me it would be extremely gratifying to take part in the exercises of the day, although there are but very, very few, of those who were cotemporaneous with myself in the first settlement of what is now your great and noble State of Iowa, who are now living. I can just now recollect of none but my venerable friend Alexander Cruickshank, of West Point, and of my gallant friend and son of old Maryland, Gen. J. C. Parrott, of Keokuk.

That the meeting of the Association may in every particular be a most successful and enjoyable reunion, is the sincere wish of one who still feels the deepest interest in the prosperity of Iowa, and who is proud to be enrolled as one of her earliest pioneers.

With great respect,

Very Truly Yours,

JOHN CARROLL WALSH.

COL. D. B. HENDERSON, DUBUQUE, IOWA.

DUBUQUE, IOWA, Oct. 4th, 1886.

Hon. Ed. Johnstone, Keokuk, Iowa:

MY DEAR JUDGE:—I am indebted to the Old Settlers' Association for an invitation to attend the third annual reunion, Oct. 13th.

I find my time engaged for the date indicated, so that I cannot attend. I am gratified to be thus appreciated, and would enjoy very much being present, having come to this State in '49. I know that I would appreciate the gathering of the pioneers of the west.

Very truly yours,

D. B. HENDERSON.

REV. J. J. WOOLLEY, PAUTUCKET, R. I.

MY DEAR GENERAL:—Please accept my sincere thanks for the kind invitation to the third annual reunion of the Old Settlers' Association. The face of the "old settler" on the card would be a sufficient inducement of itself to draw me to the meeting on the 13th of October, if Providence did not interfere to keep me away.

The benevolent face, beautiful necklace and soft silken hair of the old Chief Keokuk are wonderfully attractive. He must have been a desirable acquaintance in his day, and no doubt a great many persons were compelled to enjoy his loving society and tender embraces.

Not having had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance however, I cannot speak as feelingly of him as no doubt I would had I known him better.

Sincerely yours,

GEN. W. W. BELKNAP,

J. J. WOOLLEY.

Invitation Com.

L. PARKHURST, DAVENPORT, IOWA.

C. F. Davis, Chairman Invitation Com.,

Tri-State Old Settlers' Association.

DEAR SIR:—Your kind invitation to attend the meeting of this Association to be held at Keokuk on the 13th instant, was duly received:

Really it would be a great satisfaction to meet the early pioneers of the Black Hawk purchase, now so few and scattering.

Just fifty years ago, 4 P. M. to-day, it was my fortune to land on the west bank of the "Father of Waters," and from the

first impressive look on the top of the bluffs overlapping its placid stream, I have often wondered—and it has occurred to me many times since—that the possibilities pertaining to this valley were beyond the power of man to reach. Fifty years back to me now seem but a short time; but still, that time encompasses a progress in all that pertains to civilization away beyond the record of any former stride in human progress. There is not the least doubt but that in time this valley will be the richest and wealthiest part of the globe. I also look to see St. Louis and Chicago connected by deep water navigation, the competitors of New York in all that combines to make them the great central marts of the North American Continent.

Nature has done its part bountifully, and the bent of man's progress is in the pathway it leads.

As much as I would like to meet and canvass over the strides of the past half century, I find myself so situated that it will be impossible to attend the coming most joyful occasion not without hope, however, that at some future time I may fully enjoy the festivities of a similar greeting.

Thankful for your kind invitation and remembrance,

I remain yours truly,

L. PARKHURST.

W. I. BABB, MT. PLEASANT, IOWA.

MT. PLEASANT, IOWA, Oct. 5, 1886.

Hon. C. F. Davis, Keokuk, Iowa:

MY DEAR SIR:—Accept thanks for kind remembrance in shape of invitation to attend the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association.

Our District Court is in session and cannot now say with absolute certainty as to whether I shall be able to be present or not. I will if I can. In any event I trust you may have a meeting worthy of the occasion.

The reunion of the early pioneers of the three great States of the Mississippi Valley will tend to bring them in closer union in spirit and interest, and must conduce to the general welfare of each. What a glorious sisterhood, with enough terri-

tory and variety of soil, products and climate to make of themselves a mighty nation in the near future. As a native of Iowa of course I regard her as the finest, but am not insensible to the charms of her two elder sisters. But all in all give me the youngest.

With best wishes and hopes that I may be with you,

I am Truly Yours,

W. I. BABB.

HON. THOS. T. CRITTENDEN, KANSAS CITY, MO.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 4, 1886.

Hon. C. F. Davis, Chairman:

SIR:—Business will deprive me of the pleasure of being with the old settlers', at Keokuk, on the 13th inst. I trust the meeting will be pleasant and beneficial. The heroes of the olden times, perpetuating in happy recollections, the stories of lives once full of the most stirring events, now rapidly passing on "to the bourne from which no traveler returns." These men are as great heroes as any who ever fought the battles of this country, and should command the profoundest respect from all classes.

Very Truly Yours,

THOS. T. CRITTENDEN.

GEO. C. PRATT, CITY OF JEFFERSON, MO.

CITY OF JEFFERSON, Mo. Oct. 4th, 1886.

C. F. Davis, Chairman Invitation Com.,

Tri-State Old Settlers' Association:

MY DEAR SIR:—It is with extreme regret that I am compelled to deny myself the pleasure of meeting with you all on the 13th inst., as per notice of September 20th. Hoping that the next annual meeting may find me with the leisure to enjoy for a few days the company of my neighbors of Illinois and Iowa, I remain,

Very Respectfully,

Your Ob't Serv't,

GEORGE COOLEY PRATT.

P. A. ARMSTRONG, MORRIS, ILL.

MORRIS, ILL., Oct. 11, 1886.

Hon. C. F. Davis,

Keokuk, Iowa:

Painfully disappointed in not being able to meet with you and the old settlers at Rand Park on the 13th inst., on account of a hard cold coupled with a putrid sore throat, I send you God speed united with the wish, hope and prayer that your meeting will prove a great success and result in the inauguration and completion of a plan for the erection of a suitable monument to the memory of Keokuk, the Cicero of his race, to whose wonderful eloquence are the white pioneers of northern Illinois indebted for their lives, by his defeating Black Hawk in the formation of his fond scheme of a great Indian Confederacy, April 1, 1832.

Yours courteously,

P. A. ARMSTRONG.

HON. C. C. CARPENTER, FORT DODGE, IOWA.

FORT DODGE, IOWA, Oct. 3, 1886.

C. F. Davis, Esq., and others, Com. of Invitation,

Keokuk, Iowa:

GENTLEMEN:—I have your invitation to be present at the third annual reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association at Keokuk, Iowa, on the 13th inst. I regret that I shall not be able to come, as it would greatly gratify me to see and shake hands with the venerable men who will come from the States of Illinois, Missonri and Iowa to participate in the pleasures and ceremonies of the occasion. Please convey my regrets to the old settlers who respond in person to your invitation.

Yours very truly,

C. C. CARPENTER.

JUDGE H. B. HENDERSHOTT, OTTUMWA, IOWA.

OTTUMWA, IOWA, Sept. 27, 1886.

Hon. C. F. Davis, Chairman, &c.,

Keokuk, Iowa:

DEAR SIR:—I am just honored by the receipt of an invitation from your committee to be present and participate in

the pleasures of the third annual reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association, at Keokuk, on the 13th of October, 1886. I shall, if it is possible, be present on that occasion. Having settled in Burlington, Iowa, (then Wisconsin), Oct. 11, 1836, I suppose I may be classed as an old settler of Iowa.

Yours truly,

H. B. HENDERSHOTT.

HON. H. P. WELSH, OTTAWA, KANSAS.

OTTAWA, KANSAS, Sept. 30, 1886.

C. F. Davis, Ch'n Tri-State Old Settlers' Association:

DEAR SIR:—Your invitation of September 20th, to attend the third annual reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, received. I am very sorry that it is impossible for me to attend, owing to the fact that our District Court will be in session at that time. I tried to make my arrangements last year to attend, but when the time came I was prevented. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to be with you on October 13th, although I suppose it would be impossible for me to find any of the old landmarks of 1846 and 1847.

I lived in your city (then a town) when a boy twelve and thirteen years of age. It was then a little village stuck in the hills, with only, you might say, one prominent store, that of Chittenden & McGavic, with an old rickety wharf where steamboats landed; one flouring mill under the bluff, owned by Capt. Hughes; two hotels, one called the Rapids House and the other the Mansion House, the latter of which my father had the honor of being proprietor. Near by our hotel stood the saw mill. Only one road or street was passable from the river bank. The monotony of life was broken in the summer only by the arrival of steamers from St. Louis, for Keokuk then was the head waters of navigation; but out of all this has grown the great city with its railroads, its manufactories, schools and colleges, medical institution, and has kept progress with the building up of the great State in which it is situated.

Hoping that you will have a pleasant and profitable time, and that at some future reunion of your Association I will be able to accept an invitation and be present,

Yours, with the greatest respect,

H. P. WELSH.

GEO. W. JONES, DES MOINES, IOWA.

DES MOINES, IOWA, Sept. 30th, 1886.

C. F. Davis, Chairman, Keokuk, Iowa:

DEAR SIR:—Your invitation to the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association (Meeting) Reunion, Oct. 13th, 1886, is received, and you have my thanks for the remembrance, but greatly regret my inability to be present, as I thought I surely would be this year, but I have an engagement to be in Dakota at that time, preventing my enjoyment of this reunion. And now as I write this my brother John W. Jones, is by my side, and we recall the fact that on October 23rd, 1886, we have spent fifty-two years in Iowa.

Yours Truly,

GEO. W. JONES.

REV. L. B. DENNIS, KNOXVILLE, ILL.

KNOXVILLE, ILL., Sept. 29th, 1886.

C. F. Davis, Esq., Keokuk, Iowa:

DEAR SIR AND FRIEND:—Your very kind, good, strong and pressing invitation to attend the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association, in Rand Park, Keokuk, Iowa, Oct. 13th, 1886, is just at hand. To say I am complimented does not express my feelings. I feel myself greatly honored. No ordinary matter would prevent me from attending. It comes so near our Annual Conference that at present I see no chance for wife and myself to be with you at that time.

I can give you no idea as to our anxiety to again enjoy that privilege of being with our old friends. Hoping you will have one of the most pleasant associations you have yet enjoyed, and one of the greatest in interest and most profitable to all concerned, and wishing you all good,

I am Your Older Brother,

L. B. DENNIS.

GAY DAVIDSON, CARTHAGE, ILL.

CARTHAGE, ILL., Sept. 3, 1886.

Hon. C. F. Davis,

Keokuk:

I have the honor to acknowledge from your hands an invitation to greet the old settlers of Iowa, Missouri and Illinois in reunion at your beautiful Rand Park, October 13th ensuing. I was rejoiced at receiving the invitation, for two reasons: First—That among those invited so kindly by the committee, I am again included. I assure you, sir, that it is no small honor. And allow me to add that it shall be my hope and pleasure to be present on that occasion, should circumstances permit.

Second—The receipt of your invitation assures me of the fact that the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association still lives. In regard to this fact I was in slight doubt for a while. It will be remembered, possibly, by a few, that I contributed a poetic effusion to the honored members of the Association last year. I knew it was wrong to do it; but my friend Samuel Clark aided and abetted me in it by forfeiting several inches of valuable space in his GATE CITY for its publication. This poem, I had feared, wrought disaster to the Association, and killed its members. Happily, no great harm resulted, and the Tri-State still lives.

I am a young man. I cannot remember when, as a small boy, I did not think Keokuk was the biggest kind of a city. Some people may doubt this statement, as it has been charged that when boys from a prohibition town in Illinois visit Keokuk, the city soon gets too small to hold them. I never failed to hold all I got in Keokuk. Fact!

But I digress. If I should be present at the reunion, it will be simply as a representative of the new generation. I will be compelled to forego the pleasure of swapping lies with the "first settler" or the "first white child." On this occasion, I say, it will be for me only to listen with awe and reverence to yarns of the white-haired patriarchs. This will be a pleasure. Yes, let me add, the old settlers deserve honor. Certainly here they builded wisely and faithfully for us of these later days. They brought civilization to the west. It was a tough job.

But now, as civilization, with its myriad improvements and innovations, has rushed past these old pioneers just as does the fast mail roar past the slow-moving emigrant wagon, we, who have learned to live faster day by day, shall be glad and honored to drop back in the rapid journey of life for a few hours and join the slow-moving company of old settlers. We must not say that they are no more of use to the rising generation. As an example of honesty, of perseverance, of frugality and success in life to us they are endeared.

And they are going away from us. We cannot keep their pleasant aged faces before us always. Now and then, like the autumn leaf, they gently fall to slumber. Not with the sound of muffled music nor in stately pomp do we carry them to the tomb. It is not meet. Simple was their lives, and the great victory of their life's work needs no vain emolument.

Honor to the old settlers of the three States. We will meet them again—one year further on the journey home. We will bid them cheer and welcome. Let us make their pathway easy, for they labored that we might live.

GAY DAVIDSON.

HON. JOHN HOGAN, ST. LOUIS, MO.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 11th, 1886.

Hon. Edward Johnstone, President, Keokuk, Iowa:

DEAR SIR:—Up until ten days ago I flattered myself that I should be able to respond to your kind invitation of Sept. 20th, and meet the Tri-State Old Settlers' at Keokuk on the 13th inst. Ten days ago I took a severe cold from which I have been suffering ever since, chiefly with a species of Lumbago, which has almost precluded me from handling myself at all. This has gotten somewhat better, and I still flattered myself that I would be able to make the trip, but last night I was suddenly attacked with a violent pain in my breast and to-day feel hardly able to get about. I fear therefore to undertake the journey and the excitement consequent thereto upon my contemplated visit.

I regret exceedingly these things, for I had flattered myself that I should have much enjoyment. I am very sorry to

disappoint the assembly and myself, but I do not see how I can undertake it.

I telegraphed you to-day and write this as my apology, which I hope will be satisfactory.

Very Truly Yours,

JOHN HOGAN.

REV. JOSEPH BOGEN, GREENVILLE, MISS.

GREENVILLE, Miss., Oct. 8th, 1886.

C. F. Davis, Esq., Chairman, &c.:

DEAR SIR:—Your cordial invitation to attend the Third Annual Reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association, was duly received, and would have been answered at once but I was laid up with dengue fever that prevailed in this part of the country during September and October.

I would have liked exceedingly to attend the reunion, to meet old friends and enjoy the pleasure of their company for a day or two, for I love Keokuk as much as I do my native home. I left my native city when a boy and my roaming around through the old country prevented me from forming any associates outside of family ties that should be sacred to me. But when I came to Keokuk to minister to the spiritual wants of some of my people, I felt for the first time, that I had met with men of superior intelligence, and I formed a strong attachment for them, and the attachment the man formed I hope will remain sacred for all time.

When I came from the fatherland I found a stopping place in Philadelphia, Pa. I say stopping place, for I felt I could not remain there if I wished to become identified with the doctrines of my adopted country. Philadelphia is really a German city, very pleasant for the immigrant who wishes to perpetuate the peculiarities of his old home and it is thus that the language heard there is pre-eminently German or its corrupted "Pénnsylvania Dutch." For this reason, after living two years in the metropolis of the Keystone State, I was as ignorant of our American institutions and the language of the country as is the immigrant who just landed at Castle Garden. I went west! Going west is, to many people in the east, like going into a

desert. Some of my friends described this country as a wilderness, where the buffalo still roamed, the red skinned Indians were numerous, and the cow-boy with his bowie knife and revolver was the domineering master in the settlements.

I came to Keokuk at the close of the centennial year with a good many prejudices and cannot describe my astonishment at what I found. All along the way I noticed well cultivated farms, with blooming gardens and fruit laden orchards, flourishing towns and villages, and I looked in vain for the buffalo, the Indian and the cow-boy. When I arrived at your city and met a hearty reception, I learned to understand for the first time what the geniality of the American people really means. I said with Lessing, "beside that river (Mississippi) there are men."

The years I spent in your community are among the most pleasant of my life. As soon as I became more familiar with the language I formed attachments among your citizens that will ever be cherished. You should be proud of your newspapers, your Library and your public schools. The public school system is the foundation of our American liberty, implanting in the youthful mind the great truth that law, liberty and equality are the indestructable pillars upon which our republican government safely and securely rests.

During my residence I had many opportunities to visit interior parts of the three States, Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, and everywhere witnessed the signs of increasing prosperity and met that cordiality and hospitality that characterizes the intelligent western people. Thus I became an American citizen in the broadest sense of the word, divesting myself of the narrow views of the German emigrant, becoming broader in my religious views, I learned that true liberty is a cementing, and not a dividing element in human society. The few years I lived among you taught me more than all the years I had devoted to the study of my profession.

I hope your meeting will be pleasant and satisfactory to all and that I may witness one of the reunions of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association at no distant day.

Cordially and Sincerely Yours,

JOSEPH BOGEN.

ADDITIONAL RESPONSES.

- Gen. John W. Noble, St. Louis, Mo.
 Charles Parsons, St. Louis, Mo.
 Hon. John Wentworth, Chicago, Ill.
 Judge A. C. Meeker, Lodi, Cal.
 Amos Townsend, Salem, Iowa.
 Mrs. Ellen Thornburg, Ottumwa, Iowa.
 Hon. Newton Bateman, Galesburg, Ill.
 Nelson Thomasson, Chicago, Ill., (85 Washt. St.)
 James Raley, Lancaster, Mo.
 L. B. Fleak, Brighton, Iowa.
 Hon. Thos. Mitchell, Mitchellville, Iowa.
 Hon. D. W. Andrews, Centralia, Ill.
 Hon. Wm. B. Remey, Judge Advocate Gen'l, Washington.
 Hon. H. L. Bush, Downers Grove, Ill.
 Hon. C. C. Cole, Des Moines, Iowa.
 L. Harbine, Forrestville, Cal.
 Chas. F. Griffey, New Sharon, Iowa.
 Gen. G. M. Dodge, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
 Geo. H. Schafer, Ft. Madison, Iowa.
 David Murphy, St. Louis, Mo., (22 N. 4th St.)
 S. W. Coffin, Fairfield, Iowa.
 Dudley E. Jones, Little Rock, Ark.
 Frank J. Warren, San Francisco, Cal.
 Jas. C. Sprigg, Washington, D. C.
 Chas. Hubble, San Diego, Cal.
 Hon. John A. Kasson, Des Moines, Iowa.
 John R. Shaffer, Des Moines, Iowa.
 J. B. Eyerly, Newton, Iowa.
 Hon. Thos. J. Henderson, Princeton, Ill.
 Louis R. Bissile, San Jose, Cal.
 Hon. Wm. M. Springer, Springfield, Ill.
 Gen. R. C. Drum, Washington, D. C.
 Hon. Thos. Sharpe, Carthage, Ill.
 Hon. J. H. Phillips, Des Moines, Iowa.
 John G. Hudson, Metz, Mo.
 Chas. W. Hine, Ft. McKinney, Wyoming Territory.
 Geo. Stanwood, Boston, Mass.
 Maj. A. Mackenzie, Rock Island, Ill.

- Jas. E. Bruce, Yankton, Dakota.
 Mrs. Annie E. Bower, (369 Chicago Ave.) Chicago.
 Mrs. L. C. Fyffe, (376 Oak St.) Chicago.
 John C. Pepper, Aledo, Ill.
 E. B. Hamilton, Quincy, Ill.
 James Eckert, Fairfield, Iowa.
 Dr. G. S. Bailey, Vernon, Iowa.
 J. M. Bush, Pittsfield, Ill.
 Mrs. R. F. Richardson, Macon, Mo.
 Hon. John F. Duncomb, Fort Dodge, Iowa.
 S. A. Blasland, Quincy, Ill.
 Miss Naomi L. Davenport, Davenport, Iowa.
 Hon. J. B. Grinnell, Grinnell, Iowa.
 T. B. Perry, Albia, Iowa.
 F. C. Roberts, Fort Madison, Iowa.
 Mrs. Celeste Lorrain Hazard, St. Louis, Mo. (3351 Manchester Road.
 Judge J. M. Beck, Fort Madison, Iowa.
 J. H. Duffus, Fort Madison, Iowa.
 J. H. Pickering, Salem, Iowa.
 Alexander Cruikshank, West Point, Iowa.
 James Barker, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Wm. F. Shelley, Kansas City, Mo.
 S. S. Vail, St. Louis, Mo.
 Col. Barlow Granger, Des Moines, Iowa.
 Hon. John Van Valkenburg, Fort Madison, Iowa.
 R. W. McGuire, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Hon. John Hay, Cleveland, Ohio.
 Hon. Chas. Beardsley, Des Moines, Iowa.
 Hon. Buren R. Sherman, Des Moines, Iowa.
 Lewis Todhunter, Indianola, Iowa.
 W. G. Warfield, Quincy, Ill.
 Lyman Cook, Burlington, Iowa.
 Col. Geo. W. Crosley, Fort Madison, Iowa.
 Dr. A. C. Roberts, Fort Madison, Iowa.
 Chas. E. Hay, Springfield, Ill.
 Geo. M. Shelley, Kansas City, Mo.
 Jas. S. Hurley, Wapello, Iowa.
 Hon. Robt. T. Lincoln, Chicago, Ill. (Honore Building).

Hon. J. D. M. Hamilton, Fort Madison Iowa.
Col. John Scott, Nevada, Iowa.
Gen. F. M. Drake, Centerville, Iowa.
Maj. A. H. Hamilton, Ottumwa, Iowa.
Hon. S. J. Kirkwood, Iowa City, Iowa.
Hon. Jerry H. Murphy, Davenport, Iowa.
Hon. Jas. F. Wilson, Fairfield, Iowa.
J. Henry Westcott, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
Gov. Wm. Larrabee, Des Moines, Iowa.
Judge P. M. Casady, Des Moines, Iowa.
Col. Wm. L. Diston, Quincy, Ill.
Rev. A. C. Stilson, Ottumwa, Iowa.
Col. P. G. Ballingall, Ottumwa, Iowa.
Supt. W. F. Merrill, Burlington, Iowa.
Moses J. Wentworth, Chicago, Ill.

REMARKS.

The interest in the Annual Reunion of Old Settlers' increases as the years grow. The letters, addresses, &c., preserved in durable form, contain very much of personal and State history which is worthy of preservation. So that these occasions have more than a merely present importance. All, without respect to age, may register their names, for the limitations of the Constitution are so narrow, that practically provision is made for an endless succession. The young of body will be the old settlers' of the coming time, and so the association will be maintained so long as the people enjoy the annual gatherings. The youngster is making history which he may recite with pleasurable emotions to the unborn generations. It will be a brighter and better history than is being told to-day, let them be sure that the following age may be brighter and better than their own.

Keokuk stands ready to welcome all to its hospitable homes and warm hearts. It adds yearly to its already many attractions. It has the true spirit of an enlightened progress. It takes no steps backward in all that combines to make a people happy, contented and prosperous. And for the Reunion of 1887 are offered large assurances of a feast of fat things that will please every participant.

As heretofore many special invitations will be given. They are not to exclude any, but to embrace all. And to every Old Settler in Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, is now tendered a cordial request to be present, or failing to attend, to contribute somewhat of his or her personal experience on the frontier, by setting down in writing the trials and triumphs, the labors and rewards of the past: the sharp contrasts between the then and now.

To all who write, thanks are tendered in advance; to all who come, Keokuk assures a cordial reception, and an occasion which each may gladden, and which shall be full of the most delightful memories.—[Eds.]



REPORT

OF THE

FOURTH REUNION

OF THE

TRI - STATE

Old Settlers' Association

— OF —

ILLINOIS, MISSOURI AND IOWA,

HELD

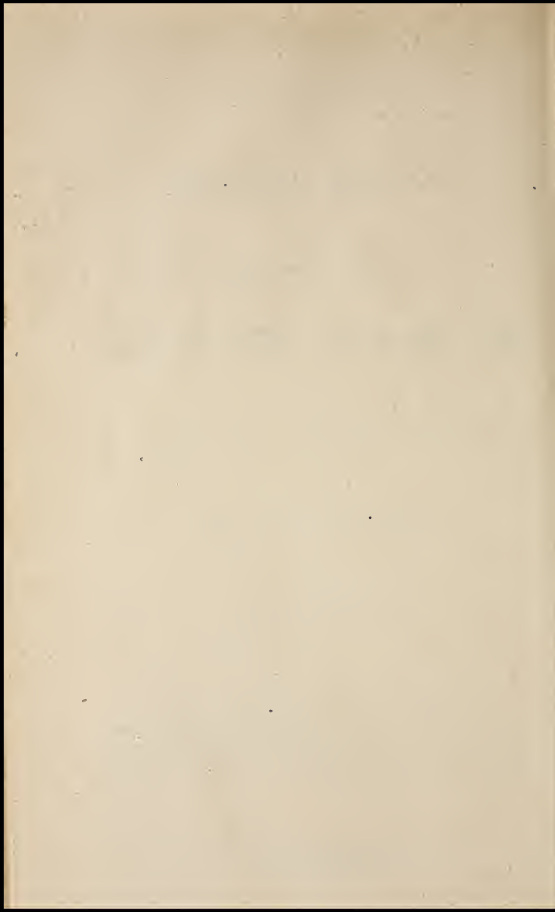
Tuesday, August 30th, 1887,

— IN —

KEOKUK, IOWA.

Resolution of Executive Committee:

RESOLVED, That J. H. Cole, Chairman of Committee on Printing, and Dr. J. M. Shaffer, his associate on said Committee, be instructed and authorized to have the Proceedings of the Fourth Reunion of the Association printed in book form.



INDEX.

	PAGES
CONSTITUTION OF ASSOCIATION,	9-10
CRAIG, HON. JOHN H., Address,	29-35
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, 1888,	66
GEAR, HON. JOHN H., Address,	15-29
HISTORICAL, 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Reunions,	5- 8
JOHNSTONE, JUDGE EDWARD, Address,	12
LETTERS RECEIVED,	67
Belknap, Gen. Wm. W.,	68
Bogen, Rev. Joseph,	72
Clemens, S. L.,	67
Davis, Hon. S. A.,	69
Dennis, Rev. L. B.,	69
Duke, S. A.,	73
Haines, Hon. Elijah,	71
Henderson, Hon. D. B.,	68
Kasson, Hon. John A.,	77
Keokuk, Mosses,	77
McCrary, Hon. Geo. W.,	76
Miller, Hon. Sam'l F.,	67
Ogden, Hon. J. W.,	75
Palmer, L. D.,	70
Phelps, W.,	74
Saunders, Hon. Alvin,	70
Trumbull, Hon. Lyman,	68
MATHENY, JUDGE JAS. H., Address,	35-45

NEWSPAPER EXTRACTS,	79
Burlington Hawkeye,	82
Des Moines Register,	82
Dubuque Herald,	80-81
Keokuk Gate City,	82-83
Keokuk Democrat,	79, 80, 83, 84
Pike County Democrat,	84
OFFICERS, 1887,	11
OFFICERS, 1888,	66
PHILLIPS, HON. JOHN F., Address,	45-56
PROGRAM,	11
PROCEEDINGS FOURTH REUNION,	12
REGRETS,	78
SALTER, REV. WM., Invocation,	13



HISTORICAL.

The Tri-State Old Settlers' Association of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, owes its origin to the earnest desire on the part of many old citizens of Keokuk to meet their friends of earlier days and renew old friendships and acquaintances, and to form new ones. To this end the organization known as the Citizen's Association was asked to take the preliminary steps toward establishing, on a permanent footing, an association that would bring together, in annual reunion, the pioneers of the three States.

Accordingly, the Citizens' Association invited the citizens of Keokuk to meet together on the evening of July 3rd, 1884, at the U. S. Court Room in the Estes House, to determine the question as to whether such reunions should be held, and if so, the time, place, etc.

A large number of citizens responded, and it was resolved unanimously to organize a Tri-State Old Settlers' Association. The following executive committee was selected: J. M. Reid, Geo. F. Jenkins, J. O. Voorhies, D. F. Miller, Sr., J. B. Paul, S. E. Carey and J. H. Cole. September 4th, 1884, and Rand Park, were agreed on as the time and place for holding the first reunion.

At a subsequent meeting the Executive Committee reported the Constitution, which was adopted, the program of exercises, and October 2nd, 1884, as the date for the first reunion, on account of the local fairs being held in surrounding counties in September.

SECOND REUNION.

A Committee on Invitation was appointed, who sent out about 3,500 special invitations. Responses to many of these were made in person and to some by letters, which may be found in their proper place.

September 28th and 29th, 1885, preceding the day of the Second Reunion, were cloudy and dark, with nearly constant drizzling rain; 30th, the same rains with not a ray of sunshine. Tents had been secured for headquarters for

Missouri, Illinois and Iowa for the officers and the press, and were erected in Rand Park, where the program was to be carried out. The weather rendered this impracticable, and the exercises were held at the Keokuk Opera House.

THIRD REUNION.

This meeting was anticipated with great desire by the hosts of pioneers and younger people who had pleasant memories of the preceding occasions. It was regarded a great delight to meet many whose labors had laid the foundations of the great prosperity attained and enjoyed by the people of the three States. The older ones to recall their privations, and the younger to rejoice in the glad time in which they find themselves, would be a pleasure, and an incentive to go forward in the march of progress.

"It was a greater success than any of its predecessors, or at least equaled them in attendance and enjoyment. Sore was the disappointment of those who arose yesterday morning and discovered the sky o'ercast with ominous clouds. For a time the rain poured down in torrents and for several hours there were intermitting showers, which seemed to foreshadow the failure of the reunion. Towards noon the clouds broke, the sun peered brightly through the vaporous rifts and there was promise of a pleasant afternoon. Notwithstanding this inclemency, the merchants on Main and other thoroughfares displayed attractive decorations, which enhanced the appearance of the city.

"The annual meeting and exchange of greetings and reminiscences is of far more import to the old settlers and pioneers than to those who did not share in the hardships of early life. From the resources of a native wilderness those advance couriers of progress have evolved the living monuments of enlightenment and modern civilization. As the gray-haired patriarch gazes upon the paved streets and marble halls, his heart throbs with strange and tender emotions. He has witnessed a marvelous transformation. Amid the uncultivated wilds of boundless territory have sprung into existence magnificent cities as if by magic, and waving fields of grain supplant the interminable forest. In a few years the pioneers will have passed away and old settlers' meetings will live only in the dust-laden tomes of tradition.

Those who faced the dangers of frontier life and hewed a path of progress to the golden sands of the Pacific, are worthy of the highest consideration ; let there be honors for the living, prayers for the dead."—*Gate City*.

In anticipation of the meeting, J. W. Murphy, of the Burlington (Iowa) *Post*, wrote : "The old settlers are dying off at so rapid a rate that in a few years there will be none of the first generation of Iowans remaining. Missouri, which is much older as a State than we are, has even fewer of the settlers within her borders. But while southern and central Missouri were settled at comparatively an early day, the memory of the 'wolf's long howl,' as it echoed across her waving prairies of green wild grass, is yet distinct in the minds of many people still living in northeastern Missouri. Even the young men in that country now living there saw much of the primitive civilization of the State, and can remember when the government was selling the land to the settlers for a dollar and a quarter an acre. Fresher still is the memory of the wild game in that region, of the huge breaking plows pulled by ten yokes of oxen, of the little groves of red brush that dotted the prairies everywhere, where wolves and deer could lie by during the heat of summer and the cold of winter, of the long drives to mill, and the trips across country in the deep snow to postoffice and grist mill. Then there are men in Missouri who came west as early as 1829. We remember an old man at Saint Francisville, named General Harrison, who anchored at the Yellow Banks that year and bartered with the Sac and Fox Indians in that neighborhood. He is still a resident of Clark county, or was a few months ago, and he ought to be present at this reunion. Some of his experiences dating back 60 years ago have value, and bear to be related in the presence of all the old settlers and new comers. We do not know that Mrs. Harriet Conway, of Alexandria, is still living, but if she is, she ought to come and tell about an experience of hers when she gave a dinner to the great chief Black Hawk and 400 of his braves just after the closing of the war up on Rock River. The table was spread in the grove near the residence of Samuel Bartlett, at Saint Francisville. Mrs. Conway and Mrs. Louisa Biggs were the cooks at this interesting festival, assisted by a number of squaws, among whom was Keokuk's old wife—his new one,

some thirty years younger, having the place of honor at the table. Then Major I. N. Lewis ought to come over from Peaksville and tell the story of the old Boundary war, and James Jordan might add zest to the occasion by coming down from Iowaville and telling of the great battle between the Omahas and the Sacs, many years ago, when the former were surprised in their camp, and were everyone slain. Their graveyard is in sight of his front door. Indeed, there are enough of these items of the early settlement of the West to fill several good sized volumes, and in the future it will be eagerly sought by the local historian and antiquarian. Now is the time to gather up and preserve all of these facts and incidents, and the old settlers associations are doing a great work in that regard, and one that will be more generally appreciated and recognized later on."

FOURTH REUNION.

It may be truthfully said that this was the best of all. Assembled in Rand Park, on a most delightful day, were the representatives of all the surrounding country, and from the remotest corners of the sister States of the association. The long drouth had been broken by gentle showers, and nature smiled again on the old settler as well as the young one, who came to do them honor and listen to oratory such as seldom falls to the lot of the pioneer or the latest emigrant. Every part of the program was carried out, and it is seldom that so long a one as this will hold a crowd together through it all, as happened on this occasion.

CONSTITUTION.

WHEREAS, Sociable and friendly relations are desirable amongst all men, but more especially with those who, as neighbors and friends, have shared the adversities and hardships of a pioneer's life ; therefore, in order to promote and maintain amongst the people of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa the most intimate and friendly relations, and for the purpose of keeping alive and perpetuating the record of the old settlers and pioneers of these States, and to cultivate the heretofore existing social relations, we do adopt the following Constitution :

ARTICLE 1. The name and title of this organization shall be the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association.

ART. 2. All persons who were residents in either Iowa, Illinois or Missouri prior to 1860, or who shall have resided in any of these States for twenty-five years, or who have been born in either of them and remained until their majority, or who may be elected at any meeting an "honorary member," shall be eligible to membership and become members on signing this Constitution.

ART. 3. The affairs and business of the Association, after its first meeting, shall be managed by an Executive Committee of nine members, to be chosen at said first meeting, and annually thereafter at the yearly reunions ; said committee to hold their office until their successors are elected and organized, as hereafter provided. Three members of said committee shall be selected from each of the three States represented in the Association. From their number the Executive Committee shall select a President, and one Vice-President from each of the three States; and from the members of the Association, select a Treasurer, a Secretary, and such other officers and committees as may be necessary to promote the objects of this Association. The officers named above shall be deemed the officers of the Association, and perform the usual duties of such officers until their successors are elected.

ART. 4. The place for holding the reunions shall be at Keokuk, Iowa, at such dates as may be fixed by the Executive Committee. Until its first reunion, its affairs and business shall be managed by an Executive Committee of seven, consisting of J. M. Reid, J. B. Paul, D. F. Miller, Sr., George F. Jenkins, S. E. Carey, J. H. Cole and J. O. Voorhies.

ART. 5. This Constitution may be amended, altered or changed in any way at any annual meeting.

Adopted at Keokuk, Iowa, July 31st, 1884.

Attest : SAM'L E. CAREY, President.

J. H. COLE, Secretary.

PROGRAM.

- Association called to order at Speakers' Stand, at 10:30 A. M.,
 By HON. EDWARD JOHNSTONE, President.
 Prayer, By Rev. WM. SALTER, Burlington.
 MUSIC.
 Introduction of HON. JOHN H. GEAR, of Iowa,
 President of the Day.
 Address of Welcome, By HON. JOHN. H. CRAIG.
 MUSIC.
 Responses, . . . { For Illinois, by HON. JAMES H. MATHENY.
 { For Missouri, by HON. JNO. F. PHILLIPS.
 { For Iowa, by HON. JNO. S. RUNNELLS.
 MUSIC.
 Appointment of Committee to recommend officers for the
 ensuing year.
 MUSIC.
 Volunteer addresses not to exceed ten minutes, on topics
 appropriate to the occasion.
 Report of the Committee to recommend officers.
 Music at order of President of the Day. Bands will be ready
 at Stand to answer at call.
 Medical College Museum open to visitors all day.

LIST OF OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES

FOR THE YEAR 1887.

- President, HON. EDWARD JOHNSTONE, Keokuk.
 Secretary, DAVID J. AYRES, Keokuk.
 Treasurer, SAMUEL E. CAREY, Keokuk.
 Illinois—S. R. CHITTENDEN, Mendon ; JOSEPH M. BUSH,
 Pittsfield ; BENJAMIN WARREN, La Harpe.
 Missouri—CHAS. PARSONS, St. Louis ; RUFUS L. ANDER-
 SON, Hannibal ; HON. I. N. LEWIS, Peaksville.
 Iowa—HON. HOYT SHERMAN, Des Moines ; CAPT. J. W.
 CAMPBELL, Fort Madison ; HON. LYMAN COOK, Burlington.

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES.

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|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| Finance, J. F. DAUGHERTY. | Invitation, C. F. DAVIS. |
| Music, H. H. CLARK. | Grounds, JAMES B. PAUL. |
| Ice Water, HUGO COPELAND. | Guests, JAMES C. DAVIS. |
| Transportation, H. ELLIOTT. | Reception, SAM'L E. CAREY. |
| Decoration, HENRY HEASLIP. | Program and Printing, |
| | J. H. COLE. |

PROCEEDINGS FOURTH REUNION,

August 30, 1887, Rand Park, 10:30 A. M.

Hon. Edward Johnstone, President of the Association, in calling the meeting to order, said :

Old Settlers, Ladies and Gentlemen : This is the Fourth Annual Reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa. It is always pleasant to meet our friends and neighbors on occasions like this. But our pleasure is somewhat marred by the reflection that many of our old settlers' friends are not present, having passed away to the Silent Land, and that our ranks are being thinned day by day. This is no time for a general or special obituary memorial, but I must refer in passing to two gentlemen closely connected with this Association, who have died since our last annual meeting.

Hon. A. G. Adams, of Burlington, at our reunion of the 13th of October last, was the President of the Day. Then in the full vigor of health he presided with great urbanity and dignity over the proceedings. This is not the occasion for eulogy, but I am constrained to add, that in the death of Mr. Adams the community lost one of its most efficient business men and enterprising citizens; to his friends a gentleman of the kindest instincts and most generous hospitality, and his family, a devoted husband and father. May the earth lie light upon his grave.

Hon. Isaac N. Lewis of Clark County, Mo., was a member of the Executive Committee of this Association for that State. He interested himself largely in everything that concerned the Association. For half a century he was a prominent feature in all public affairs in his county, and full of years and honors, surrounded by his family and friends, like a patriarch of old, he was gathered like a ripe sheaf into the hands of the Mighty Reaper. He left behind him an example worthy of the closest imitation by the Young Settlers of the present day.

In these dispensations, we recognize the work of the GREAT FATHER, Who doeth all things well, to Whose will

we bow, in humble submission, and Whose blessing we now desire to be invoked on this meeting.

I introduce my well-known and time honored friend, Rev. Wm. Salter of Burlington:

Our Father which art in Heaven, we come to Thee with the voice of, thanksgiving, and praise and bless Thy name for the fair land that Thou hast given to us for our country and our home. We thank Thee for these tri-commonwealths, that during the last three-score years and ten, within the life-time of some of Thy servants here present, Thou hast called into life and being. We thank Thee that Thou hast made these commonwealths great and prosperous. The heaven, even the heavens are the Lord's; but the earth Thou hast given to the children of men. Thou hast called Thy sons from far. Thou hast said to this people, that they should subdue the wilderness; that they should plant it with fields, with gardens and orchards, that they should build villages and cities, and add fresh stores to the wealth and glory and civilization of the world.

We thank Thee for our free institutions of government; that the voice of the people is heard in the choice of the rulers of the land; that the evils and wrongs incident to human life and to human society are subject to correction and removal; that none have any to blame but themselves, if peace and plenty, security and happiness are not their lot. O Thou from whom all blessings flow, enrich these States more and more with wisdom and virtue. Smile upon the homes of the people. May love and affection, may purity and fidelity dwell under every roof. Visit our schools and seminaries of learning with Thy continued favor. May every child be taught knowledge and obedience, and be trained to useful industry and an honest life. Impart equity and fair dealing to the exchanges of commerce and trade. May farmers, and merchants, and manufacturers, and agents of transportation alike, observe the golden rule, and do unto others as they would that others should do unto them. Let it please Thee, O Lord, that impartial justice preside in every court of law. May the general welfare be the sedulous aim of those who are called to serve in halls of legislation. May the temples of religion be the pillars of moral order in every community, and all our people live soberly, righteously and

godly in this present world. Bless the Governors, the Judges and the magistrates of these commonwealths. May they sustain the dignity of their offices, and protect the honor, and advance the fame of these States.

O Lord, God of our Fathers, we commend to Thee our common country. One hundred years ago Thou wast with Washington, Franklin, and their associates, in the convention called to frame our Constitution as a Nation. Thou gavest to their deliberations more than mortal wisdom. We acknowledge the Divine hand in the stupendous fabric of a government of the people, for the people, by the people, spreading from ocean to ocean, blessing more than sixty millions of people. Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, Who only doeth wondrous works, and blessed be His glorious Name forever.

We commend to Thy Fatherly goodness the pioneer settlers of these States who still survive in the realms of time. Be pleased to impart serenity and peace to the evening of their days; may they be cheered with Christian faith and hope, and be gathered at last with those who have served their generation by the will of God, to whom our merciful Savior shall say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you."

The Lord bless the officers and speakers of this Festival Day, and may all that is said and done be to the glory of God and the honor, prosperity and renown of these commonwealths. The Lord lift up his countenance upon us, and be gracious unto us, and give us peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

At the close of the prayer Judge Johnstone said: I am directed by the Executive Committee to announce the President of the Day. It would seem that the gentleman selected for the presiding officer of the day can certainly need no introduction from anyone. He has been a resident of the Mississippi Valley for more than fifty years. As a prosperous and successful merchant he was well known to the commercial men of Iowa, Missouri and Illinois. He has presided over the legislative councils of this State, he has filled the highest executive office in Iowa, and he is now the representative of this Congressional District. In addition, he has more strong personal friends and fewer enemies than

any man in the State. I introduce as President of the Day Hon. John H. Gear:

Mr. President and Members of this Tri-State Association: To me is delegated by the courtesy of this society, the pleasant duty of presiding over your meeting this year. A man must be singularly constituted if he did not appreciate the compliment of presiding at this peculiar gathering. Peculiar by the fact that here to-day meet the people of three great commonwealths, whose inhabitants, speaking the same language, kindred in blood, kindred in their institutions—a people who stood together in the hour of the nation's peril, as they stand together here to-day to enjoy their victories of "peace, which are more renowned than those of war."

It was the custom of the aborigine, when about to die, to prepare himself for his visit to the happy hunting grounds of his people, to call his friends around him and recount to them the achievements of his life.

Like them, you are gathered here to-day on the banks of this mighty river, linking the present with the past, to renew your early friendships, begun "lang syne"; to shake hands one with another, perchance for the last time before you take up the line of march for your "happy hunting grounds." Let me, therefore, briefly call your attention to the early history of the country, which is the home of those present here to-day—a history, the pages of which you have written line by line; a history that marks the resplendent sweep of progress, which has been made by both our Nation and States, all of which you, the pioneers, have seen and largely contributed to.

At the time of the discovery of the American continent, the Latin races had more of the spirit of adventure than their Teuton or Scandinavian neighbors. They were the chief navigators of the world; and the argosies of Venice and the fleets of Genoa were on all the known seas. Portugal, too, feeling its way along the coast of Africa, had just doubled the cape of Good Hope, and soon reached India. Spain, with a more sordid ambition, was beginning to be heartily interested in the new countries and their fabled treasures of gold and silver. France, aroused by the tidings of her neighbors' discoveries, was alike fired with a zeal for

travel and discovery, and her people aimed at something beyond the aggrandizement of the mother country.

It is fortunate for our land that they, rather than their southern neighbors, became masters, by discovery, of a large part of North America. Jacques Cartier, the first French explorer to enter the American wilds, laid claim, in 1534, in the name of France, to all that portion of the continent north of the great lakes.

While the fame of the discovery of the mighty river, which flows at our feet, and which was so appropriately named by the aborigines, the Mississippi, or the "Father of Waters," is justly due to the Spanish cavalier De Soto, yet it is the enterprise of John Talon, who was the "intendant of justice" in the French colony, that we are indebted for our first definite knowledge that we have for it.

History says that John Talon was an ambitious man, that "his views for the aggrandizement of the colony were great and just. Having heard through the Indians that a great river existed west of the great lakes, which, many thought, ran south to the Gulf of Mexico, while others were of the opinion that its course was southwest to the Pacific, determined early in 1673, to send Joliet as an envoy and Marquette as a missionary to discover it.

These men, the one an immediate representative of the government, and the other an humble Jesuit monk, were both inspired with the desire to carry out the wishes of their chief: the one to find and report on his discoveries: the other to convert the heathen, which has always been a leading characteristic of the Catholic church. Encouraged, as I have said, by Talon, they undertook their long and toilsome journey in search of the "great river."

In a birchen canoe they toiled their way through the lakes up the Fox and down the "Ouisconsin," until on the 17th day of June, 1673, they were rewarded for their labor by the grand discovery they made of this river, on whose banks we stand to-day. To a tribe of Indians (possibly the Masscutens) who tried to dissuade them from their perilous trip, Marquette said: "My friend (Joliet) is an envoy of France to discover new country, and I am an ambassador of God to enlighten them with the truths of the Gospel." Tradition tells us that they landed near this spot and that Marquette, or "Black Gown," as he was named, preached to

a tribe of Indians. As Joliet's diary of the voyage was lost, it is impossible to tell how far down the river they went, but in all probability not below the mouth of the Arkansas. Returning home their discovery was made public.

Soon after their return, Talon went back to France. Talon was succeeded in authority by Louis de Ibuaae (afterwards Baron de Frontenae) who sent Robert LaSalle to discover the mouth of the great river. LaSalle was an enterprising, ambitious man. To him is conceded the honor of having built the first vessel, the Griffen, which sailed on the great lakes.

LaSalle went down the Illinois river, and in January, 1630, having entered Peoria lake, he built a fort about eight miles from the site of the present city of Peoria, which he called "Creve Cœur" (in English Broken Heart) because of the many discouragements he had encountered on his journey.

From thence proceeding down the river with Hennepin and another, they entered the Mississippi March 8, 1680, the second party of explorers to gaze on the "great river."

With LaSalle's consent, Hennepin called the river the St. Louis, and the country on its west bank Louisiana. Fortunately the Indian name of the river maintained itself against this ovation as well as against others which proposed to call it "Colbert" after the great French statesman of that name. Hennepin turned northward, discovering the Falls of St. Anthony, to which he gave the name of his patron saint.

Meantime LaSalle had returned to the French settlements to make additional preparations for his great discovery, and he had to go back yet again before he was finally ready. All preparations being made, on the 6th of February, 1682, he came out of the Illinois into the Mississippi and set sail one week later. On the 6th of March he took possession of the country of the Arkansas in the name of the king of France. On the 6th day of April he discovered the outlets of the Mississippi and took possession of them on the 9th, and the fort he established at the mouth he called New Orleans.

Thus by the courage, enterprise and perseverance (which was so common at that time) of Joliet, Marquette and La

Salle, a vast empire was added to the French possessions in North America.

At an early date, the French established forts and trading posts along the great lakes and in the newly discovered territory of Louisiana, as a defense not only against the Indians, but also against the English with whom they had constant wars. By the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, France ceded to Great Britain all of the northern portions of the continent claimed by her except the valley of the St. Lawrence and Louisiana, although the territory east of the Mississippi remained disputed territory until 1763. During the seven years' war, which subsequently raged between France and England, the latter triumphed. In that war the English troops, composed largely of New England and New York colonists, gained a series of brilliant and signal victories. At Quebec, Frontenae, Detroit, Fort du Quesne, and many other places, the lillies of France, went down before the "red cross of England." At the close of the war at the treaty of Paris in 1763, France ceded to England all the Canadas and all of the territories east of the Mississippi save and except "New Orleans."

We, as Americans, can take just pride that in the wars to which I have alluded, our ancestors bore their part bravely, and that the vast territory gained as the result of the wars was mainly due to their valor; what we gained by the sword, we again showed our ability to hold by the sword, by the result of the war of the Revolution.

In 1765, Captain Sterling, of the Royal Highlanders, took possession of that part of the Illinois country which had been now finally given up by France. During the war of the Revolution after General George Rogers Clark's conquest of the British posts on the Mississippi, the legislature of Virginia constituted the people in their neighborhood, and all the citizens of Virginia west of the Ohio, into a county called Illinois county. This organization continued by limitation only some three or four years.

By a second treaty made between France and Spain, November 3, 1762, the former ceded to the latter New Orleans and all that portion of the country claimed by France under the name of Louisiana, but for some reason Spain did not take possession of it until 1769.

Soon after the close of the Revolution the tide of emigration set into the west and south. To the northwest territory, which had by an act of congress been dedicated to freedom forever, came the hardy sons of New England and Pennsylvania.

To the "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky and the country south of it, went the sons of Virginia, Maryland and the Carolinas. These hardy emigrants conquered a peace from the Indians, and at once began to open and develop the country. As the production of soil increased beyond their own wants, there came to them the necessity of a market for their surplus.

The comity of nations, which to-day permits free egress and ingress to a nation situated on a river, the mouth of which is in possession of another, was however not so well defined as it is now, hence it came that there was constant friction between the American and those who owned the mouth of this river. By the treaty of St. Ildefonso, made October 1, 1800, Spain retroceded New Orleans and Louisiana to France. This cession in view of the fact that France, at that time under Napoleon, was almost at the zenith of her glory, gave great uneasiness to the American people, so much that even war with that power was openly discussed. An eminent writer of the day said "there is one single spot, the possession of which is our natural and habitual enemy, New Orleans, through which the product of our territory must pass to market, and from its fertility it will ere long yield more than half of our whole produce and contain more than half of our inhabitants." And again, "France, placing herself in that door, assumes to us the attitude of defiance." Spain might have retained it quietly for years; her pacific disposition, her feeble state would induce her to increase our faculties there, so that her possession of the place would be hardly felt by us, and it would not, perhaps, be very long before some circumstances might arise which might make the cession of it to us the price of something of more value to her. * * Not so can it be in the hands of France. These circumstances render it impossible that France and the United States can continue long friends when they meet in so irritable a position. The moment France takes possession, * * we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation." I have quoted at

length to show what was the feeling existing among the American statesmen of that day on the question of France again becoming the owner of Louisiana and New Orleans.

But political events in Europe were rapidly combining to prevent the results feared by him from whom I have quoted. All Europe was convulsed by the wars incurred by the ambition of Napoleon. He was ambitious, unscrupulous and a great military leader. He was also devotedly infatuated with the idea of building up France to be the great military power of the world, and at the same time he was intensely desirous to extend her colonial possessions in all directions. Yet he knew, and none knew better that England was the mistress of the ocean.

Learning that a British fleet was being fitted out for the Mexican gulf, he saw intuitively that he could not hold Louisiana, and he also knew the feeling which existed in the minds of many of the American people for the acquisition of this territory. He therefore at once instructed his minister "Marbais" to treat with the Americans for its sale. The representatives of the American government had been instructed to negotiate for New Orleans only, and when they were told that France would sell the whole of her possessions in America they were surprised. But knowing how important it was to the United States they did not hesitate a moment, but assuming the responsibility, they at once closed the transaction, and on April 30, 1805, the treaty ceding New Orleans and Louisiana to the United States was signed. This treaty was ratified by our government at Washington in October in the same year. On the ratification the United States authorities took possession and the "tri-color" of France, which at that time was the emblem of her national sovereignty, forever gave way to the stars and stripes.

In this connection, it is of interest to know that Spain in retroceding Louisiana to France, inserted a secret clause reserving to herself the right to repurchase this country in case that France should at any time allow it to pass out of her hands. Spain gave her consent to our purchase in 1804. The day the treaty was signed two conventions were held by the representatives of the French and United States governments.

The first convention provided that we were to pay France sixty millions of francs (equal to eleven and a quarter millions of dollars) and the second provided that France was to pay a sum not exceeding four millions of dollars in payment of certain claims due to our people by France for supplies and damages growing out of embargoes, more familiar known to us as the "French spoliation claims."

Napoleon rejoiced at the effect that this treaty would have on England; he said: "From this day the United States take their place among the powers of the first rank." Mr. Livingston, one of the United States commission, said in regard to it "equally advantageous to both parties, to the two contracting parties; it will change vast solitudes into flourishing districts." The prophecy of the former was from a soldier's standpoint, and that of the latter was the judgment of a patriotic far-sighted statesman. A peculiar clause of this treaty is that France ceded all this vast territory "as fully as, and in the same manner as it had been acquired by the French republic." In fact, it seems to have been a quit claim deed. Another clause provides that the inhabitants should be admitted "to all the rights, immunities and advantages of a citizen of the United States, and were to be protected in the enjoyment of their liberty, prosperity and religion."

Not a word was said about boundaries. Indeed, so little was known about this country that I doubt if the French government knew just what and how much it was ceding. Certain it is, that our own government did not know how much territory they were buying, and the first definite knowledge of its vast extent and character, was made known by the Lewis and Clark expedition, which started across the continent in 1803 and made its report in 1806.

The country ceded by France for the pitiful sum of eleven and a quarter million dollars, is about six times the size of France itself, embracing within its limits over eleven hundred thousand square miles.

It is perhaps little known that this magnificent Louisiana territory was actually granted by Louis XIV of France, to one Crosat, he to have all the commerce of the country, and all the profits accruing from the mines and minerals he should discover, reserving one-fifth of the gold and silver to the king. As we see it now it was the most munificent

grant by far ever made to a subject. But Crosat thought only of the precious metals, for which he searched. Failing in such quest, he thought the country not worth possessing, and in 1717, five years after he received the grant, he relinquished it to the crown. A few years later the duke of Orleans, as regent of France, granted the possession to John Law's famous Mississippi company. That remarkable man had better ideas of the resources of the country than the former grantee, making those resources largely the basis of his stupendous system of credits. The most extravagant accounts of the country were circulated throughout Europe, and as one writer says, "The Mississippi became the center of all men's wishes, hopes and expectations." This company's operations resembled those of what we call "boomers" to-day. Its shares sold at fabulous prices, as real estate often does in paper towns and sometimes in quite pretentious cities, with no improvements or developments to justify such prices. When its brief day was run the grant was again relinquished. It is impossible now to estimate what a momentous effect would have been produced had either of these grants been retained by their guarantees. If acknowledged to anything like their formidable proportions, how vastly different would have been the fate of this sunset empire of ours ! I have called your attention to the anxiety of the people of the west for the acquisition of New Orleans as an outlet. There was more ground for this anxiety than is to-day realized. Bonaparte did not get Louisiana from Spain for the purpose of giving her to America. Quite the contrary. His design appears to have been to put a check to Anglo-American ambition on the western continent. It was contemplated to colonize Frenchmen there under military auspices. This seemed to be a part of the scheme, which he appears to have actually entertained, to make himself a universal ruler.

An incident happening at this time served to intensify the popular feeling. When Louisiana was surrendered to France, the Spanish governor proclaimed the port of New Orleans closed as a place of deposit for merchandise ; and he also forbade foreign commerce to use that port unless carried on by Spanish subjects in Spanish vessels ; utterly disregarding a treaty reservation in favor of Americans secured during Washington's administration. The product

of more than one-fourth of the republic was thus deprived of its natural outlet. This action aroused intense feeling throughout the country. Hamilton advanced his plan of seizing New Orleans, and all the country east of the Mississippi. President Jefferson said in a letter that the agitation of the public mind was extreme. Public meetings were held throughout the west, at which expression was given to the incensed feelings of the people.

About the same time, word came of an address presented to the first consul of France, in which the glories of a prospective French empire in the new world were artfully depicted so as to flatter the vanity of that despotic ruler. It said : "Fancy in its happiest mood cannot combine all the felicities of nature and society in a more absolute degree, than will be actually combined when the valley of the Mississippi shall be placed under the auspices of France. The Nile flows in a torrid climate, through a long and narrow valley. Does this river bestow riches worthy of the greatest effort of the nation to bestow them, and shall the greater Nile of the western hemisphere be neglected ? A Nile whose inundations diffuse the fertility of Egypt twenty leagues from its shore, which occupies a valley wider than from the Duna to the Rhine, which flows among the most beautiful dales, and under benignant seasons ; and which is skirted by a civilized world and kindred nation on one side, and on the other by extensive regions, over which the tide of growing population may spread itself without hindrance or danger. The prosperity of the French colony will demand the exclusive navigation of the river. The Master of the Mississippi will be pleased so as to control, in most effectual manner, the internal waves of faction. He holds in his hands the bread of the settlements westward of the hills. He may disperse or hold at his pleasure. See we not the mighty influence that this power will give us over the councils of the States. The address continued, "when war becomes the topic of discourse, well may they deprecate a quarrel with France. They will turn their eyes to the calamities of St. Domingo—an example is before their eyes of a servile war. The only aliens and enemies within their borders are not the blacks. We shall find in the Indian tribes an army permanently cautioned in the most convenient stations—a terrible militia more destructive while

scattered through the hostile settlements, and along the open frontier, than an equal force of our own. We shall find in the bowels of the States a mischief that wants only the touch of a well-directed spark, to involve in its explosion, the utter ruin of their nation. Such will be the powers which we shall derive from a military station, and a growing colony on the Mississippi—a province cheaply purchased at ten times the cost to which it will subject us." Who shall say that all this, and perhaps more, would not have been realized had circumstances in Europe not taken a turn that made it advisable for Bonaparte to abandon his hopes of dominating the western hemisphere.

It will be remembered that our government was endeavoring to purchase only the territory around the mouth of the river. The proposition was to give France 10,000,000 livres, or \$1,666,666 for all the French possessions east of the Mississippi, that river to be the boundary, with its navigation free to France, with right to deposit at New Orleans for ten years. Yet, moderate as was this proposition—humiliating, the opposition party did not hesitate to call it—word came that Talleyrand assured our minister that no sale would be heard of. The position was becoming critical. The feeling among our countrymen for forcible measures was growing. Hamilton again urged the seizure of the Floridas and New Orleans, and negotiations afterwards.

About this time the relations between Great Britain and France were at the utmost tension, and a renewal of war was inevitable. A British fleet was put into readiness for the capture of New Orleans, and assurances were given the American ministers that it was with the design of turning it over to the United States. Bonaparte now began to see the danger which threatened him of an alliance of the American republic with his enemies—a danger which was made more apparent to the tenor of a series of very warlike resolutions, which had been presented in the United States senate, and came near being adopted. His minister then suggested to the American representatives the purchase of the whole of Louisiana, with what result the world knows and is the better because thereof.

There was some opposition to the purchase on constitutional grounds. Jefferson himself denied the authority of

the government to acquire territory, and suggested the adoption of a constitutional amendment to validate it. But the occasion was one of those supreme moments, and like Lincoln, that illustrious successor of him, who first saw the light of the day the last month of his administration, President Jefferson made the necessities of the republic his justification for appearing to overstep constitutional limitations. In his second inaugural address he used this apologetic language: "I have said, fellow citizens, that the income reserved had enabled us to extend our limits, but that extension may possibly pay for itself before we are called on, and in the meantime, may keep down the accruing interest; in all events it will repay the advances we have made. I know that the acquisition of Louisiana has been disapproved by some, from a candid apprehension that the enlargement of our territory would endanger its union. But who can limit the extent to which the federative principle may operate effectively? The larger our association, the less it will be shaken by local passions; and in any view is it not better that the opposite bank of the Mississippi should be settled by our own brethren and children, than by strangers of another family? with which shall we be most likely to live in harmony and friendly intercourse?"

But so marked were the accruing benefits of the purchase in the minds of the people, that all opposition to it rapidly died out.

It is worthy of remark here, that the most advanced white settlement to the west was at La Chanette, now Warren county, Missouri, and to the north was at Dubuque, in Iowa, the latter having been made by Julien Dubuque in 1788. While it is but little over a century since the territory east of this river was acquired by conquest, and not quite eighty-four years since that to the west was obtained by purchase from France, yet so great has been our increase by natural law and immigration, that to-day in the vast tracts thus acquired, nineteen great states, each "*imperium in imperio*" which have been added to the union, together with nine territories, some of them containing a large population and knocking at the door of congress for admission. These states that is, those at one time claimed by France, to-day contain nearly, if not quite a majority of the population of the United States. As our population has increased,

so have we grown in influence, until to-day we have a leadership in the nation, the flag of which shelters sixty millions of free people, recognized as among the foremost of the earth. What a wonderful series of events have taken place during eighty-four years which have elapsed since this territory was acquired by our government.

About the time that our sister States of Illinois and Missouri came into the union, one of the great scientists of that day ridiculed the idea that ocean navigation by steam would be practicable, and even at so recent a period as the settlement of Iowa, a leading British statesman, a man of prominence among the aristocracy, the father of the present Earl of Derby, promised to eat the boiler of the first steamer that crossed the Atlantic. Yet, to-day, every known ocean "is vexed" by the keels of the steamship, until they have almost monopolized the carrying trade of the sea, and Jule Verne's trip "Round the World in Eighty Days" is no longer a myth. Moreover, the modern war vessel is a steamer of 10,000 tons burden, armored with steel. Since 1830 the "Northumbrian" engine, built by Geo. Stephenson, made her trial trip on the Manchester and Liverpool railway hauling a train of cars; and in the same year, the engine "Best Friend," typical in its name of the benefits foreshadowed to the people of this country, made its first trip of three miles on the Quincy railroad in Massachusetts, yet to-day we have 150,000 miles of railway, and the continent fairly shakes with the tread of the iron horse as he wends his way to and fro, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, carrying the people and the traffic, not only of our own country, but from China, Japan and the "Isles of the Sea." Time and space have been annihilated. The wild electric flash of the lightning, heretofore considered an unconquerable agent, has, by the genius of Morse, Edison and other distinguished men, been chained and utilized, until to-day its ductile wire not only gives ease to the pain of the ailing child, but it also propels our vehicles, lights our streets and houses, guides the sea-tossed vessel into harbor, delivers messages of sorrow and gladness far and near, and has made Puck's promise to "put a girdle around the earth in forty minutes," an accomplished fact. The telephone, the power printing press, the sewing machine, and in all the agencies which facilitate trade, correspondence and communication; the

machinery for gathering and utilizing the crops ; the tools and implements of the mechanic arts, the apparatus for heating and lighting our homes and cooking food, even the little match with which we kindle the fire, each and all of which have contributed so largely to our expansion and individual comfort and luxury (which is nearly all the result of the triumphant inventive genius of Americans) have come to us since the admission of the States whose pioneers are here present to-day. So rapidly, indeed, have all these inventions, to which I have alluded, come to us, that although we are living witnesses of their results, and some some of us have seen it all transpire, that we find it difficult to realize that it has all occurred in so short a time. Truly was it said that "Man hath the tiller in his hand," for these grand victories of mind over matter, which were thought to be beyond our knowledge, and therefore impossible, have not come by chance, but by hard study and close reasoning from cause to effect, and they carry with them a lesson which should impress the student not only of to-day, but of the future, that there are yet depths of nature to be sounded and made to yield from her arcana treasures for the benefit of mankind:

Moreover, in addition to the material advancement I have called your attention to, you have seen our nation convulsed in the throes of civil war, unparalleled in the history of the world. You have seen, incident to that war, by the use of that weapon which the poet tells us is mightier than the sword, the manacles fall from four millions of slaves. You have seen the nation emerge from the mighty conflict "purified by blood and sanctified by sacrifice" to a higher plane of universal freedom.

None but you who are pioneers in the great development of this trinity of States can properly measure the steps by which it has been accomplished.

"You crossed the prairies
As of old your fathers crossed the sea,
To make the west as they the east,
The homestead of the free."

Imbued with the spirit of the song, you have built up these States. You laid the foundations wide and deep and built thereon a structure, which be an enduring monument to your labors. You found it a "wilderness of centuries,"

you will leave it blooming as a garden; you have planted here those institutions of education; which contribute in so marked a degree to the happiness and moral elevation of our people; you have now come to that period of life when nature reminds us that it is time to cease from your labors and to turn over the good work begun by you in your youth, to those who will come after you.

I have said the work of the pioneer is done. Though he may long survive (which God grant), it is to watch the growth of the superb structure, the foundations of which he laid so securely. It is no discredit to him to say that he built wiser than he knew. In this he resembles all who have done like work.

Honest, earnest effort rarely fails of reward, and often even when the object aimed at is not attained: beyond the veil of disappointment there lies a vista brighter than that hoped for. If we, of to-day, can hardly realize that so much has actually been accomplished in the years we have reviewed, how much less could those who came here fifty years ago to these solitudes to wrest therefrom subsistence for themselves and families and to rear their homes. How could they, I say, anticipate half the glories to the revealed! True, they soon learned what Douglas Jerrold said of another land (our antipodes) "tickle the earth with a hoe and it laughs with a harvest," might justly be said of this their new home, and as the years rolled on, and constantly surpassed their expectations, they got accustomed to the metamorphosis, and were carried along by the sweep of the progress they had inaugurated. To this fruition, others, such as I see before me, younger men and women, have come and are coming to take hold of the work necessary to perpetuate and broaden the magnificent inheritance prepared for them by the pioneers. They come to a work of which in the nature of things they cannot hope to such speedy and marvelous results as you have seen. The epoch through which we and our whole country, and indeed, the whole world have passed, is an exceptional one, not likely soon to be paralleled. What is now to be done, therefore, must come by slow steps. I need not say it will be none the less secure by reason thereof. If there be no more great strides, there will yet be solid advance before us, and let us not doubt it will be made. Not to do so would be to

stagnate; and this may not be feared of the children of the pioneers.

The enduring fertility of the soil of these three States in its entirety unsurpassed, and with whose exuberance the fathers were so generously rewarded, will forever make agriculture their principal industry. But it is not sound economy, nor wise statesmanship to rely upon even that great industry alone. Indeed, as we diversify employments, so will we enhance the value of the products of the soil. A work before us then is the encouragement of every manufacture which can be at all profitably domesticated among us. The multiplied iron roads give us increased facilities therefore; while these natural facilities at our hands, the great waterways, should be judiciously cared for; and even artificial ones opened where needed.

By such means, and above all, by multiplying the numbers of attractive homes and augmenting a love for home life, can this fabric of States, so majestic in its outline, so superb in its developed climate, be made the seat of a thriving population, the abiding place of an intelligent, prosperous, God-fearing and man-loving people; an encouragement to every struggling nationality; a beacon of hope to the down-trodden everywhere. And as our sympathies so go out to suffering and defrauded humanity the world over, so let our hearts be always ready to give a cordial western welcome to the true and the good of all lands, who, attracted by the ever open portals of this great valley of the new world, make therein homes for themselves and posterity for enduring ages.

Old Settlers, Ladies and Gentlemen : It is with pleasure that I introduce to you a representative of not only this city but a gentleman well known and highly honored throughout all this region, the Hon. John H. Craig :

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen : The city of Keokuk is the hostess of three States to-day; and I am commissioned by her citizens to speak words of welcome to her visitors. It is a most delightful task, and however imperfectly it may be performed, it is most gladly undertaken. You have all been invited here to-day to share in the enjoy-

ments of this reunion, and we meet, greet and receive you as our guests, and ask you, in the phrase of the old settlers, "to make yourselves at home."

This is the "Gate City" of the State of Iowa. That gate we throw wide open to-day, and all who enter are thrice welcome. We greet you—not as strangers, but as neighbors and friends, as citizens of three great separate commonwealths, and yet as fellow-citizens of one great republic. And to you, old settlers, who laid the first foundations of these three States, and widened the bounds of freedom by extending American institutions over them, we present exulting congratulations, in view of the splendid realizations which surround us to-day. These three young States, still yet in the dawn of their greatness, are the monuments of your comrades dead, and will stand as yours when you rest with them.

This is the fourth annual reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association. The organization of this Association was suggested by two considerations. Most of the men who first settled this beautiful and fertile region, and subjected it to the uses of man, are now sleeping in its bosom, and their survivors are falling around us like sear and yellow leaves. "That inevitable hour, which awaits us all," must soon strike for the last old settler, and no surviving comrade will follow him to the grave. The settlement of the youngest of these States began more than fifty years ago, and that of the other two, still earlier. Of that generation of old settlers, and of the children that they brought with them, and of the children that were born in the humble homes which they reared in this, then unpeopled, region we all know, and you surviving old settlers sadly feel, how few—alas, how very few remain! Most of these have crossed, some are crossing, and the remaining few are fast approaching that period fixed as the limit of this mortal life. "The days of our years are three-score years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be four-score years, yet is their strength, labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off, and we vanish away"—vanish like a dream of the night or a tale which is told—vanish like the shadow of the clouds which pass over the fields. Therefore, in order that the race of old settlers might not become extinct, and not for the purpose of usurping the preeminence of the first settlers, it

was thought proper and wise to extend the limit, and to include in the term "Old Settler," the second and later generation that followed the first settlers. As "Rome was not built in a day," so it required at least two generations to lay even the first foundations of three such States as Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, hence this Association admits to its membership all persons who were residents of any of these States prior to the year 1860, or who have resided within their boundaries for twenty-five years; also we perpetuate the Association by admitting all our children born in any of the three States, when they become men and women.

The Tri-State Old Settlers' Association was organized in harmony with that political union, and real unity, which constitute us one nation. By whatever political and geographical lines we may be divided, we are still one people. This is the leading feature in our political system, and the profoundest sentiment in the hearts of the American people. Heretofore old settlers' associations have been organized on county lines. They are county organizations, bounded by county lines. But this Association laps over county and state lines, and has no limit except impracticable distance. The lines which divide our territory into political divisions do not separate our people; they do not divide our commercial and business interests; they do not limit nor mar the friendships, harmony and confidence of social intercourse; they do not destroy the intimacies and relations between those who shared in the incidents, hardships and privations of the early settlement of these States. Hence the second consideration which induced this organization was that we might unite in one association the settlers, old and young, of this whole surrounding region, without regard to county or state lines.

There could be no doubt nor hesitation in the selection of the city of Keokuk as the appropriate place for the annual reunions of the Association. The three great States of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, form the heart of the Mississippi valley, and the city of Keokuk is in its center. It lies at once on the boundaries of all three States. From it they are all three in sight. It is situated in one of the States, and at the same time is almost surrounded by the other two. Standing on these bluffs you can see the grand curve of the

Illinois shore, sweeping around this city in a splendid semicircle, so that Illinois seems to be holding the city of Keokuk in its arms. And the boundary of Missouri prolongs the segment of the circle, till it is almost completed. That segment starts at the north, curves around to the east, south and west, and ends at the northwest, so that, although we stand on the soil of Iowa here to-day, yet all around us, except in one single direction, lie the rich lands of Illinois and Missouri. Keokuk is at the extremity of a triangular tract of land, not in range with the State of Iowa, but running down between her two sister States, so that Iowa seems as if tendering our city to the State of Missouri. I have heard persons say that we ought to belong to the State of Missouri. I believe that state once claimed and fought for us, in what is called the "Rail War"—happily one of the few bloodless wars known in history.

While we are proud to belong to Iowa, and to share in its greatness and glory, we claim no superiority over our two sister States. They are near to our doors and our hearts. We are of one kindred blood. The fathers trade, and the mothers visit, and the children intermarry without regard to State lines. These divide us into political divisions; but even under these the three States are parts of one great indivisible union, which is not merely a political union, but "a union of lands, and hearts and hands." There is nothing to designate the boundary line between Iowa and Missouri, except the statutes. A stranger passing across it would not know where Iowa ends and Missouri begins. The great river which runs between Iowa and Illinois is not a line of division, but a broad, shining silver band of union, and under the flow of its waters there is a hidden union of the soil of the two States which no earthquake nor convulsion can destroy—which can only be severed by cleaving the foundations of the earth to the centre, and which will endure until broken amidst the dissolving throes of nature. These three States can never be separated. Stronger than all material physical ties, the immaterial and invisible ties of blood and kindred, of origin and history, of language, religion and interest, of heroic traditions and the hopes of future power, progress, prosperity, greatness, liberty and glory—all welded into the tie of nationality, stronger than bands of steel, will unite them

together, as long as these genial skies, like the benediction of Heaven, shall smile upon them.

The territory comprising the States of Illinois, Iowa and Missouri, was first claimed by France, by virtue of the discoveries of Marquette, Joliet and LaSalle, and its subsequent occupancy by the French settlements at Kaskaskia, Vincennes, and St. Louis. The triumphant and heroic death of Wolfe, at Quebec, changed the destiny of the eastern half of the Mississippi valley. Through it, and the conquest of Kaskaskia and Vincennes by Col. George Rogers Clarke during the Revolution, and the cession of Virginia soon after it, we trace our title to Illinois. The territory constituting the States of Iowa and Missouri, was part of the dowry of Louisiana, when she came, like a bride crowned with orange flowers, bringing the keys of the Gulf in her hand, and the riches of the tropics in her lap, and united with our young Republic in a marriage union from which there is no divorce.

It is not for me to speak to you of these three States singly. That will be done by men who will speak to you with golden lips—each for his state. I present them to you as one—in their aggregate greatness. They comprise an area of 173,805 square miles, making 112,315,200 acres. The extreme length of this territory is 543 miles, and its extreme breadth is 518 miles. No equal portion of the earth's surface has been so highly favored of Heaven. It is a fair, fertile and blessed land, the natural seat of a vast empire. It is the center and heart of the great Mississippi valley. It is a vast region of rivers and prairies, where nature lavishes her choicest gifts, and genial skies look down on the richest garden of the world. This region is now inhabited by 8,000,000 brave, intelligent and enterprising people, who are living under the most benignant sway that ever blessed the earth. They are the peers of any other equal population on the globe. Our boundless prairies seem to give enlarged views and free scope to the minds and energies of men. In energy and enterprise, in intelligence and public spirit, in industry and the accumulation of wealth, in patriotism and virtue, in public education, public institutions, and all modern improvements, these three States are not surpassed by any States anywhere. They have 17,000 places of public worship and 32,000 school houses, to say nothing of colleges, universities, and asylums for the un-

fortunate and afflicted. They produce annually 123,000,000 bushels of wheat and 690,000,000 bushels of corn. They have an unrivaled system of transportation. Nature gave them that. Three great rivers, each swelled by numerous tributaries—one from the north, one from the east, and one from the west—flow through or to them, and mingle their waters within or on their boundaries, and thence in a mighty flood flow southward to the Gulf. Their boundary touches the lake at the north, and there they find another outlet to the sea. They thus have two great pathways by water to the trade of the world. The solid city of St. Louis, awaking like a strong man out of sleep, commands the one; and the marvelous city of Chicago, built in less than half a century, is the gate way to the other. Added to this, there are more miles of railroad in these three States than are found on any equal space on the continent. In these are included great systems which, with their connections, form transcontinental lines. Most of the trade which will flow along these water-ways and transcontinental lines, must cross these three States. They will hold the keys to the commerce of the Mississippi valley, the country and the world.

With this progress in the past, and all these elements, which promote the growth of States, what prophetic vision can forecast the future greatness of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa! As the centuries pass, and our country fills up the full measure of its greatness, these three States, lying midway between the British possessions and the Gulf—midway across the continent—midway between the two oceans—midway between the eastern and western mountain ranges—will be the seat of its empire, and the centre of its wealth, population, dominion and glory. It is scarcely a figure of speech to call them sovereign queens. They are invested with more than queenly majesty and power. They are heirs to a great heritage of rule and dominion. They are beautiful and radiant with the light of freedom. They were born to a high destiny of imperishable hopes. Surely they are worthy of a right royal welcome. To all their sons and daughters alike, who have honored us with their presence here to-day, we tender the hospitalities of our city, and extend a most cordial welcome.

"Ladies and Gentlemen : I have the pleasure of introducing to you a gentleman from the great prairie State of Illinois. A gentleman who has been identified with the interests of that State from the hour of her introduction into the Union—Judge Matheny, of Springfield."

ADDRESS OF JUDGE JAS. H. MATHENY.

My Friends : I was called over here about a year ago and was pressed into the service. I was picked up as a sort of volunteer and I came wholly unprepared—at least in the character of the gentlemen who preceded me. They all had good, able, well prepared, written addresses, but I did not have last year, nor have I this year.

I undertook that thing of writing out my speech once away back in Illinois, when I was about 21 years of age. I had been invited to make a 4th of July oration. I thought then that I could make a good speech, thought I knew a great deal, but I have long ago gotten over that idea. However, I wrote out my speech, read it over carefully, copied and recopied it until I thought I could read it just perfectly.

The day came around and it was a beautiful day. There was not a cloud in the heavens, a great crowd had gathered and I had my speech spread out before me ready to give it, as I thought in splendid style. I got started off and was saying "It was just seventy years ago" when along came a little infernal baby cyclone, scooped down and gathered up my loose sheets of paper and scattered that speech to all creation. Since then I have never written out my speeches. However, just at that time I did not know what to do, but there was an old hunter friend of mine out there in the crowd and he sung out "let her go, Jim, shoot off-hand."

I took his advice, and so far as speech making is concerned, I have been shooting "off-hand" ever since. I miss the mark sometimes, I expect, but I shoot that way all the same. I am not in a very good condition to-day for shooting—off-hand or any other way—but I don't intend to make any excuse. There have been many picnics of the old settlers over in our part of the country, many gatherings and many good times in which I had to take part.

Now I am going to tell you a story. And in the first place, let me say that its an old story. If anybody attempts

to tell a new story at any of the old settlers' meetings over our way, it is the standing order to shoot him on the spot. I am not telling this as a story but as an illustration. You can see the difference between a story and an illustration, can't you? If you can't, it is your fault, not mine. [Laughter.] It is about the good old times when the Methodist circuit riders were doing their work. They tell a story about a good old man who started out, preaching like the rest of the circuit riders. He didn't take purse or scrip but took his chances of getting something to eat. This brother started out early one morning. He didn't like the place where he had stayed all night so he started early so that he might get breakfast some place else. He had heard of a good old Presbyterian lady four or five miles off and he started over to her place in hopes of finding a good breakfast. Well, he rode on and when he got to her house, he says to her "I have not had any breakfast, but I will tell you right now that I have no money."

The old lady says: "Well, that don't make any difference, get right off your horse and come in." She went to work and got him a magnificent breakfast. After breakfast he says to her: "I will pray for any particular blessing that you may want." Now it so happened that there had been a terrible drouth that summer and it was still very dry and all parched up. The old lady had a truck patch on which her living depended. So the old lady very naturally thought of that truck patch and she told the brother she wished he would pray for rain on that garden of hers. Well, of course, he got down on his knees and prayed for rain on that truck patch. He prayed long and earnestly and then he mounted his horse and rode on. After he was gone the old lady looked out and saw a cloud. She went back and put the dishes in the cupboard and then went to the door and looked again, and the cloud had grown considerably. Then she went back and swept up everywhere and about that time the thunder and rain came and winds roared and likely to have blown the door in on the old lady. After the storm was over the sun came out bright and clear and finally the old lady ventured to slip out to view her patch. There were the beans and the corn leveled with the ground and everything torn up generally.

The good old lady looked at the ruin and then she said, "That's always the way with those brother Methodists. They always overdo it."

So have I been overdoing it in the way of speechmaking. I don't know why it was, exactly, that this committee insisted on my coming back here. I think the committee must be ashamed of its work—for it is not here. I don't know whether they want to intimate that there are no other speakers over in Illinois or not. If they do, they are mistaken. They are thick over there, as thick and plenty as potatoes. However, I am here to respond for the State of Illinois. Another thing I want to say. I am getting a little diffident about speech-making. If I was good looking like my friend Gear, I would not care. I used to think that some day I would improve in my looks, for I knew there was plenty of room for improvement. Away back when I was young I had a sweetheart, and I just thought that the sun was made to shine on her. I thought the flowers had nothing to do but to bloom for her to see. But at last we grew up and were separated. Her daddy heard of Iowa and moved over here. And I remember how I rested on the old gate and watched the ox team fading away off down the road and for about nine days after that I thought that everything was done for me. But time is a great healer in that particular, as you old fellows all know. Last summer she came back to Sangamon county. She had married long ago away out here in Iowa and helped to populate the country. Among her other friends she thought of me, and, of course, came around. One day I was sitting in my office when the door suddenly opened. She looked in but there was nobody there she knew and she started back with an air of disappointment. But I had recognized her at once and sung out. "Come in, Kate, it's all right." Then she looked straight at me and says: "Well, Jim, you were ugly enough when we were young, but the Lord have mercy on you now."

My friends, we are all here to-day to celebrate an old settlers' meeting, and you young friends must pardon us if we love to linger over the happenings of the past. There is something about the old cabin, the old fire-place, and the old spinning wheels that we old fellows can't forget. I don't propose, for one, to try to forget them. Not that they

would do now. Not that they would suit this advanced age, by any means, but still the old memories that cluster around the old homes and the old times, when many of you were boys and girls, are exceedingly pleasant recollections and you must forgive us if we talk of these things that we all once loved. I was born in this State—no not in this State, this is Iowa, but in Illinois. I was born just thirty days before the State of Illinois, and I have been a part and parcel of that State from that day to this. I have watched its wondrous advance—taken part in its growth and all that constitutes the glory and grandeur of that State. I remember it when there was no more than 25,000 people in it, and now there is largely over 3,500,000. The toils and the struggles endured by that people can never be described. They have advanced since those days at a rate that has been extraordinary. Their changes have been simply wonderful. In all the great avocations of life there is no comparison now with what they were then.

One of the greatest changes is in this very thing that we are doing here to-day. My friend, Craig, and others here remember how it used to be about public speaking. When I was a boy a good stump orator was a king. And why? For the simple reason that the great mass of the people were ignorant, if I may use that expression. There were no schools then and no newspapers for the great mass of the people. There was no mode of obtaining information except when some one, who had better opportunities, would take the stand and tell the people what he thought. The stump orator was a king then, but he is so no longer. The newspaper rules in his stead.

It tires me sometimes, over there in Illinois, at our great political gatherings. We have great mass meetings over there, of course, in advocacy of some great position or interest. And what are they? Nothing but a flaunting of banners; the braying of brass instruments; the senseless marchings; the flashing of torchlights, and the infernal hiss of the torpedoes. What about the speaker? He is a mere appendage—the clown in the circus or the mountebank in the show. Nobody listens to him nor cares much what he says, knowing full well that if it is worth repeating, the morning papers will give it in full. The scenes on such occasions are painfully amusing. See the orator mount the

platform, "his eye in fine frenzy rolling," his bosom swelling with patriotic emotion and his mind o'erburdened with grand and glorious thoughts. See him pound the air in frantic energy; howl out his "grand thoughts" with increasing fury, in the vain attempt to rise above the rush and roar around him and at the last ingloriously subside amid the dolorous groanings of the bass drum and the scream of the "ear-piercing fife."

But it is better now. It is a good change. The people are all becoming intelligent, and you could not humbug them now if you wanted to. The merchant will lay down his yard stick and talk to you learnedly about the silver question. The mechanic comes home and delves deep into the mysteries of the tariff. The farmer comes to town with his wheat and he goes home with a lot of newspapers. This is a glorious change. There are a thousand other advances that I might refer to, that will show to you, my friends, how favored you ought to consider yourselves that you are living in this age of wonderful advancement. One thing I was reminded of to-day that struck me quite forcibly. Manners have changed so. We have changed in the matter of sociability. This is commendable. I am told that I am in a prohibition State when I get over here in Iowa, but I don't believe I would have thought it in walking up the streets of Keokuk.

You would be truly shocked to hear what took place over in Springfield not a great many years ago. One neighbor over there went to another who was a good old deacon in one of the leading churches and told him he wanted to borrow a gallon or two of whisky. "No," says the deacon, "I can't let you have any for we are going to have prayer meeting to-night and we will need every drop." That old deacon was a good man, but he had not advanced far enough to know that he was dabbling with what was harmful.

Another advancement: Take the great question of education. How wondrous is the change in that particular! Why, as I told you before, and I may refer to it again, when I was a boy there was no such thing as going to school at all. I never went to school any. What little learning I got I took by absorption.

We had a schoolmaster or two, possibly three or four, before I went out to work. You see I had to go to work early. My father was poor and I have managed to follow in his foot-steps. We did have occasionally a broken down Yankee come along that way out of money who would take up a subscription school so as to get enough money to take him back east. They could make impressions on our backs but very few on our brains.

But, as you have heard to-day, the country now is dotted over with school-houses, and no wonder that this American people, East and West, are giving birth to the wondrous enterprises that are astonishing the world. No wonder that the telephone and the telegraph and the railroads that are bearing the commerce of the country, are here. Why? Because the intelligence of the world is at work greater than ever before. Again, in the mode of living what an advance! When I was a boy, 10, 12, 14 and 15 years old, suppose you went to a meeting of any sort, and what would you see? Not such people, such faces as I see now. Not such bright eyes and pictures of physical health. Pale, sallow complected women, and why? Because of the thousand exposures and privations. And then they didn't know how to live.

I have thought a good deal about mental development in making a great people, but you must first see to the physical development and then the mental is possible, and the advance of this Western people is greater in nothing than it is in the manner of living. I don't know so well how it is over here in Iowa, but I know that in Illinois if I go to one of these picnics I will find myself invited (and I always look out for that) to help eat as fine a dinner with all the delicacies and fine cooking, the pies, the cake, the bread, as can be found at any hotel in Chicago.

People in this western country have found out how to live. The school-master is so enlarging the brain of this people that in a generation or two the sun will shine on no such people as inhabit this Western land of ours. We are a wonderful people. We are a mixture, and I have faith in what we will be and in humanity in general. I believe the Almighty when He made man and looked on His work and pronounced it good, knew what He was talking about. You hear some people growling about the world not growing

any better—about its growing worse ; never a thing going right, always something going wrong.

I believe in no such nonsense. The world is getting better every way—physically, intellectually and morally. Better in everything just as God intended it should do. I have no patience with those eternal growlers I was over in Indiana once and I learned a lesson from a little girl over there. I had just got home from the army where I wasn't killed. I am sorry I said that, but I want you to understand I wasn't killed. However, I had got home and all I had was a mortgage over in Indiana put in the hands of a lawyer to foreclose. I had borrowed enough money to get over there and try to collect what was coming to me, but when I got there I found the lawyer had foreclosed, collected the money and spent it. He was broke up and I didn't get a cent. If ever a mortal had the blues, I had them. I started home and I had twenty-five miles to ride in the stage to get to the railroad. Along in some of that beech woods a little girl got in. We finally went down a long hill where the trees were so thick they made it dark. Just along where the trees were the thickest and the shadows the deepest, the little girl commenced to get out. And I says to her, "you don't live down here in the dark, do you?" She answers, "yes, I make my own sunshine."

So I say to you all, "make your own sunshine and you won't be growling so much." You don't, at all, know what the old-timers suffered fifty or sixty years ago, and I hope you will never know. You have a perfect paradise to what they had. You have your pleasant mode of travel; your fine horses and your spring wagons; your daughters to play on the piano, and your good wife there to take care of you. No music did those old time fellows hear more than the music of a crying child. That was the music they had. You have everything to be thankful for. You and I have heard to-day from our friend, Craig, that it is only an imaginary line dividing Iowa and Illinois, and I know we are all very friendly, though you growl occasionally, I suppose, as we do over there.

But compare your condition with that of your predecessors and you will then see that you ought not to complain but that you ought to send up one continual prayer of thankfulness for your manifold blessings. We have the

best country in the world, not only in a political aspect, but in its social and moral aspects. In this country there is no man who need ever hear his children crying for bread ; who can not make a living for his wife and children and himself if he will. Of course if he wastes his time and drinks it up, such a thing may happen, but in this land of ours no one need ever hear his children cry for bread. That is not always so in other countries. There are people in other countries who can't make a living ; who are crushed out by tyrannical government, but that is not true here. No man here upon whom God's bright sunshine falls, who has his hands and his strength with which to labor but can have the common blessings of life.

For this you ought to be thankful, and a song of unceasing thankfulness go up to the Grand Master instead of the growling of some people who seem to want the whole earth. Those old timers of fifty and sixty years ago had but one wish, that was to make their wives and their babies a home. They had no political ambition which is too much the case now with many people. Every man should be a politician to a certain extent—old settlers and young—enough to enable them to perform their duties to their country. But too many run wild about power and place in this country. I was a pretty good mechanic and they made a poor judge out of what might have been a good carpenter. There is too much of that sort of disposition in this country, and it would be well for us all to try to correct that sort of spirit.

"How like the roaring devil, is the heart full of ambition!"

Another thing that I might speak of as among the wondrous changes. And I know of no better place to speak of it than this. That is the spirit of resistance to law. What is law? You cannot see it. You cannot touch it, and yet it is the guardian angel that is to-day hovering over your homes protecting all you love from pillage and violence. It is the invisible power of law. There is a spirit growing abroad in the world that is disregarding the law ; that is inclined to trample down this grand superstructure built by you. It is for the young men to guard this grand temple of legalized human freedom with the same sacred fidelity that your fathers have.

We have a grand country that reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific ; from the colder regions of the North to the

burning sands of the South, and yet as broad as it is it is not big enough for more than one flag to float in it.

There is no room for the red flag of anarchy. The star-spangled banner is big enough to reach from the North to the South, from the East to the West. When the black flag of treason was reared in the South all men, without creed or distinction, without a moment's hesitation rushed to the rescue of the old flag. And now that another flag is being raised in this country I warn you that whenever the time comes for you to act to trample that flag in the dust just as the Northern heroes trampled the Southern flag.

I have reason to be proud of this country—I love it. And I will tell you why I love it. I love it because it recognizes no grades or distinctions among men. I love it because the ways to power and distinction are open alike to the poor man's son as well as the rich man's. I love it because my boys, if they have the strength and the courage, can win its honors as well as the man's boys whose wealth groans in the bank vaults. My boys will get nothing from me. They learned that long ago. I have come to the conclusion that the best way for a man to do is to spend his last dollar in paying for his funeral services. If you leave thousands of dollars for your children they will quarrel over it and not thank you for your pains in saving it. I learned that lesson long ago and am trying to follow it out. I want my boys to have the same chance that I had; I want them to have the same government to grow up in that I had, and I trust and believe that they will. I never exactly understood what the word patriotism meant. I never understood fighting for an abstraction. Love of country! I love this country because it protected Susan and the babies at home when I was away, and I would not have loved it if it had allowed them to be trampled upon. You love that country that you can rely upon and trust. We have got that sort of a country.

For it men have lived and died. For it men are now living and will live. I believe in the progress of humanity. I believe we have just begun to grow in grandeur. I believe there is a good time coming for all men; when there will be a broader and grander humanity pervading all mankind. The old legend tells us that Camadeva, the Goddess of Universal Love will finally make the earth her

perpetual home. Somebody has described her coming in poetic words like these :

"The Sun, the Moon, the mystic Planets seven
Glowed with a purer and serener flame,
And there was joy on Earth and joy in Heaven
When Camadeva came.

The birds on the tufted tamarind spray
Sat side by side and cooed in amorous flame ;
The Lion sheathed his claws and left his prey
When Camadeva came.

The sea slept, pillowed on the happy shore ;
The mountain peaks were bathed in rosy flame,
And the clouds went down the sky to mount no more
When Camadeva came.

All breathing life, a newer spirit quaffed ;
A second life—a bliss beyond a name,
And Death half conquered, dropped his idle shaft
When Camadeva came."

That is but descriptive of that brighter time when the love of humanity will cover the whole earth. Our government is on that principle ; we are all drawing nearer together and the lines of distinction are breaking down. You may hear of conflicts between Capital and Labor, but I believe these terms are misleading. I believe that Capital must soon descend from his golden throne and clasp Labor by the hand and call him brother. I admit that there are dark clouds and gloomy waves beating against the citadel of human progress but if you will look on that wave and listen intently you will perceive that a spirit is walking abroad on that wave, and from out the gloom will come these cheering words, "It is I, be not afraid."

I conclude by simply saying : I am not here to boast of Illinois. I am not here for any spirit of jealous rivalry with any of her sister States, but I can point with honest pride to Illinois. To her thousands of miles of railway ; to her millions of toiling freemen ; to her broad acres and her happy homes, her prosperous people. I can point to her as the home of the bravest men and the fairest of women in all this earth. Illinois stands pre-eminent in all that constitutes the grandeur of a State. We have a right to be proud of her great names. We have a right to be proud of Lincoln and Douglas and Grant and Baker and Logan and of

thousands of others who gave their time and their lives for their country.

But above all others three stand out proudly pre-eminent—Lincoln, Grant and Douglas—three of the brightest names now glowing upon Fame's immortal scroll. In the very zenith of their power and glory—Atlas wearied of bearing the world ; Ulysses departed on his eternal wanderings and Hercules laid aside his bow, with none left strong enough to bend it.

Now friends, let us all discharge our duties as citizens of the great Republic—young and old. Let us

“So live that when the summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach the grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him
And lies down to pleasant dreams.”

I now have the pleasure of introducing to you a representative of that great sister State on the South, the Hon. John F. Phillips, of Kansas City, Missouri :

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen : It is with mingled emotions that I stand in this presence and proclaim myself an “Old Settler.” Human nature never outlives its vanity. To be deemed younger than we are, is not alone a weakness of the fairer sex. It is almost the universal passion of mankind.

When I look upon this pleasing panorama of breathing beauty, instinct with youth, and lured by the possible glories of the unfolding future, it is difficult to repress the sad refrain “would I were a boy again !” But this longing loses something of its melancholy when I look into the sturdy faces and constant eyes of the Western Pioneers, on whose heads are reflected the exploits of conflict with savage, tangled marsh and dense forest, and take their brawny hands, and say : Our fathers drove out the red man, felled the forest, let in the sunlight and laid the foundation stones of this imposing edifice of western civilization.

Equally proud am I to stand on this, for the day, neutral ground, and proclaim myself a native Missourian, whose sire saw the Indian council fires blaze and the wigwams smoke, where now waves the harvest and stands the city.

And if I have not waxed mighty and strong, I here to-day gratefully acknowledge, that from the simplicity of habits, the austere honesty, the bold and frank spirit and self reliance of her primitive people, I have drawn the inspiration of every manly endeavor, and the incentive to whatever I may have achieved for good.

To me, there are sacred memories, thick and bright as the stars in a summer sky, clustering about her name. As one loves the house he has builded for a home ; as with his own hands he has dug and fashioned the foundation stones from the quarry—hewn out the timbers from the trees in God's forest ; as the weary ploughman, who casts the seed in tears, laughs in his heart to see the tasseled corn nodding like knightly plumes, and the bearded wheat waive like golden banners in the sunlight ; as the mother rejoices in the image of the loved husband reproduced in the blue eyed babe borne in pain—how natural it is for us to love the State that gave us birth ; and especially so when we have seen it in the rude wilderness, and step by step rise like the morning sun from behind the misty hill top, filling the world with the glory of its light.

This, after all, is the old field from which comes all this new corn of our social life. It is the genial soil whence comes, too, the much bruited, and often misunderstood, sentiment of local self-government. It springs from the innate sense of attachment to place of birth. It is the instinct of infancy to lean on the breast that nourishes it ; the impulse of childhood to love its playground,—of manhood to rely on the shield and buckler, and of old age to return to the shadow of the oak that sheltered in youth.

It is a sentiment which no national pride can extinguish, no human legislation interdict. It is the true inspiration of patriotism—and the nursery of manhood. It will perish in the human heart only when it ceases to pant for freedom. I have been much struck with the deep-rooted prevalence of this sentiment in reading over the speeches made at these reunions. Sometimes it takes on the form of a *little* exag-

geration. So much so, that one might not unreasonably conclude that these occasions had been transformed somewhat into a game of brag between the representatives of the three States ; and the winner in these contests was to be the veriest Muchausen either state could put to the front.

Each State has the largest crop of intelligence and piety, the largest yield of corn, wheat, potatoes, hogs, cattle and horses, the bravest men and the fairest women. The soil of each possesses such power of propagation that one of these real, way back, old settlers, will tell " the marines " of using a hollow tree for a pump in a cistern on his farm ; when the stump took root, and the tree grew one hundred feet high, furnishing a roosting perch for all his chickens and turkeys, and a shade for all his horses, cows and children.

Some of the stories told at these reunions of the marvels of productive energy of the soil of Iowa, for instance, recalled to my mind the ante-bellum days when I was Secretary of the Agricultural fair of Pettis county, down in Missouri. A premium was offered for the largest yield per acre of corn. The committee on measurement reported the largest yield to be one hundred and fifty-six bushels to the acre ; and it was not a very good season either. Afterwards, on a visit to Kentucky, I was boasting of this to a group of Kentuckians of the famed " Blue grass " region. On one of them manifesting some incredulity, I sought to clinch the matter by stating, that I had in my possession at home the sworn certificate of the President and Secretary of the association to the fact.

Whereat he cavalierly observed : That only proves that your county has produced two of the biggest liars in America. After taking a casual survey of that six foot Kentuckian, I took a nonsuit, without even intimating that I was the Secretary. Being younger than now I was anxious about the appearance of my face.

It is a suggestive fact that this sentiment of local attachment, and its corrolary, self-importance, was more marked in the earlier settlers than in their offspring. When I was a mere lad there came to the neighborhood a tall, lank, cadaverous man, with dilapidated hat and cotton umbrella, a veritable Capt. Wrag. He applied to the board of directors for employment to teach a district school. Impressed, doubtless from a local disregard of the King's English,

with some needed attention to correct speaking, the President of the board asked the pedagogue, if he was a grammarian? Straightening himself to an altitude of six feet, and with all the suddenly aroused pride of his nativity, he scornfully replied: "No, sir, be g—d I'm a Missourian."

All my childhood and boyhood I had to hear an old man preach. To this day I have a horror of the old log "meeting house," akin to that the fellow felt for human teeth, who married a woman on account of her beautiful ivories, and afterwards witnessed her before retiring take them out and lay them on the dresser. The benches of that old church rose in teirs like circus seats, until it almost required an acrobat to surmount the rearmost one. When I sat in one of them my feet swung several cubits from the floor.

All the children brought up under that dispensation had big feet; for every drop of blood in the body, before the end of the hour and a quarter sermon, ran into the pedal extremities. That old gospeller preached about Moses in the wilderness longer than the great leader kept the Israelites there. Like Moses he may have had a glimpse of the Promised Land, but it must have been just before he died—a sort of revelation vouchsafed in *articule mortis*; but when I last heard him he had not in his exposition of the scriptures reached as far down as the crucifixion. Yet, my father would not have left him to hear Apollos or Baxter, for he was an Old Settler, and had rambled in a veritable wilderness.

This sentiment of local attachment, too often now spoken of *ad invidium*, among our fathers had a deep significance. The very perils, hardships, privations and struggles, which wrought out of a dense wilderness and the untamed earth a livelihood, and constructed a State by the slow and weary process of peopling a distant territory, not only made the pioneer sturdy, bold and self assertive, but it begot an attachment, akin to devotion, for every cranny and nook where life was so hardly lived. It was a clinging as to one's own creation. Instinctively he loved the government that stood as a sentry at the rude door; that bent in protection over his cradle; that inspired his youth; gave him the acquisitions of his manhood, while it sheltered his old age. There is another characteristic of the Old Settler, which tended more than all else to make him as tender as he was

brave, and his heart a flowing spring of generosity, simplicity, truth, honor and virtue.

It was the love of home.

The home is where men are bred, States are upbuilded and nations glorified. Around it cluster the joys and gladness of childhood. There is the well-remembered old log house, with "the moss covered bucket that hung in the well," where we were born. We can yet see the narrow window where the moon beams stole in and played on our locks while we slept the sweet sleep of youth. There are the meadows with "dew on the grass and stars on the dew," where we chased the many tinted butterfly, and plucked the cow-slip and the daisies.

There is where the old fashioned mother, who knew no book better than the old fashioned Bible—King James translation—and no better counselor than her honest, pious preacher, tenderly held our little hands between hers, and taught us our first prayer, and sowed the seeds of the reverence for religion, which the razure of time, and the vitriol of modern philosophy have never effaced. We yet recall the face, that scarce lost its color when she heard the Indian's yell and the panther's scream, which beamed as a benison and benediction on her household. The last rose petal had already dropped from the cheeks; the lustre of her maiden eyes was fading; the "brightest feather of the raven's wing had fallen from her hair" and old time had run many deep furrows in her once smooth face. But she was queenly.

She did not want to vote, nor make stump speeches, nor "hire a hall and howl," nor care to be a justice of the peace. But at the vestal fires of her lofty spirit embryo genius kindled; and there went out, as a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, a hallowed influence to lead the people. With an intuitive philosophy, that despises not "the day of small things," she knew that the rill makes the river, the minutest organic cells develop either into human beings, or monsters and that mere atoms of dust form "the everlasting hills." She, therefore, wisely felt that she best guided and controlled the State by marking, guarding and stimulating every discernible quality in her child that ennobles manhood and qualifies citizenship. There is nothing in all the mad, rushing innovations of the seething day in which we

live, so at war with the philosophy of the life of our fathers and mothers, as the increasing clamor to take out of the home our dear women and clothe them with the habiliments and office of men. It strikes with gleaming dagger at the very heart of our social life and happiness. It shatters the vase in which are stored the richest domestic jewels. It puts out the vestal fires on the hearthstone ; pulls down the swinging censer which scatters its sweet perfumes through our homes. It plows up the flower gardens, and sows them with rankest weeds. It gives us pebbles for rubies and poppies for diamonds. It gives us social Bacchantes, and literary Madusas.

• Instead of the splendid girl, such as I have seen on many a Missouri farm, who could milk a cow and play on the piano, ride a wild colt, and "love harder than a mule can kick," with the very freshness of the mountain on her cheeks, and scattering the valley's bounty from her hands ; "known by the lights that herald her fair presence, the peaceful virtues that attend her path, and the long blaze of glory that lingers in her train ;" our vaunted civilization would give us law makers for wives, lawyers and doctors for sweethearts. It gives us the overblown rose of the hot bed, *cite moturum, cite putridum*, soon ripe, soon rotten. We have hungry eyed maidens gazing on the "amber drooping hair" of some idiot like Oscar Wilde—longing to "die of a rose in aromatic pain," because they are intercepted in an attempt to run off with the carriage driver, or to wed some sublimated dude of the "watery eye and educated whisker," whose chief aspiration is to await with impatience the taking off of "the old man," that he may squander his hard earned estate in cigarettes, perfumes, neck-ties and base ball.

Display and expediency are fast rotting out conscience, and strangling that nobler quality in character which holds society in its true orbit, and does and suffers all things for that simple excellence which puts heaven in our homes.

The home was the old settler's rendezvous and sanctuary. To him it was indeed his castle. It may have been covered with coon skins, the rains have descended through its thatched roof, or the winds howled through its cracks ; but woe unto him who entered across its threshold to feast upon its chastity. In the primitive condition of society there were few enticements to lure him from home. His social

pleasures were mainly around his own hearthstone. There was but one eye that shone in ecstasy upon him.

To the prattling children thronging around him, with emulous hands to please, listening to his stories of heroic conflicts with savage, wild boar and bear, or his chase after the nimble footed deer, he was their only hero and bright exemplar.

"This is the life, which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities never know; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God Himself, with man."

There were then no Chicagos, with the depot outcry : "Twenty minutes for lunch and divorces." No lawyers with placards : "Divorces obtained, without delay or asking questions, and at reduced rates."

I was twenty years old before I ever heard of the "old man" running off with the cook, or his neighbor's wife. Your preacher might hold his camp meeting without the deacons employing the police to keep him from running off with the prettiest convert. And you could, if possessed of a large estate, lie down and die in peace without the dread of your children going to law to prove in public that you was a lunatic, or your pall-bearer proposing to your widow on the way from the funeral.

Often did I see, when a boy, the sheriff of some distant county stop over the night at my father's house, on his way to the State Capital, with the revenues collected from his county in saddle bags, and all in hard money. He would set his valuable baggage down at random, and its contents would be known to the colored man who cared for his horse. He would stop on the road-side at noon, and while his horse grazed he would sleep soundly, with no care for his treasure. But now the poor, unfortunate tramp—"out of a job"—would rifle his saddle-bags and steal the gold plugs out of his teeth without waking him.

I would by no means undervalue or depreciate the work of civilization throughout. We appreciate wherein it is beneficent. We recognize what science and the mechanic arts have wrought; how universal education and eleemosynary charity have alleviated human condition, and lessened life's burdens. We know the sky has lost nothing of its azure, while the world has gained much by the subjection

to man's use of electricity. We even recognize the value of the telephone, although we have to wait sometimes a half hour before we can call the doctor while some *chewing gum* fellow makes an engagement with his girl for the next german to come off a month hence. And the railroads, with all their imputed faults, we love them still. But for the railroad we could not have been here to-day to enjoy this hearty occasion ; and but for it you would have escaped the infliction of this speech. It is only the excesses—the vices, of our modern civilization I would exercise—it is its mock heroics I would bring into deserved contempt.

The greatness and advancement of a people are not to gauged alone by the multiplication of railroads, factories, reapers and mowing machines, bank clearings, palatial homes, nor the census tables. Our civilization should be measured by the character of the people. Are we breeding and rearing a better and nobler class of men and women ? Is virtue, public and private, keeping pace with our smartness and craft, which are often but moderate terms for successful roguery ? Are official integrity and political methods improving ? Is there less of greed, fewer grasping, selfish and time serving spirits than fifty years ago ? These are the ethical problems to be solved by the social philosopher, and answered by the historian.

Sometime when I recur to the placid life, the simple faith, the unaffected hospitality, the honor and moral courage of the men in homespun and buckskin, with all their rudeness of manners and austerity of living ; and then look at the world around me, seething with energized craft and duplicity ; the people surging, jostling and panting for money-getting, sensuous and sensual gratification—the lustful feast of the eye ; with every nerve strung and every faculty strained in the sharp encounter of trade ; with shoddyism rampant ; our stock exchanges veritable mad houses ; commercial centers gambling hells ; the newspapers reeking with criminal recitals, social garbage and domestic infelicity ; every other man saying : am I my brother's keeper ; with our food adulterated and drugs poisoned ; our social flunkeyism and cant, our venality and charlatanism in politics ; I feel, like the old Norseman said, when offered his choice of heaven with the new generation, or hell with the old : “ I prefer to be with my ancestors.”

At least it is calculated to make us a little lenient towards the old frontiersman, who, when asked where is your home, answered: "I live in the woods, sleep on the government purchase, eat raw bear and wild turkey, and drink out of the Mississippi." He then added: "It is getting too thick with folks about here. You're the second man I have seen within the last month; and I hear there's a *whole family* come in about fifty miles down the river. I'm going to put out into the woods again."

It was, Mr. President, a happy conception which led to the formation of this Old Settlers' Association, composed of the three leading States of the valley of the Mississippi. It is well to recall our ancestral and historic renown; and thus to be reminded that we have a common share in their deeds, and that we are cohiars in the results of their achievements for good.

The ancient Greeks by their battle celebrations preserved their martial spirit, and national pride and vigor. To them it was but a narrow isthmus between the living and the dead. They would on such occasions bring forth the bones of the departed heroes in chests of cypress, and an empty bier, with a pall over it, representing the missing.

After laying the memorial offerings and relics at the monuments erected to the fallen, the best orator "graced the noble fervor of the hour" by encomiums on the deeds and valor of the heroic dead, and by glowing tributes to the cause in which they gave up their lives. In this way the glorified exploits at Marathon, Salamis and Platea have come down to us, across the weary march of centuries, embalmed in classic eloquence.

There is something as pathetic as it is melancholy in the fate of the discoverers of the Mississippi river and these valleys. There is not a single monument or rude stone to mark their final resting place. Hernando de Soto, whose eyes first looked upon the inland sea flowing by this city, at dead hour of night, with the stars for mourners, and with whispered chant of the burial service, was stealthily buried in the waters of the great river he discovered, and the currents swept on, heedless alike of his daring and his glory. Marquette, who came of a race of warriors, who first penetrated the sources of this river, died miserably on the desert coast of Lake Michigan. Loved by the poor Indians, they

disinterred his bones and gave them sepulchre in the mission church at Mackinaw. But fire and desolation swept away the churches, and his bones mouldered in an unmarked spot. And poor Joliet, the companion in perils and honor with Marquette, sunk into obscurity, and when he died and where he was buried history bears no record. Illinois has named a town after him, but it is known most as the Joliet Penitentiary. And Laclède the founder of St. Louis, was quietly buried at the mouth of the Arkansas river, and his bones were soon washed into the Mississippi, where, it were a beautiful thought to suppose, they went with the currents to join the bones of the great discoverer.

For them, as we celebrate along the banks of this river, we, too, should have the empty bier, with the pall of mourning over it. And so of the great multitude of pioneers, who opened up a western empire, with as much of the spirit of adventure as De Soto and Marquette, with all the courage of the noblest Paladin that ever quaffed wine at the table of Charlemagne, and as rugged, yet true, in chivalry, as any Knight that ever set spurred boot beneath the Round Table of King Arthur, who of them has a memorial slab?

But as the tourist who visits the magnificent Cathedral of St. Paul in London, and finds no commemorative monument to Wren, the architect of this wonder of art, is bid, by an inscription chiseled above the portal, to behold the Cathedral itself as his fittest monument; so the children of the adventurers and pioneers find in the greatness and splendor of these States the noblest monument to their ancestors' labors, courage, self-denial, and wise forecast.

The greater weight of glory is with the Old Settler. The inspiring motive of Juan Ponce de Leon and Hernando de Soto was dazzling visions of gold and the youth giving properties of fancy bubbling springs hid away in the untouched bosom of the Western Continent. With princely pomp and gay retinue they came, and

"Saw the fair land of the orange and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossomed, the beams ever shine;
Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie."

But they founded no settlement, opened no farm, nor erected one family altar. While the men and women, of common clay, fashioned after nature, who founded these

States, recognized the stern decree : In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread. So they came not to delve for gold, that in a day and night they might become a Croesus, nor in quest of some shady Helicon, with sparkling fountains and sweet singing birds, where life might be an Endymion dream of perpetual youth. But they came with rifle and shot pouch, cross cut saw, hammer and auger, axe, plow, wheel and distaff and loom, and Bible and song book. They cut out of the dense forest and tangled brush a place for a home. They pleaded with the earth, as a generous mother, for her increase. They stuck their rude ploughshares into the unbroken glebe, cast in the seed, and trusted to the sacred mystery of reproductive growth. Theirs is "the long pedigree of toil—the nobility of labor." The dust of their rude temples of worship has gone and mingled with that of the builders ; their family altars have crumbled ; and the fires on the clay hearths have been extinguished, as the light of their eyes, "which the sun shall nevermore rekindle." But the glory of their deeds and virtues, as these currents of the Mississippi go on and go out to the great ocean, will go singing down the stream of time to swell in the chorus of the eternity beyond.

I came not here to laud my own State, to the disparagement of her sisters. We be one family. Missouri needs no exaggerated eulogium, and no defence. There she is across the line. Her magnificence is imposing. Conscious of her greatness she is not seeking applause. In all the elements of strength, moral, intellectual and physical, in area, fertility, climate, picturesqueness, mineral wealth, and water power she is a noble *largess* of nature. In her brave men she is royal, and in her fair women she is imperial. It has been much the fashion, either from malignancy or ignorance, for newspapers from without and within to libel her fair name. But onward she has gone in the march of empire.

If you would know of her progress, in material wealth and the arts of civilized life, look into the last census. Would you learn of her orderly life, and test her unaffected hospitality ? Come over and visit us, and know us. Would you know of her friendships, get closer to her big heart, and hear it beat ? Would you have proof of her martial spirit ? Read recent history. Her people were so brim full of fight, during the late "unpleasantness," that for fear the

war might prove only "a scrimmage" we furnished 107,000 soldiers to the Union army, and about 60,000 to the other side, so as to make sure there would be big fighting.

Would you see the metropolis of the great valley of the Mississippi? Go to St. Louis. Would you see the liveliest city on this continent? Go to Kansas City. And if you would like to see a man fuller of energy and resources than the devil himself, try a Kansas City real estate agent.

Between such States as Illinois, Iowa and Missouri there can be no rivalry, other than that generous contention as to who can best sow and best reap. Between them there can be no petty jealousies, for only small men and weak communities are jealous. With the constantly broadening spirit of liberality the rich fruit of frequent intercommunication, and that fraternal sentiment which kindles at the thought of our common country, with one flag, one hope and one destiny, we will become more homogenous, as year after year the Old Settlers and their offspring shall gather beneath the monument of the warrior-chief Keokuk.

Last but in our estimation not least as the representative of our young but own vigorous Iowa, I take great pleasure in introducing one of her young men not unknown to fame, the Hon. John S. Runnells, of Des Moines, Iowa:

I rise with pleasure to perform the duty which has been assigned to me. In the occasion, as well as in the theme, there is much to make easy the "task of speech." And while impressed fully with my own short-comings, while fully realizing that the mantle should have fallen upon worthier shoulders, I recall the remark of a great Roman who said, in speaking of the glories of his country: "Any one could be eloquent upon such a theme."

The occasion is certainly as impressive as it is inspiring. I see before me the representatives of the pioneers, aye, the pioneers themselves, of three great States. We are standing now to-day upon the confines of those States, and can look from the eminences about us beyond their boundaries and far into their very territory—three States which contain within themselves the possibilities of mighty empires. Each one of you who participate in these festivities to-day is the

representative of a State greater than was the kingdom of Judea when the fame of Solomon, with his riches and glory, filled the earth ; he is the representative of a state greater than Greece when Thermopylæ was held or Marathon was won ; greater than the Rome of the Tarquins ; greater than the France of Charles Martel ; greater than the Spain of the Cid, or the Britain of William the Conqueror. I see before me old men whose eyes have looked upon the wilderness and seen it expand into a civilization more perfect than three thousand years have developed in the land of Pharaohs. I see before me little children whose eyes have opened to a life rich in every comfort, satisfied in every want, adorned with numberless luxuries—a life including homes of taste, with pictures and music and flowers ; a life made easy by railways and telephones ; made intelligent by daily newspapers and schools and teachers ; made moral and religious by wholesome laws and frequent temples of the Most High—I say I see before me little children born into such a life as this, whose fathers and mothers looked upon the land where all this busy, eager, happy life is seen to-day, before its surface had ever been broken by the plow, or decorated with the dwellings of civilized man. Within the span of a lifetime in Illinois, in Missouri and in Iowa, this wonder has been wrought. The same eye that saw the foundations laid is permitted to-day to behold the completed temple. And we gather here to-day—those who have witnessed its entire construction and those who were permitted only to look upon its finished beauty—to commemorate the work in which so many of you bore so honorable a part.

For the youngest in this trinity of sisters I speak. I know not how or when she was christened, but I know it must have been some with accurate taste who named her Iowa—the “beautiful land.” The name was an inspiration. Like the billows of the sea her prairies roll and swell and undulate from river to river, with many a fair stream sparkling upon her breast like jewels flashing upon the bosom of beauty. To him who had left his old home and was seeking a new one, and who had traveled far, and was worn with his journey, it must have burst upon his gaze like another Eden. He saw a wealth soil rich as the valley of the Po, surpassing even the valley of the Nile. There were no forests to be cut down ; there were no hills to be leveled ;

there were no fertilizers to be procured ; but only the garnered wealth of nature which had been accumulating for ages to be levied upon and converted to his use.

And yet his task was not an easy one. The foundations of the liberty we enjoy, of the blessings that are ours, were laid in suffering, in privation, in hardship, oftentimes in tears. To found a State is of the highest order of achievement. It is the offspring both of denial of body and of struggle of mind. It involves the surrender of ease, the abandonment of comfort, the locusts and wild honey of the wilderness. It exacts courage, fortitude, patience, hope. The men who have done this work, in whatsoever age, have been kingly men. To found a State in a new land wherein great numbers of people may dwell together, establishing their customs, making their laws, creating the complex machinery of society, conquering and decorating the earth, cultivating the arts and erecting a fabric which shall harmonize permanence and progress, so that general happiness may result—to do this is not only heroic, but great. To win a battle, to make the lightning tell our thoughts and the steam carry our burdens—these are great achievements, but less great than this.

The age of the pioneer is the heroic age. When Iowa shall be so old that her conspicuous events are no longer matters of individual recollection, but of tradition ; when she shall come to have a history, then will the men who found her a wilderness and made her a State, occupy the most notable page. Just as the time of the Pilgrims was the heroic age of the Republic, so the period of settlement was the heroic epoch of the States. You who came with your energy, your courage ; who invaded the solitude ; who took up the burden of a new civilization ; who broke the prairie and bridged the stream, and built the school house and erected the church-spire—you are the founders of our empire. Yours are the names that will be engraven upon our gates. In Holy Writ when comparison was sought with him who had accomplished much it was made with him that "buildeth a city."

One of the greatest epic poems ever written—one of the greatest productions of the human mind—recounts in stately verse the history of him who built the "walls of lofty Rome." Our *Enæid*, if it shall ever be written, will tell the

story of those who came to a beautiful land, and who endured much, but who erected upon its soil a great and free commonwealth, and made it fit to be the home of a moral, intelligent, self-respecting, self-governing people.

To my mind the hardships you endured were salutary, even though grievous to be borne. Some one has said that "luxury is never the midwife of greatness." Nations, no more than individuals, travel a royal road to success. As adversity is the school of genius ; so toil and struggle and privation are the necessary training of a strong, virile and vigorous people. The nations of the East opened their eyes to lands flowing with milk and honey. Spices dropped from the leaves ; every month furnished its fruits without labor ; and all the necessities of life were supplied by the bounty of prodigal nature. And so the people were slothful, self-indulgent, and effeminate. Progress was unknown ; invention was unheard of ; liberty slept and despotism was law.

To no such land did you come, pioneers of Iowa. You, indeed, found surpassing fertility of soil, but it yielded its richness only to your tireless assaults. It required both your hard labor and nature's lavish wealth to create the Iowa of to-day. And it was not the gold and silver and precious stones which you found in the soil, but the toil and prudence and energy which you contributed that was the largest factor in the result. The gifts of nature to our State should not make us forgetful of the men who transformed it into a home of civilized refinement. How well they performed their duties we know. From this spot westward and northward your eyes will tell you how well they performed it. The wilderness and the solitary place were made glad by them, and the desert rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. The land was a desolate wilderness before they came ; at their touch it became as the Garden of Eden. An eminent American once speaking of the war for independence described it as the "miracle of Revolution." Great as was that achievement, which I would be the last to disparage, to my mind it is far less of a miracle than the transformation, in less than half a century, of an unbroken wilderness into a community ; a state ; aye an empire, of two millions of souls. You know the beginning how small it was, for you yourselves made it. You digged the spring

with your own hands. You watched the first reluctant drops bubble forth. And happier than most founders of States, you can look around you to-day and see how broad and deep a stream the current has expanded into, what valuable, and rich, and costly things it bears along—through what a valley of happiness and prosperity and contentment it rolls, with ever widening borders and deepening waters.

In 1838 Iowa was created a territory, and in 1846 she was admitted into the Union as a State. She then had a population of one hundred thousand people; she now has two millions. She then had a valuation of ten millions of dollars; she now has one of four hundred and fifty millions. Her population to-day, after forty years of statehood, is two-thirds that of England in the time of Elizabeth and Shakespeare. We have grown more in four decades than England grew in thirteen centuries after the Roman conquest, and we have more wealth than the Greece of Socrates and Plato, the Rome of Brutus, or the France of Charlemagne. How think you would the wealth of the famous rich men of antiquity compare with the value of a single crop of corn in Iowa?

It used to be said by the people of a certain section of the country—"cotton is king." It never was true; but if it were, it is true no longer. If God ever gave the sceptre to any product of the earth, if He ever placed the crown upon any child of the soil, He placed it upon that cereal which, standing erect in its majesty, like a thing of life, bears upon its green stalk the food and strength and life-sustaining power for millions of the human race. I have tried to estimate for myself its importance to the world, but I have failed. I have tried to measure the breadth of its influence upon the necessities, the comforts, the happiness of mankind, but I could not. I only know that from the moment the seed is dropped into the ground until the ripened ear reaches the granary a struggle is going on between the forces of nature to create it and the forces that would destroy it, more momentous than all the struggles of political parties. Every rain which falls upon it to quicken its growth is of infinitely greater consequence than all the fluctuations of the stock market, or the contests of the bulls and bears upon the Board of Trade. The shrivelling of its green leaves by the drouth fills millions of hearts with dread.

The prolonged withholding from it of the dews and the rains summons before countless waiting eyes the gaunt spectre of want. Every day of sunshine during its season is all the more gladsome to mankind because it helps to germinate the seed, or strengthen the tiny shoot, or develop the ear, or fill the kernel with its milk of life. The sun, the rain, the heat, all the great forces of nature, all the chemistry of the soil, all the agencies created by the divine mind and working in the bosom of the earth, are ministers of its growth and servants of its bidding. The stalk that carries its yellow kernel higher and higher toward the skies, carries greater wealth, is freighted with more resources and bears more of the means of human happiness than all the mines of bonanza kings, all the commerce or treasure-laden ships of the Spanish Main. Happy the man who can gaze out from his door upon his own broad acres, and listen to its rustling leaves, and hear the music of its growth, and behold the waving billows upon the green sea of his own field of corn. Co-worker with nature—fellow laborer with Providence in working out the great miracle of reproduction, he beholds in the fruit of his labor a product, every kernel of which is gold—gold in color and gold in worth, and gold in the universality of its value, and which will carry strength and healing—happiness and content—power to labor and capacity to enjoy—to myriads upon myriads of the human race.

There is an old Scandinavian legend illustrating this idea. It recites that there was once a giantess who had a daughter, and the child saw a husbandman plowing in the field. The sight was a strange one to her. To satisfy her curiosity she ran and picked him up with her fingers and thumb and put him and his plow and his oxen into her apron, and carried them to her mother. "Mother, what sort of a beetle is this that I found wriggling in the sand?" But the mother said, "put it away, my child, we must be gone out of this land, *for these people with the plow will rule it.*"

But her agricultural wealth is not Iowa's chief claim to greatness. Humboldt said "Governments, religion, books, property, are nothing but the scaffolding to build a man. Earth holds up to her master no fruit but the finished man." A fertile land is barren in the hands of an effeminate race. If our pioneers had not brought with them the metal of true

manhood, worthless would have been the riches of the prairies. All the fertility of the valley of the Nile, possessed by one race for four thousand years, fertilized anew with every season, has left Egypt weak and powerless—a football among the nations. “Countries are well cultivated,” says Montesquien, “not as they are fertile, but as they are free.” It is the character of the people, meant the great philosopher, their mental and moral conditions, rather than the physical ones alone, which determine the resources of a State. If upon this soil there has been developed nothing more valuable than corn and wheat, then has the State been founded in vain. There is a greatness not to be measured by money or harvest fields, or the figures of the census. There is a height which cannot be touched by mere material advantages. The fairest land upon earth would be poor, indeed, if peopled by savages. But the Puritans and their descendants have made of barren rocky New England the home of a civilization whose influence and power have spread abroad to remotest lands, impressing her genius and her thought upon the law and the government of the whole enlightened world.

You, pioneers of Iowa, fortunately for our State, embodied the best type of American character. You brought hither with you reverence for law. You accepted the law as, in the language of another, “your guardian angel and your avenging friend.” You believed that license was not liberty. You brought with you the Bible and its hallowed influences. You brought with you love of home. I doubt not if on this day you were to recall the experiences of your early years in the new home, and they were to be spread out upon canvas before us, we should behold it filled with events which were what an English writer called the “Unconscious teachers of the best education.” There was courage in the midst of danger; there was endurance of hardship; there was prompt decision when no one was nigh to advise—neither the oracle of friendship nor the lamp of precedent. And then there were all the sacred ministries of life—the love of children, courtship, marriage, death, and all the solemnities of burial. All of these things which made up your busy existence, your various sensations, your fiery trials and your oft times dear bought triumphs, were the crucible in which was moulded the character of the Iowa

people. Such as we are to-day we owe in a large degree to them and to you. We can indulge in little vain-glory which does not take its rise in you or in what you have done. Our boasting is your exaltation ; our prosperity is your triumph.

But while we have received so much from the pioneers, we have incurred a duty thereby not lightly discharged. We of to-day are under the highest impulse to show how great and strong a State can be made. No scene fitter for the ideal State than the soil of Iowa. We are so strongly entrenched in the favor of Heaven by her matchless gifts of soil and sky, that we can afford to turn our backs resolutely upon whatsoever is unwise in the past, and set our faces steadfast and dauntless to the future. I should like to see arise upon this fair land—so fair that the sad hearted Indian declared as he left it that it rested forever under the smile of the Great Spirit—I should like to see arise here an ideal American nationality, exemplifying the highest character, enacting the wisest laws and embodied in the best men and women.

One of the most beautiful things Milton ever wrote—not even excepting his immortal epic, was an address to Parliament, in which he said : " Truth came into the world with her divine Master and was a perfect shape, most glorious to look upon ; but when He ascended and His apostles after Him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the good Osiris, took the virgin truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since the sad friends of Truth, such of them as durst appear, imitating the search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering them up limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, lords and commons, nor ever shall do until the Master's second coming ; He will bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection."

The ideal State is perhaps as remote as the fabled restoration of truth, so eloquently described by Milton. But some things may be done to lead us nearer to it. We can advance toward the wisest government by governing

less. The fallacy from which the American people has suffered most has been the belief that all evils could be remedied by the law. If anything has troubled us we have gone to the legislature for relief, just as the hypochondriac runs to the doctor. If we have not prospered in our affairs, we have been too prone to charge our misfortunes to the the currency or the taxes. If we have seen things needing amendment in the moral way, we have concluded there was too much license. And so we have attempted to patch up our estates and amend our ethics by the same panacea—the statute. Let us remember, however, that while the law can do much, it cannot do everything. It can never supply the place of personal moral worth. It can never compensate for mental deficiencies. It is as true in material things and in moral things as in spiritual ones that we must “work out our own salvation with fear and trembling.” Our government is not a paternal one. Its spirit is that of the largest individual liberty consistent with the rights of other individuals. But we must care for ourselves ; we must promote our own interests ; we must be the architects of our own prosperity ; we must rely upon ourselves for our own preservation. I would recall from the time when you pioneers of Iowa came into the wilderness and the desert, relying upon your own strong hands, your own brave hearts, your own heroic souls, for the prosperity you sought—I would recall, I say, from that time the spirit with which you undertook the settlement of this State, and implant it anew in the political soil of these more favored times. In the name of that spirit by which the childhood days of the State were so abundantly blessed, I would banish the philosophy which tells us that we are poor or we are bad because the laws are deficient or the laws are wrong. Lift up anew, like another serpent in the wilderness, the standard of personal worth. Make the State stronger and better by making its component parts stronger and better. In Greece, when the conqueror at the Olympian games returned to his home, the city tore down its walls because it had ample protection in the presence of one so brave and strong. Just as we develop and strengthen the individual ; just as he becomes more intelligent and virtuous, so can we relax the stringency of the law and diminish the number of our statutes, until in the fullness of time everything which the

law or the statute would protect shall be held sacred by the individual conscience. The object of Statehood is manhood. That is the best government which develops the best men. But the best men can never, so long as human nature remains as it is, be found under any system which attempts to substitute the sanctions of the law for the safeguards which every man ought to create in his own bosom. In like manner men can never be prosperous, they can never discharge the functions of good citizens, under a policy which makes them rely for success upon the law, or co-operation or combination or any other device instead of honest self-reliant labor.

Be it our sacred duty, pioneers of Illinois, of Missouri, of Iowa—be it our sacred duty to carry on to fulfillment the work you so well began. We meet to-day to commemorate the auspicious beginning you made. It was yours to build ; it is ours to preserve and perpetuate, perhaps to enlarge and strengthen, always remembering as we will that a single day of folly may destroy the slow work of a hundred years of glory.

Other and deserved monuments may be reared hereafter to commemorate the great services you have rendered to your state and to the world. Meanwhile our grateful hearts shall hold you in tender respect, and fond remembrance, and we will keep alive upon their altars the fires of our gratitude. The institutions you founded, the states you builded—these will be your everlasting memorials, and in them the long procession of the generations shall witness your glory.

OFFICERS FOR 1888.

At the close of the address of Hon. John S. Runnells the committee appointed to nominate an Executive Committee and Officers for the ensuing year reported as follows, and which report was unanimously adopted :

PRESIDENT.

HON. H. H. TRIMBLE. •

TREASURER.

J. F. DAUGHERTY.

SECRETARY.

J. H. COLE.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

ILLINOIS.

HON. JAMES H. MATHENY, Springfield.

HON. CLARK E. CARR, Galesburg.

HON. BENJAMIN WARREN, La Harpe.

MISSOURI.

GEN. L. J. SMITH, Jefferson City.

COL. H. M. HILLER, Kahoka.

HON. THEOPHILUS WILLIAMS, Memphis.

IOWA.

HON. JOHN H. GEAR, Burlington.

HON. HOYT SHERMAN, Des Moines.

HON. EDWIN MANNING, Keosauqua.

Owing to the lateness of the hour the president of the day announced that in order to make the trains volunteer speeches, etc., would have to be omitted.

On motion adjourned *sine die*.

D. J. AYRES,
Secretary.

LETTERS RECEIVED.

Letters were received from :

HON. SAM'L F. MILLER.

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, }
WASHINGTON, May 22, 1887. }

Hon. Edward Johnstone :

My Very Dear Friend :— I received yesterday your more than kind letter and am sorry to say that I see little prospect of being able to visit you at the Tri-State Old Settlers' Reunion on the 30th of August.

I am engaged to deliver an address to the graduating law class of the Michigan University on the 29th of June.

I shall probably be in Keokuk for a few days then, but cannot afford to stay until the 30th of August, and, in fact, I have engaged my cottage at Block Island for the summer—the nicest resort I have found anywhere in the world.

I trust you will have a successful meeting, and request that you convey to all my old friends my best wishes.

I take great interest in gatherings of this character, and think that the "Tri-State Old Settlers' Association" should especially be favored and perpetuated.

Your friend,

SAM'L F. MILLER.

S. L. CLEMENS.

HARTFORD, June 20, 1887.

Dear Sir :—Frankness, candor, truthfulness—these are native to my nature ; and so I will not conceal from you the fact that if there is one thing which I am particularly and obstinately prejudiced against, it is travel. I should dearly like to see the friends ; and would like to *be* there ; and *if* there would do my full share, and be as good or as bad, as proper or improper as circumstances might require to make things prosper and go lively—but the journey lies between, and it blocks the way.

Truly your friend,

S. L. CLEMENS.

HON. LYMAN TRUMBULL.

CHICAGO, July 21st, 1887.

Hon. S. R. Chittenden, Mendon, Illinois :

Dear Sir:—It would afford me pleasure to attend the annual meeting of the Old Settlers' Association to be held at Keokuk, August 30th, if I felt that I could do so consistently with other engagements, but to do so, and prepare an address suitable to the occasion, would take more time than I can spare from other pressing matters.

Yours truly,

LYMAN TRUMBULL.

GEN. WM. W. BELKNAP.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 6th, 1887.

Hon. C. F. Davis, Chairman, etc. :

My Dear Sir:—Having attended, in 1885 and 1886, the meetings of the "Tri-State Old Settlers' Association," I know how much real pleasure I lose when I decline your kind invitation for the meeting of August 30th.

Although not a pioneer, the summer of 1851 found me at Keokuk, and I look back with pleasure to the many happy days spent there. I wish for the Old Settlers all of the happiness and comfort that they can have here, and the great reward, hereafter.

Yours very truly,

WM. W. BELKNAP.

HON. D. B. HENDERSON.

DUBUQUE, IOWA, Aug. 7th, 1887.

Hon. Edward Johnston, Keokuk, Iowa :

Dear Judge:—I am again in receipt of an invitation to the 'Tri-State Old Settlers' Association to be held in your city August 30th. More than ever I regret that I have engagements that will prevent my coming. I am sincerely sorry for no one would enjoy, more than I, such a gathering. I wish you a joyous time and some day hope to be one of your number.

Very truly yours,

D. B. HENDERSON.

HON. S. A. DAVIS.

CRESTON, IOWA, Aug. 9th, 1887.

C. F. Davis, Esq., Chairman, etc., Keokuk, Iowa :

Dear Sir :—Through Mr. Gay Davidson, of Carthage, Ill., a member of your invitation committee, "Tri-State Old Settlers Association," I have received an invitation to be present at the fourth annual reunion, Aug. 30th, prox., of that Association.

I regret that official business (my monthly accounting to the P. O. Dept.) will prevent my attendance at your reunion. I was born near Carthage, Ill., thirty-three years ago, and resided there until 1876, when I removed to Iowa. I enjoy a wide acquaintance with the people of Hancock county, Ills., Lee county, Iowa, and Clark county, Mo., and regret that I am deprived of the pleasure of renewing this valued acquaintanceship, and of recalling memories of the golden years spanned from boyhood to manhood among a people possessing generous hearts and exemplifying those simple but heroic virtues which mould the characters and destinies of great states.

Respectfully,

S. A. DAVIS.

REV. L. B. DENNIS.

KNOXVILLE, ILLS., Aug. 15, 1887.

C. F. Davis, Chairman Invitation Com., Keokuk, Ia. :

Dear Sir and Friend :—Need I say I feel good, glad, and grateful to receive so cordial an invitation to your reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association, for the fourth privilege. Can it be possible that the fourth call for this reunion, is now at hand !

My appreciation of your kind invitation, I can never express. Last year, when the invitation was before me, I thought probably, should a similar invitation be given, in 1887, I will make an effort to be there. But uncertainties encompass the path of the aged, as well as of the younger.

Dear me ! As I look at the names of Edward Johnstone, John H. Gear and Rev. Dr. William Salter, the days of other years come trooping up in memories book till I almost feel I am young again. I must say, and I regret it much, I cannot come. Giving you my heartiest, strongest and best wishes, I am

Your sincere friend,

L. B. DENNIS.

L. D. PALMER.

YANKTON, DAK., Aug. 16, 1887.

Hon. Edward Johnstone,

Pres't Tri-State Old Settlers' Association, Keokuk, Ia.:

My Dear Sir:—I have received an invitation from your secretary to attend your Fourth Annual Reunion in your city the 30th inst. I would be delighted to meet you and others that I have known for 50 years or more. I was a small boy, May 18th, 1834, when I landed in Fort Madison, Ia. I hold a commission from President Cleveland as postmaster of this city given to me as a "public trust" which requires my personal attention at the period named in your invitation. I must therefore send my regrets. Please remember me to such old friends as D. F. Miller, Sr., and Jas. C. Parrott that I know to be citizens of Keokuk, Iowa.

Your old and attached friend,

L. D. PALMER.

HON. ALVIN SAUNDERS.

OMAHA, NEB., Aug. 20th, 1887.

C. F. Davis, Esq., Chairman Com. Invitations, Keokuk, Ia.:

Dear Sir:—I am sorry I can't attend the Tri State Old Settlers' Association which meets at your city on the 30th inst. I have other engagements for that date which will prevent me from coming. Having spent many years of my life in both Illinois and Iowa I am sure I would chance to meet many of my old and valued friends from both States if I could come.

I attended a very pleasant Old Settlers' and Pioneer meeting at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, on the 6th inst. Of all the settlers in Mount Pleasant, when I arrived there in 1836, only one is left, and that is Mr. Presley Saunders, the proprietor of the town. All of the others have moved away or else gone to their long home, and most of them are in the latter list. What a change fifty years have brought! but it won't do for me to launch out on the work of specifying these; that must be left for your orators and for the historians.

Allow me, my dear sir, to return to you and your fellow committeemen my sincere thanks for remembering one who has drifted so far off as not to belong now to either of the tri-States represented by your Association. May you all have a pleasant and profitable meeting—is the wish of—

Respectfully yours,

ALVIN SAUNDERS.

HON. ELIJAH M. HAINES.

WAUKEGAN, ILLS., Aug. 22, 1887.

C. F. Davis, Chairman Invitation Committee,

Keokuk, Iowa :

*Dear Sir :—*The invitation with which you honor me to attend the Fourth Annual Reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association, comprising the States of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, to be held at Keokuk, on Tuesday the 30th, inst., is received and for which please accept my cordial thanks.

I assure you it would afford me great pleasure, as well as an infinite degree of satisfaction to attend on an occasion so filled with interest, as this reunion must be at this time, but prior engagements will prevent me from doing so.

My life, since early youth, has been spent in the West, hence occasions of this kind, possess to me more than ordinary interest. I came to what is now the city of Chicago, in the spring of 1835, when the third State included in your Association had no existence as a political division upon the map of the country, and the other two States, Illinois and Missouri, were upon the extreme western borders of civilization. Iowa being then known only as the Blackhawk purchase, comprised of a strip of country along the west side of the Mississippi river, to which the advancing pioneer had commenced his migration, and within the limits of which there was not an organized town or hamlet.

Dubuque had acquired a name as such with but a handful of permanent inhabitants. The present city of Fort Madison was the site of a deserted frontier fortification. The city of Burlington had just acquired an existence on paper as a town plat, and the present site of the flourishing Gate City was a wilderness.

What is now known as the city of Chicago proper, with its population approaching a million, was but a frontier military post and Indian trading point, containing less than one thousand inhabitants.

If the progress of the past may be taken as a guide in foretelling the future, the generation who succeed us will see the three States, which your organization now embraces, with a wealth and population surpassing that of any other three States of the Union, comprising within their limits the commercial center of the continent.

Yours, very respectfully,

ELIJAH M. HAINES.

REV. JOSEPH BOGEN.

GREENVILLE, MISS., August 22d, 1887.

Hon. C. F. Davis, Chairman :

Dear Sir—I acknowledge receipt of invitation to the Tri-State Old Settlers' Reunion to be held in the Rand Park, of your beautiful city on the 30th inst. Nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to mingle once more with the patriarchs of the western prairies, the pioneers who by their zeal and industry made out of the wild plains a habitable land, which seems now the Eden of our beloved country, but circumstances over which I have no control prevent my leaving home at present, and sorry as I am, it is impossible to attend the meeting. I fondly even anticipated the possibility of meeting you all this summer, enjoying the pleasure of your company for a few days, and I had partly concluded to utilize the reunion of the Old Settlers' Association for that purpose, but it seems as if all the elements had united to interfere with my plans this season. The Old Settlers Association is a grand institution which deserves more than a passing notice. This Association is, if you please, history personified. What we are wont to read in books, carefully or carelessly composed, we hear there from the mouth of those who were the actual heroes of the great drama, enacted on the almost unlimited prairies of the great west. The dangers those old pioneers had to face, the hardships they underwent, the troubles, the cares and the anxieties they passed through, it is certainly more interesting to *hear* them related from their own mouth, than to *read* the colored reports of historians who have scarcely a comprehension of facts, as they really occurred. The presence at such a meeting is a very interesting study of the history and the development of a great country. And it is the more so to the European who can not comprehend the vastness of this western continent, unless he sees it. The old continent, settled since times immemorial, has scarcely room enough for the growing population, and its surplus has to find an outlet in countries less settled, where there is room for the tiller of the soil, and the industrious worker in the factory. Our American citizens have always gladly welcomed the influx of emigration, extended a helping hand to the industrious foreigner, who came here to live and obey the laws of the country, and to the honor of my native countrymen be it said that the great majority have always endeavored to accommodate themselves to the usages, the laws and the customs of their new home. Many Germans

have even attained to high positions, and this is the best and the highest testimony as to the spirit of liberalism and broad-mindedness that prevails among the native Americans, of whom the old settlers of the west are such worthy representatives. Socialism, anarchism and nihilism are an excrescence of overcrowded Europe, they are the fruits of *tyranny and monarchism by the grace of God*, but they present as little the true and inward sentiment of European intelligence as does know-nothingism that of America.

Westward the star of empire takes its course, and the great prairies of the west, dotted all over with blooming settlements and prosperous cities, are the surest indicators as to what will become of this vast and broad continent. The three great States, represented in your Association, rival already the longer settled eastern provinces of this vast empire, and it takes no prophet to predict that they will soon leave their older sisters far behind. But why bore you any longer with comparisons and predictions! You old settlers are a living testimony as to the energy and intelligence of a true American knight-hood. May you and your association live long and prosper!

Cordially yours,

JOSEPH BOGEN.

S. A. DUKE.

BAXTER, ARKANSAS, August 22d, 1887.

Messrs. C. F. Davis, Gen. A. Bridgman, Gen. J. C. Parrott, and others, Committee of Invitation to the Tri-State Reunion of the 30th, inst :

Gentlemen :—I have to thank you for your kind remembrance of one of the second crop of old settlers who, while living apart from you for a quarter of a century, still takes pride in the fact that he was once a citizen of the great State of Iowa and pleasure that when the toils on earth are ended he expects his ashes to rest in her soil.

The thought that at these annual festivals of memory there are gathered together men and women whose minds reach back nearly if not quite to colonial times and under whose eye the great discoveries, inventions and improvements of the present time have so largely come to light and to the help of mankind in its daily life, and that they are permitted to meet and recount

their toils through dreary years of doubt as to the final outcome of their efforts, is a grand inspiration. The Indian and wild beasts of prey had to be pushed back to give way to the new civilization, and it was often thought a doubtful task. And after this had been accomplished the nation, itself, was throttled by its own children and again many minds were seized with doubt whether it could withstand the test. Some of the great leaders even cried out, "Let the erring sisters depart in peace." But the pioneer who had hewn down the forest, overcome and driven out the Indians and wild beasts, said, "No; we have made this nation and it shall not be dissevered!" And this grand spirit of patriotism seized its people, and again victory crowned their efforts. So to-day ours is the grandest and finest nation on the face of the earth, *where all men have equal, natural rights.*

Respectfully,

S. A. DUKE.

W. PHELPS.

HASTINGS, Aug. 23, 1887.

C. F. Davis :

Dear Sir :—I received your Burlington paper and read the article marked "Hillhouse." Accept sincere thanks for this and other favors shown me. Hillhouse's account of Black Hawk's speech at Fort Madison and his wigwam being furnished with chairs, tables, etc., is too ridiculous and absurd to even contradict. As to B. H. being intoxicated is equally untrue as he and one other Indian are all I ever knew who never drank a drop of liquor in those tribes. The other's name was Nopope, meaning soup. B. Hawk never was a chief, he being one of the head warriors in what was called the Rebel Band. Their chief was Hard Fish. I fully agree with my friend, Campbell, that Hillhouse is a champion liar, as I certainly should have heard of him had he been among those tribes of Indians, at the time he mentions. I hope to attend the Tri-State meeting, if possible. My wife is West and if she gets back in time, will attend.

Yours respectfully,

W. PHELPS.

HON. J. W. OGDEN.

URBANA, OHIO, Aug. 24, 1887.

C. F. Davis, Esq., Chairman Committee, etc.,

Keokuk, Iowa:

My Dear Sir and Friend :—Your kind invitation to attend the meeting of the Old Settlers' Association, August 30th, was duly received. A serious illness, from which I am just now recovering, will be my excuse for not acknowledging your note earlier. I had been looking forward with much pleasure to a visit to my old friends in Keokuk, at the coming anniversary, but my health, at present, forbids the fatigue of the trip.

The unwritten history of the early days of Keokuk city abound in interest, and I suspect it will rest with the Association to catch the fleeting shadow before it is gone forever.

As my contribution I send you herewith two items; one indicative of the simple manners of the time; the other a part explanation of a political movement I have never heard mentioned.

In the Spring of 1847, after a night's rest at the Gieger House on the levee, my first business was to call on Mr. Sam'l Van Fossen to whom I had a letter of introduction. On inquiry, I was told that I would find him "in a little brick house, just beyond the top of the hill—the last house on the street, on the left side." The place I found about midway between Second and Third streets. The room was full, and not knowing a trial was in hearing I entered and enquired for Mr. Van Fossen. Wickersham, who was arguing some point, stopped in the middle of his argument and directed me to the 'Squire. My letter was duly presented and made quite a commotion in the court room. Business was suspended for a time and I was introduced all around—to attorneys who, I think, were Messrs. Wickersham, Munger and Powers, and to the jury as the "new editor." As soon as I could, I apologized for my untimely intrusion and beat a retreat, and found afterwards that I had fallen into a hot bed of the "Possum party."

My brother, Robert B. Ogden, and myself commenced the publication that year of the Keokuk Register. I think it was in the Spring of 1848, I was appointed by the Whig State Committee, a committeeman for Lee county. The machinery of party was not as well organized then as it is now. One morning Ross B. Hughes, a zealous whig, Colonel Sprott, a fiery and irrepressible squatter, and old John Wright, a died-in-the-wool democrat, but stubborn in his opinions as to squatter,

sovereignty, came to the office to obtain the co-operation of the paper in behalf of a fusion ticket. Each was identified with the "old settlers' organization" which had begun to show signs of disintegration, and before there should be a total collapse, it was thought something might be done through the legislature in the interest of the squatters. My impression was that the matter was suggested and managed by Hughes and Sprott in order to secure the democratic vote of the reservation to the whigs, who cared more for squatter interests than they did for party. My recollection is that the arrangement was carried out and the nominations made that year with the understanding of influence to be used for the enactment of a salutary law touching the land-titles of that section. Going out of the newspaper shortly afterwards I lost sight of the matter, but understood a law was enacted, growing out of the arrangements then made, which was accepted on all hands as a satisfactory solution of the difficulties and a material factor in their settlement.

With kind remembrances of my many friends and wishes for the long continued prosperity of the association.

I am, very truly yours, etc.,

J. W. OGDEN.

HON. GEO. W. McCRARY.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Aug. 24, 1887.

Hon. C. F. Davis, Chairman, etc., Keokuk, Iowa:

My Dear Sir:—I have delayed answering your invitation to attend the Fourth Annual Reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association to be held at Keokuk on the 30th, inst., hoping to be able to be with you. As I find that will be out of my power, I now beg to thank you for the invitation, and to send greeting to you and to the pioneers and old settlers who will be present on that joyful occasion. My regard for the men who helped to found and to build the three great States of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa is profound, and nothing could afford me greater pleasure than to be permitted again to meet with them and to share with them in the coming reunion.

Trusting that you will have a glorious meeting, and that the old veterans will be honored and made happy, I am,

Very truly yours,

GEO. W. McCRARY.

MOSES KEOKUK.

SAC AND FOX AGENCY, I. T., Aug. 27, 1887.

C. F. Davis, Chairman of Committee of Invitation :

Dear Sir :—I had received your invitation to join in your Fourth Annual Reunion, August 30, 1887, with pleasure, and fully had made up my mind to be there with my family. Unforeseen and unexpected circumstances makes it impossible for any of us to attend. My son, Charles, is attending U. S. court at Wichita, Kansas. I am head and executive chief of our nation and business of national importance compels me to be here. Again, we have considerable business with the U. S. government which demands our presence here now soon. All of which defeats my resolutions of being there with you. Anything in the future in which I should feel as much interested will secure my presence, God willing.

Very respectfully,

MOSES KEOKUK.

HON. JOHN A. KASSON.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 5th, 1887.

C. F. Davis, Esq., Keokuk, Iowa :

My Dear Mr. Davis :—I am extremely sorry that your invitation to me to be present at the reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association, addressed to Des Moines, never reached me until to-day.

I was suddenly called from Iowa, in July, to Philadelphia, to attend to the business of the Constitutional Centennial Commission, of which I am president. Since my arrival I have been constantly occupied and should have been unable to be present on the 30th, ult.

I greatly regret that I have not been able yet to meet with the Association. Please Heaven, at its next meeting, I shall make every effort to join them.

Accept my thanks for your kind remembrance, and believe me,

Always sincerely yours,

JOHN A. KASSON.

Among others the following expressed regrets and extended best wishes to all their old friends :

Bissell, L. R., San Jose, Cal.

Bruce, J. E., Yankton, Dak.

Carpenter, Hon. C. C., Fort Dodge, Ia.

Cassady, Hon. P. M., Des Moines, Ia.

Clendenin, Hon. H. W., Springfield, Ills.

Diggs, D. W., Milbank.

Dodd, O. L.

Fry, Smith C., Washington, D. C.

Furman, Geo. C., 229 Broadway, New York.

Hamilton, E. B., Kansas City, Mo.

Hine, Chas. W., Fort McKinney, Wyo. Ter.

McClaughry, Hon. R. W., Joliet, Ill.

Merritt, Hon. Thos. H., Des Moines, Ia.

Murphy, Hon. J. H., Davenport, Ia.

Ogden, Wm. C., Kansas City, Mo.

Osborne, A. W., Spirit Lake, Ia.

Palmer, Jared, Spirit Lake, Ia.

Parvin, Hon. T. S., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Perkins, A. A., Burlington, Ia.

Phillips, Hon. J. H., Des Moines, Ia.

Raley, James, Lancaster, Mo.

Shaffer, Hon. John R., Des Moines, Ia.

Shaffer, Dr. John E., Elizabeth, Penn.

Sprague, Hon. D. N., Wapello, Ia.

Shelley, Hon. Geo. M., Kansas City, Mo.

Shelley, Wm. F., Kansas City, Mo.

Stanwood, Geo., 2169 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Ward, James, 517 N. Levee, St. Louis.

Walton, J. P., Muscatine, Ia.

Walsh, John Carroll, "The Mound," Hartford Co., Md.

Woolson, Hon. John S., Mt. Pleasant, Ia.

Etc.,

Etc.,

Etc.

NEWSPAPER EXTRACTS.

KEOKUK.

A writer several years ago said : Keokuk, "the Watchful Fox," after whom the city was named, was a native of the Sac nation of Indians, and was born about the year 1780. [A more authentic record places his birth in 1788.] He was not a hereditary chief, but raised himself to that dignity by the force of talent and enterprise. He was a man of extraordinary eloquence in council ; fertile in resources on the field of battle ; possessed of desperate bravery ; and never at a loss in any emergency. His style of thought and manner of speaking have been compared to that of a distinguished United States senator from South Carolina, with gracefulness of action in Keokuk's favor. He was fond of display, and on his visit of State, moved, it is supposed, in more savage magnificence than any other chief on the continent. Throughout the war Keokuk remained peaceful, and for peace controlled a portion of his nation. His services in this respect, his character, and the fact that his name has been given to our city, invest him with a peculiar interest. Keokuk often lost his popularity with his tribe, by his efforts to keep them at peace with the United States, and nothing but his wonderful eloquence and tact sustained him. He was once deposed by his tribe, and a young chief elected in his place, but his people, to their chagrin, soon discovered their mistake. Keokuk still ruled, and rapidly attained his former position. He was a noble looking man, about six feet high, portly, and would weigh over two hundred pounds. He had an eagle eye, a dignified bearing, and a manly, intelligent expression of countenance. He always painted, and dressed in Indian costume, with Indian head dress, leggins, breech-clout, and sometimes a buckskin shirt, but usually a blanket.

He died in Kansas and not long ago his remains were brought to this city where they rest on the bluff in Rand Park, overlooking the broad Mississippi. A monument was soon commenced and the shaft completed only a few days ago ready for a statue of the famous chief, which will not be

put in place for perhaps a year. Inserted in this monument are four marble slabs ; that looking to the river bears this inscription, and was brought with the remains from Kansas :

SACRED
to the Memory of
KEOKUCK,
a distinguished Sac Chief,
Born at Rock Island in
1788.
Died in April, 1848.

The slab on the opposite side of the monument bears this inscription :

This Monument
is Erected by Popular Subscription
in Memory of
THE SAC CHIEF,
KEOKUK,

for whom the city was named. In 1883 his remains, together with the marble slab on the reverse side of this die, were brought from Franklin county, Kansas, where he died and was buried. His grave was located about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles southeast of the village of Pomona, Franklin county, Kansas, on the S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of the N. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of Section 16, Township 17, Range 18, East of the sixth principal meridian, and was covered by the slab above mentioned. His remains, with other matter of historic value, are deposited in the base of this structure.—*Keokuk Democrat*.

KEOKUK, IOWA, Aug. 30, 1887.

To the *Dubuque Herald* :

The reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association held in Rand Park, in this city, was a grand success in all respects.

The incoming trains on all the roads centering here brought in members and visitors from many of the surrounding towns. Business was to a large degree suspended for the day. All the banks were closed, as was also most of the business houses in the afternoon, enabling all the opportunity to enjoy a holiday of great pleasure and profit.

The day was superb in all respects, quite in contrast with the two past reunions held here, which were thinly

attended on account of rain and were held in the opera house, giving up the arranged meetings in the Park.

Rand Park is quite convenient to the city, handsomely laid out and improved, ornamented by small lakes and waterfalls, supplied from an ever flowing artesian well, rare plants, numerous flower beds, beautiful drives and shady walks, and a number of birds and animals form some of the attractions. The thousands of people promenading, the many vehicles driving about, bands playing, eloquent speeches, etc., made a gala day for all present.

The Association was called to order at 11 o'clock a. m. The Hon. Ed. Johnstone, president of the Association, called upon the Rev. Wm. Salter, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Burlington, to offer the opening prayer.

The reverend gentleman will be remembered by the old settlers as a Congregational missionary laboring in Jackson, Jones and other counties near Dubuque back in the forties. His prayer, no doubt studied for the occasion, was truly eloquent, patriotic and reverently offered to the Supreme Ruler.

Then ex-Gov. John H. Gear, president of the day, delivered an ably prepared address, giving a very interesting historical account of our national growth and wonderful development, including an account of the early discovery, purchase and settlement of the United States. The old governor was commended for his able effort by many pleased listeners.

Hon. John H. Craig delivered a most eloquent address of welcome to the Illinois and Missouri members and visitors. You should have heard him in order to appreciate it. I am not equal to express to you my admiration of his oratory, or the warmth and earnestness of his words of welcome.

After a recess for dinner, eloquent addresses were then made to the tri-State representatives, viz: By Hon. James H. Matheny, of Illinois; Hon. John F. Phillips, of Missouri; and Hon. John S. Runnells, of Iowa. These were all witty, patriotic and fraternal, abounding in anecdotes, pointed criticisms and historical incidents, with many eloquent and patriotic references to our country and the old flag, keeping the large audience deeply attentive and spell-bound until 4 p. m., the hour of adjournment.

J. M.

Hawkeye, Sept. 1 : Keokuk was much impressed by the splendid display of oratory on the occasion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Reunion. The *Gate City* says :

Next to government, eloquence is the supremest form of power. And what a brilliant display of it there was at the Tri-State Reunion of Old Settlers in Keokuk yesterday ? The strength and massiveness of John H. Craig, the practical sense and clearness in well-informed and appropriate statement of John H. Gear, the sunny temper, rugged humor and keen wit of Judge Matheny, the masterly eloquence going from climax to climax of Judge Phillips, and the epigrammatic brilliance and perfection of John S. Runnells were an unusual treat. Outside of a national convention we never heard the equal of it from one platform.

And the *Constitution* pays an equally high compliment to Mr. Gear by saying that his speech " was a contribution to American history and shows breadth of knowledge and a wealth of information and personal experience." The speech of Governor Gear will be published in full in next Sunday's *Hawkeye*.

Register, Sept. 1 : The reunion of the early settlers of the States of Iowa, Illinois, and Missouri, held at Keokuk, always a brilliant affair, was especially so this year. All the States put up pet orators. Ex-Governor Gear, John S. Runnells, and Mr. Craig made the main speeches for Iowa. We give to-day the main portion of Mr. Runnell's address. It is of the best type of oratory, and worthy of the occasion and the State in every intelligent and accomplished particular. His tribute to corn, the great crop and sovereign product of the American Nation, and his portrayal of its greatness and power, is especially superb. It will be read in every home in this, the second greatest of corn States, and it is not unlikely to prove a popular speech for the tongues of Iowa boys at school.

Gate City : Next to government eloquence is the supremest form of power. And what a brilliant display of it there was at the Tri-State Reunion of Old Settlers in Keokuk yesterday ? The strength and massiveness of John

H. Craig, the practical sense and clearness in well-informed and appropriate statement of John H. Gear, the sunny temper, rugged humor and keen wit of Judge Matheny, the masterly eloquence going from climax to climax of Judge Phillips, and the epigrammatic brilliancy and perfection of John S. Runnels were an unusual treat. Outside of a national convention we never heard the equal of it from one platform.

Gate City Aug. 31: The fourth annual reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association was held in Keokuk yesterday. As anticipated it surpassed in attendance and the excellence of the addresses any of its predecessors. It was a glorious day for the pioneers and old settlers of Iowa, Illinois and Missouri, who came from cities and towns far and near to enjoy the exercises, exchange reminiscences of ye olden times, renew acquaintances and have a good time. The annual reunions of the association are looked forward to with considerable interest by many who have made it a practice of attending regularly. Weather more perfect could not be desired and it was especially adapted to an out-of-door assemblage, the genial warmth of the sun's rays preventing the contraction of cold and rendering the atmosphere of a desirable temperature. In honor of the event many business houses were decorated with flags and Main street contained such a profusion of national colors that it presented a most attractive appearance. Unusual stir and bustle at an early hour was indicative of the occurrence of something out of the common routine of city life. Delegations from neighboring cities possibly were not so large as anticipated but the agricultural and country districts were generously represented. About 150 people arrived on the C., B. & Q. railway and fair sized delegations on the Wabash, T., P. & W. and North Road. Music during the day was furnished by the Warsaw band and Keokuk Martial band.

The Indian name for Keokuk is Puckechetuck which is said to mean in their language the place where the water stops, which we call the foot of the rapids.—*Keokuk Democrat*.

Dr. Samuel C. Muir built the first log cabin in Keokuk. Dr. Muir was educated as a physician and surgeon at the University at Edinburg, Scotland, and was a surgeon in the United States army stationed at the military post of Fort Edwards, where Warsaw now stands.—*Keokuk Democrat*.

Gen. J. C. Parrott was first sergeant in a company of United States dragoons stationed at Montrose in 1834, and has resided in Lee county, except when temporarily absent and as Colonel of the Seventh Iowa Infantry in the war of the rebellion, ever since. He ranks among the very few of our oldest old settlers. He is now a justice of the peace in Keokuk.—*Keokuk Democrat*.

Pike County Democrat : Next week will come off the Tri-State Old Settlers' Reunion at Keokuk, and we can assure all who may attend of a royal good time. Keokuk is a handsome city, its people are proverbial for their courtesy and hospitality, and the events of the day will be replete with interest as the speakers selected are among the best in the west.



CHIEF KEOKUK.

